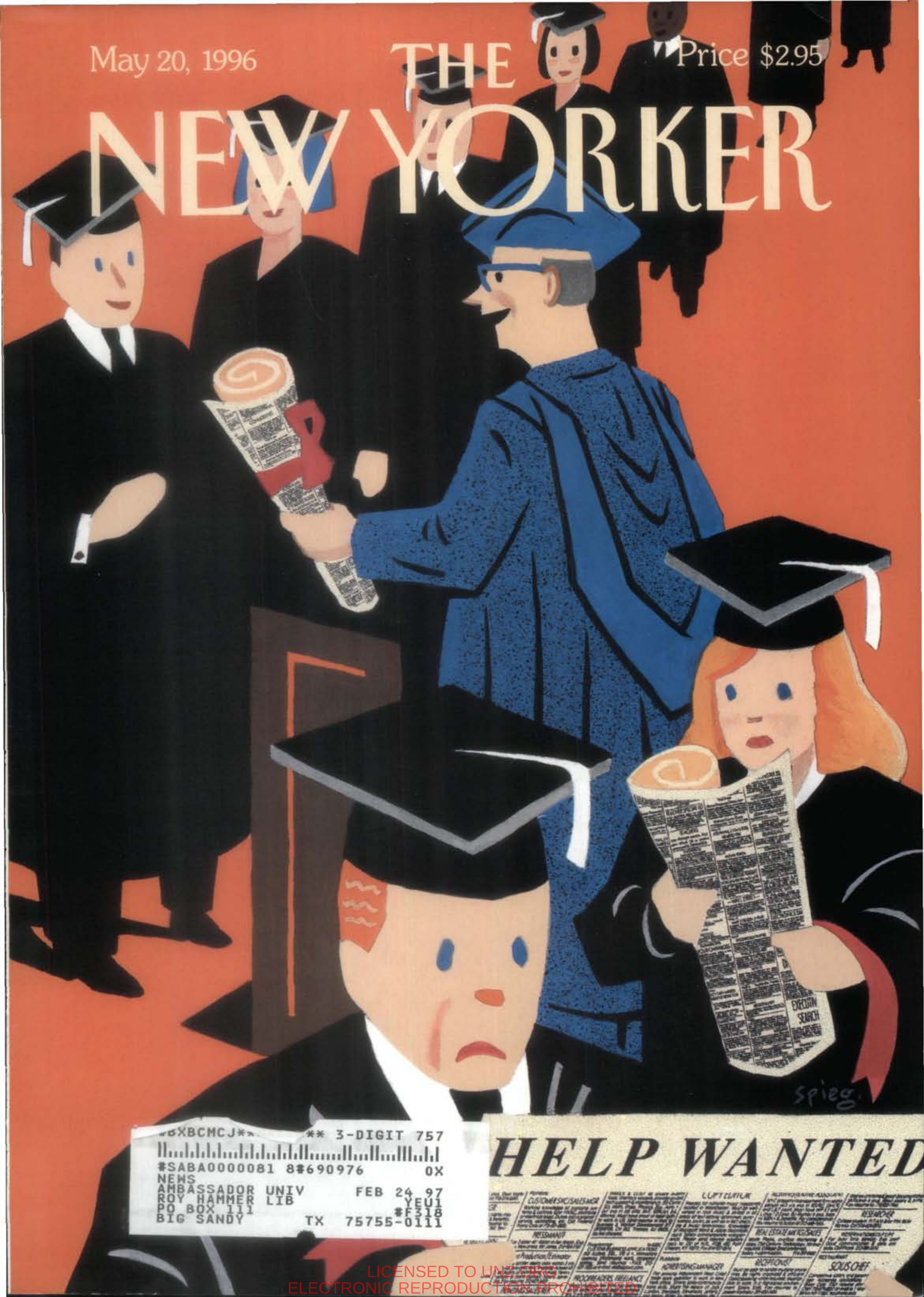
May 20, 1996

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.95


HELP WANTED
EXECUTIVE SEARCH
CUSTOMER SVC/SALES MGR
COPY EDITOR
RESEARCHER
REAL ESTATE MKTG/SALES
ADVERTISING MANAGER
RECEPTIONIST
SOUS CHEF
PROOFREADERS FREELANCE
spieg.

*BXBCMCJ** ** 3-DIGIT 757
#SABA0000081 8#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR UNIV FEB 24 97
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #F318
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

LET'S TALK
ABOUT THE SEAT YOU'LL SOON
BE ON THE EDGE OF.

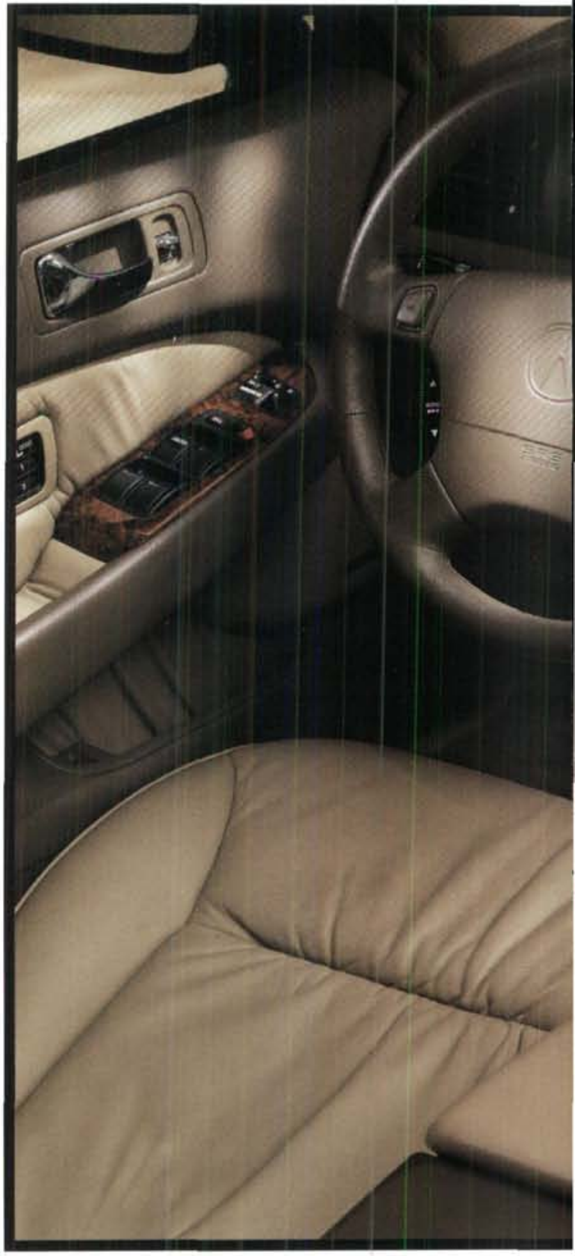
THE DRIVER'S SEAT in the Acura 3.5RL is so luxuriously comfortable, the natural inclination is to settle back, let the adjustable lumbar support go to work, and relax. Its hand-gathered leather is exceptionally soft to the touch, thanks to a special curing process. There are computer-designed springs that absorb extraneous vibration. Even a two-position memory.

It's a level of refinement equaled only by the other appointments found in this automobile: burled walnut trim,* a CD* audio system, and elegant instrumentation. All encompassed by a whisper-quiet cabin.

Punch the accelerator, however, and any notion of lazy tranquility goes right out the window. For under the hood lies the spirited wallop of a 3.5-liter V-6 which, in combination with a finely tuned suspension, translates into a ride that will keep you on the edge of, well, you know.

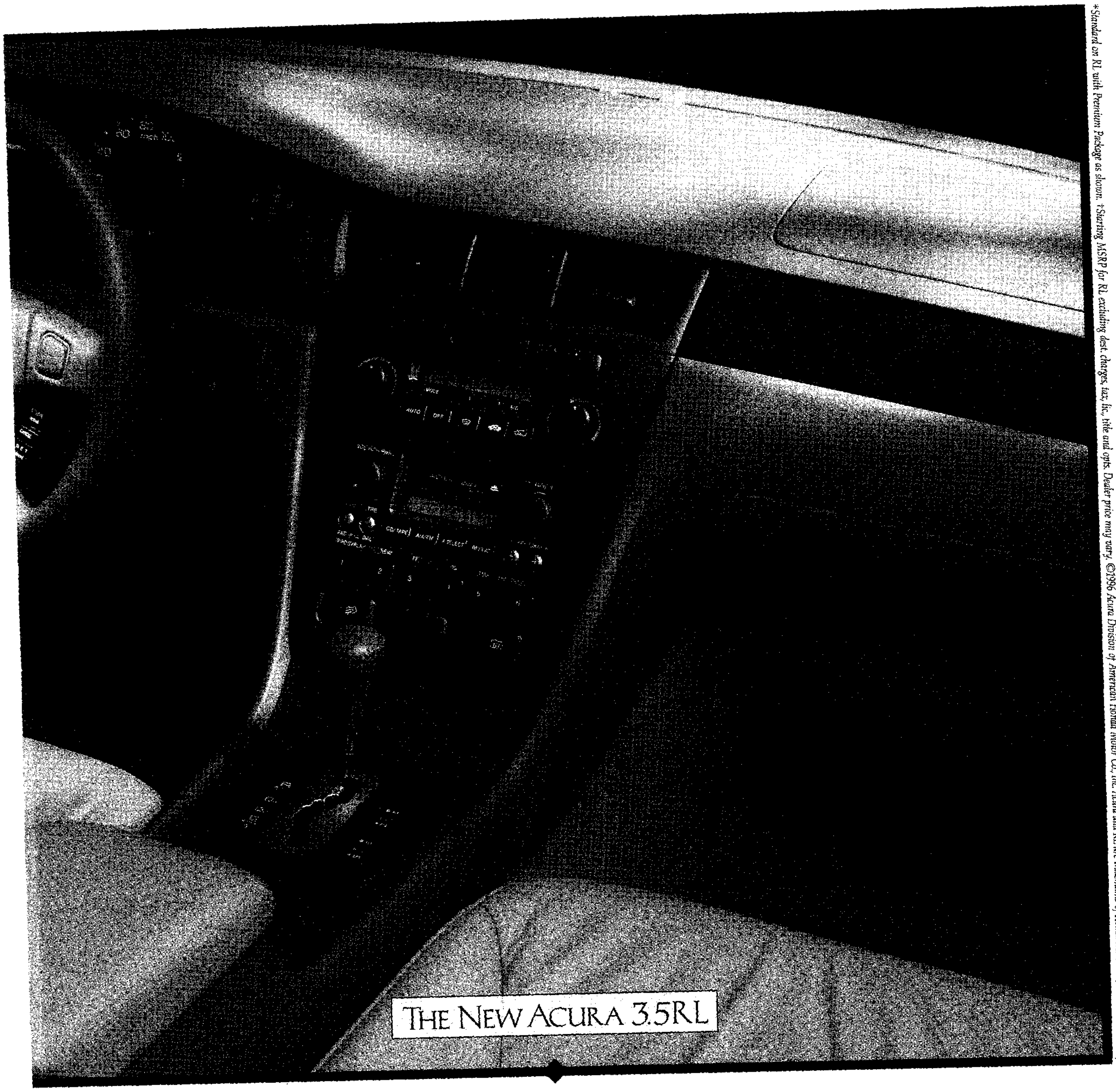
Which isn't to say you'll never get the chance to sit back and enjoy this seat simply for what it is. Of course you will. Like when you're at a stop sign, for example. Or waiting for a light to change.

To find out more information, call 1-800-TO-ACURA. ACURA



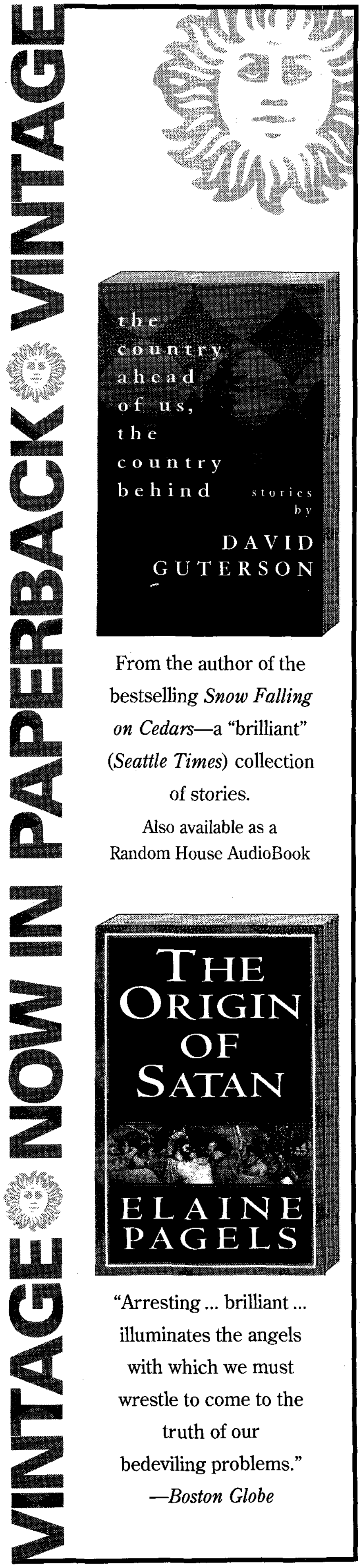
AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755



- 3.5-LITER, 210-HORSEPOWER, V-6 ENGINE
- STEERING WHEEL-MOUNTED AUDIO CONTROL
- ELECTRONIC TILT AND TELESCOPING STEERING COLUMN
- AUTOMATIC CLIMATE CONTROL SYSTEM
- POWER MOONROOF WITH TILT FEATURE
- HEATED FRONT SEATS* WITH MEMORY FEATURE
- PRICED FROM $41,000†

*Standard on RL with Premium Package as shown. †Starting MSRP for RL excluding dest. charges, tax, lic, title and opts. Dealer price may vary. ©1996 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and RL are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Please buckle up.



VINTAGE NOW IN PAPERBACK VINTAGE

the country ahead of us, the country behind
stories by
DAVID GUTERSON

From the author of the bestselling *Snow Falling on Cedars*—a "brilliant" (*Seattle Times*) collection of stories.

Also available as a Random House AudioBook

THE ORIGIN OF SATAN
ELAINE PAGELS

"Arresting ... brilliant ... illuminates the angels with which we must wrestle to come to the truth of our bedeviling problems."
—*Boston Globe*

THE NEW YORKER

MAY 20, 1996

COMMENT Our Next Prime Minister . . . . *Sidney Blumenthal* 4
Gingrich's gift to Dole: utter chaos.

IN THE MAIL 6

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
T. S. Eliot and anti-Semitism; Senator Bay Buchanan?; Damien Hirst vs. the U.S.D.A.; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Letter from Israel Peace Warrior . . . . *Amy Wilentz* 34
Who is Shimon Peres counting on to save Labor and the peace process? The nation's most famous commando.

The Sporting Scene Conic Projection . . . . *Roger Angell* 49
What David Cone means to the Yankees.

Annals of Journalism Hear Me Purr . . . . *James Wolcott* 54
How Maureen Dowd made the political personal.

A REPORTER AT LARGE The Unlamented West . . . . *Jonathan Raban* 60
Montana isn't the kind of Utopia that the Freemen and the militias think it is. But then it never was.

THE CRITICS

A Critic at Large Fifty years of Dr. Spock . . . . *Ann Hulbert* 82
Showcase Fiona Shaw . . . . *Richard Avedon, John Lahr* 90
Books Paul Johnson's "The Quest for God" . . . . *Ian Buruma* 93
Jane Mendelsohn's "I Was Amelia Earhart" . . . . *Daphne Merkin* 96
The Theatre "Venus," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," "Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk" . . . . *John Lahr* 98
The Current Cinema "Twister," "Barb Wire" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 101

POEMS

"Reading" . . . . *Ellen Hinsey* 36
"Pastels by Degas" . . . . *Czeslaw Milosz* 62
"The Rains That Never Fall Fell in My House" . . . . *Neil Rollinson* 102

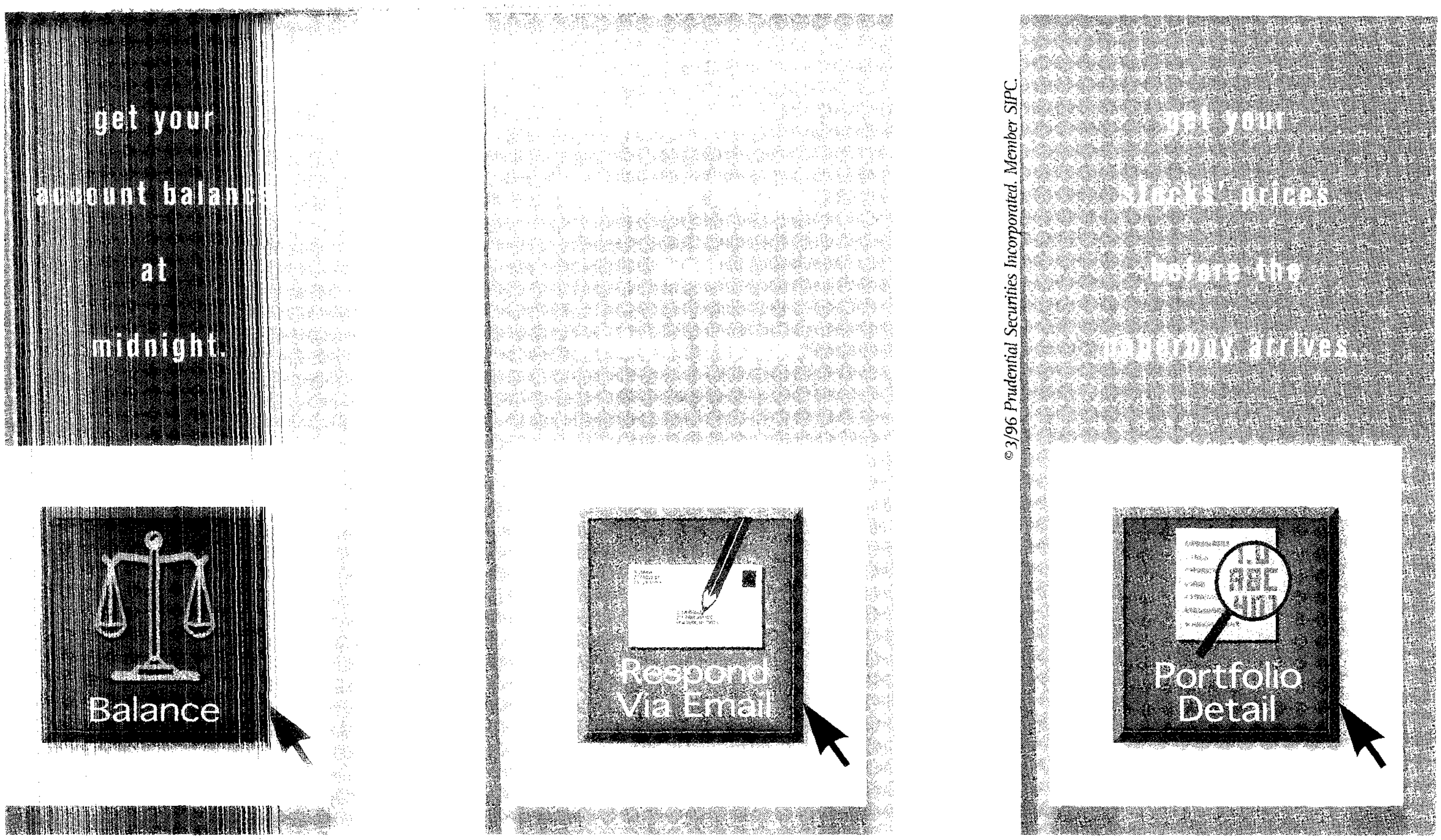
SHOUTS & MURMURS Swingin' in the Rain . . . . *Charles McGrath* 104

COVER *Classifieds of '96, by Art Spiegelman*

DRAWINGS *Michael Maslin, Sam Gross, Robert Mankoff, Victoria Roberts, Bernard Schoenbaum, Ed Arno, Jack Ziegler, Frank Cotham, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Peter Steiner, Roz Chast, Mick Stevens, Danny Shanahan, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last week of June and the first week of July, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXII, No. 12, May 20, 1996. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.


get your
account balance
at
midnight.
Balance
Respond
Via Email
get your
stocks' prices
before the
paperboy arrives.
Portfolio
Detail

©3/96 Prudential Securities Incorporated. Member SIPC.

Introducing Prudential Online.

It's the world's first on-line service of its kind from a full-service brokerage firm. So now you can get a detailed review of your account anytime, anywhere via the Internet. And the information is updated daily.

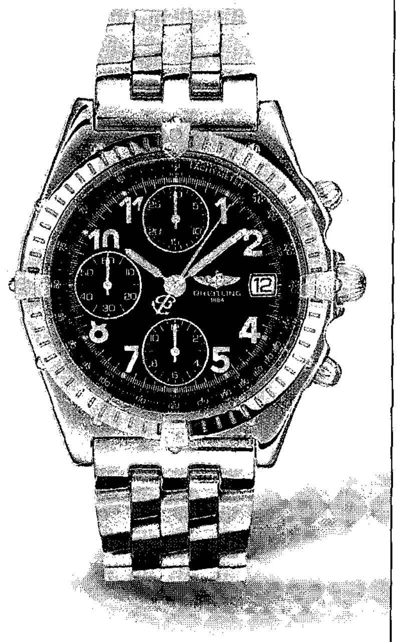
We know you need to be informed. And that helps us know how to better serve you.

For more information, you can call 1-800-654-5454, ext. 300. Or visit our website at http://www.prusec.com and click on "Prudential Online". *(The e-mail feature cannot be used to place orders.)*

Prudential Securities

Knowing the Investor℠

BREITLING
1884



CHRONOMAT

At a time when instruments unerringly cope *with Mach 2 flight data,* continued improvements to the mechanical chronograph simply underscore that there's more to time than technology. A *movement's intricate beauty or a* hand-polished case's lustrous gleam do put technological progress in a broader perspective.
Like the *Concorde,* the world's first but surely not last supersonic transport, CHRONOMATS draw time and space ever closer with aesthetic excellence as well as outstanding technical performance.

AUTHORIZED BREITLING AGENT:

WEMPE
Exquisite Timepieces & Jewelry

700 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

TELEPHONE (212) 397-9000

INSTRUMENTS
FOR PROFESSIONALS

OUR NEXT PRIME MINISTER

Gingrich's eclipse has created a dilemma for Dole.

FEW treat Newt Gingrich with less deference these days than his fellow sans-culottes from the Revolution of '94; by now, the Speaker of the House must be wondering if the next tumbrel isn't for him. "NEWT'S DRIVING ME NUTS," ran a *Daily News* headline over a report on a press conference by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, the co-chairman of the Dole Presidential campaign, who had lambasted Gingrich for having "completely misread the 1994 election" and for lacking "compassion." D'Amato's outbursts, however risible, are seldom uncalculated. Was this one an obscure Dole-campaign stratagem—an attempt to burn the granaries before they could fall into the hands of the revivified Democratic armies? Has Dole decided to use Gingrich as a foil?

Last year, the Speaker's entrances into meetings of House Republicans were greeted with thunderous chants of "Newt! Newt! Newt!" Now he enters to mutterings that he has become the sort of trimmer he had once used to heckle gleefully. On May 1st, according to one influential House freshman, Gingrich argued in favor of allowing a vote on increasing the minimum wage, on the heretically pragmatic ground of inevitability, whereupon he was rebuked by his own lieutenant, House Majority Leader Dick Armey. "Uncertain trumpets don't win," Armey is reported to have said. "This isn't the time to practice phony compassion to get elected." When both D'Amato and Armey are railing at Gingrich about compassion, the man deserves a little of it himself.

Gingrich's poignant response astounded many of those present. "I know some of you hard-right guys are saying I sound like Bob Michel," he said, referring to the mild, polite former House Republican Minority Leader, whom he had undermined for years. "And I probably would have voted like you back then," the Speaker continued. "But governing is tough." Some House freshmen left wondering whether their ex-messiah had gone native or had been fooling them from the start.

In the beginning, Gingrich revelled in being compared to world-historical figures such as Charles de Gaulle and William Pitt the Younger. He would be the Speaker as Prime Minister. Under his radically reconceived Speakership, the Presidency would fade into irrelevance, like the crown in a constitutional monarchy. An ideological and institutional shift would quickly channel all power Gingrich's way. Now that the first session of the 104th Congress is over, the record of Gingrich's exper-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/special marketing; Carmen Lopez, associate publisher; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Marie Wolpert, marketing director; Arne G. Gittleman, automotive manager emeritus. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies.
© 1996 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

iment in Prime Ministership can be measured, in a rough-and-ready way, and the 104th turns out to have been the least productive first-year Congress in modern American history. It enacted eighty-eight public bills. The first session of the 103rd Congress, by comparison, enacted two hundred and eleven—a figure on the low side of average. The last Republican-controlled Congress, the 83rd, in its first year, 1953, passed two hundred and eighty-eight. And the notorious 80th, indelibly branded the "do-nothing Congress" by Harry Truman, passed three hundred and ninety-five in *its* first year, 1947. Not since paleolithic times—before air-conditioning, before television, before jet travel—has a Congress fallen into comparable doldrums.

Instead of Prime Minister, Gingrich has become the virtual Speaker. His retreat is both inside and outside. To spare his party the burden of his unpopularity, he has withdrawn as its dominant public symbol, and within the Capitol he has abdicated many of his operational duties. A "House Republican National Strategic Plan for 1996," recently circulated by the Republican leaders to their troops, recasts "Newt's job in 1996." On the "issue areas" in which he will "play a role," for example, the plan notes that he is "reporting to Armey." The list of "Armey's jobs in 1996," by contrast, consists of most of the primary duties of the Speaker. The final usurpation on the list: "Lead the Leadership."

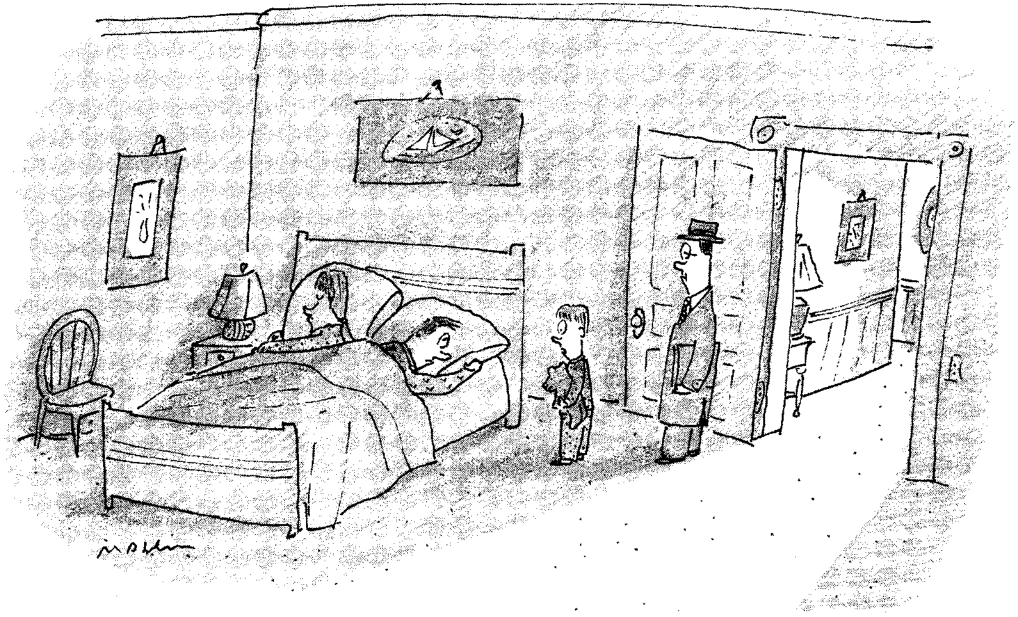
The eclipse of the Prime Minister of 1995 has imparted no cautionary lesson, apparently, to his opposite number in the Senate. Bob Dole has handily sewn up his party's Presidential nomination on his third try, but this consummation has come to him at the very moment that his home for thirty-five years—the Congress—has become a black hole. Evidently, he sees no alternative to trying to establish his bona fides for leadership from the center of this vacuum.

The theory of the Dole campaign, if it can be said to have one, is to fashion legislation that will wrongfoot the President, forcing him to veto one popular bill after another. Clinton would then be dramatized as the impediment to the march of progress, and the election would clearly emerge as the means of removing him—and, with him, the barriers to fulfilling the Revolution of 1994. But running for President as an opposition Senate Majority Leader—a feat never before attempted—is for Dole less a strategy than a tropism. Its necessity may be dictated partly by his campaign's nearly empty treasury, requiring the candidate to stay put, but the fact is that Dole is also filling the only role he has ever really known. He is conducting a front-porch campaign for President; it's just that his front porch is the Capitol portico. For Gingrich, being Prime Minister was a big idea; for Dole, it's a reflex. Only infrequently can he even physically tear himself away from the club in which he has held nearly a lifetime's membership. The familiarity of his mahogany-and-marble surroundings mislead him into miscasting himself as the latest Prime Minister.

At the very moment Dole gained the nomination in the primaries and returned to the comfort of the Senate, two crises within the Republican Party converged on him: the simultaneous need for leadership in its congressional and its Presidential wings. The congressional wing requires the Senate Majority Leader to create order. Therefore, Dole has assumed responsibility for mastering every faction and fraction not only on his side of the Capitol dome but also in the body left dizzy by Gingrich. No matter how Al D'Amato labors to separate Dole from Gingrich, Dole defines himself and his campaign through the entire Republican Congress. The House Speaker's loss of control has been bequeathed to the Senate's Leader, and the resultant chaotic spectacle inevitably diminishes any Presidential aura. The attempt to fill both leadership roles at once makes Dole appear incapable of filling either.

On April 18th, the Senate voted down an amendment Dole had offered to the Kennedy-Kassebaum bill. The bill would guarantee the portability of health insurance; the amendment would attach a scheme for medical savings accounts, which would remove healthy people from H.M.O.s and thus raise rates for those who remain. Dole immediately announced that he would press on with his amendment, even though success would mean that the entire bill—the capstone of the career of Senator Nancy Kassebaum, who is his Kansas colleague and is also the daughter of the 1936 G.O.P. Presidential candidate, Alf Landon—would almost certainly be vetoed. Dole was ever hopeful. "I'll be a conferee," he vowed, referring to the House-Senate conference committee that will write the final bill. During the 1952 race, Dwight D. Eisenhower made his most famous campaign pledge: "I shall go to Korea." Ike, the general of Dole's war, is one of Dole's heroes. But "I shall go to conference"?

—SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



"Dad, can my attorney have a glass of water?"

America's first environmentalist

WILLIAM BARTRAM's *Travels Through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida* was as influential in its time as Thoreau's *Walden.* His wildlife drawings rival Audubon's. The Library of America is proud to offer this first collection ever published of his writings, together with the largest gathering of his drawings ever assembled.

Bartram
Travels and Other Writings

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions
More than 80 volumes now available at better bookstores.
To order, or for a free catalog, call (212) 308-3360, or write:
The Library of America, 14 E. 60th Street, N.Y. 10022.
Distributed by Penguin USA.

SHRUBSOLE
S. J. SHRUBSOLE CORP.
NEW YORK CITY

Antique Silver
English
American

Jewelry
Objects d'Art
Glass

Cartier, c. 1960
$21,500

Art Deco, c. 1920
$8,500

Art Deco, c. 1910
$5,500

Art Deco, c. 1920
$9,250

Art Deco, c. 1920
$17,500

LONDON
Est. 1912
43 Museum Street
London WC1A 1LY,
England
Tel. 71-405-2712

NEW YORK
Est. 1936
104 East 57th Street
New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 753-8920
Fax. (212) 754-5192

IN THE MAIL

FALSE PROPHETS

I am a Buddhist scholar who met Shoko Asahara, the leader of the Aum Shinrikyo cult (which Murray Sayle wrote about in "Nerve Gas and the Four Noble Truths," Letter from Tokyo, April 1st), when he visited my teacher's monastery in Darjeeling on several occasions during the eighties. Even then, he seemed less like a gentle Buddhist than a sorcerer interested in group domination and totally uninterested in the compassionate message of the Buddha. As Sayle noted, Asahara's teachings are culled from many traditions, and include a potpourri of yoga and meditational techniques; Asahara has even publicly declared himself to be Jesus Christ.

This year, I counselled some of Aum Shinrikyo's former leaders, and I was astounded at the lies and half-truths Asahara had taught them—particularly that it is acceptable to kill those who do not follow his spiritual teachings in order to keep them from the bad karma of doing further evil. Buddha taught, "Be ye lamps unto yourselves"; that is, don't blindly follow authority but find out for yourself where the truth lies. Cult members are weak, confused people who are exploited by charismatic masters. Cult leaders like Jim Jones and David Koresh have appalled Christians; similarly, people should not associate Asahara with Buddhists.

LAMA SURYA DAS
Cambridge, Mass.

"Nerve Gas and the Four Noble Truths" was an extraordinary analysis of why a cult throve, how its leader became powerful, and how the society around it reacted to the tragedy that the cult created. The article sheds light on the structure of cults and cult leaders, but what particularly impressed me was the reaction of the Japanese to the subway attack: they seemed to be asking, "Why did this happen to us? How did we make ourselves vulnerable to such a group?" When factions such as the Koresh cult arose in the United States, we Americans didn't ask similar questions; we only pointed the finger at the A.T.F.

GENE BETTMAN
Saratoga, Calif.

ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

Michael Kelly's otherwise astute article about Bob Dole's campaign strategy, "Accentuate the Negative" (Letter from Washington, April 1st), neglects to challenge the fundamental fallacy of Dole's casting himself as "the doer," opposite Clinton as "the talker." The history of Western political leadership in the twentieth century demonstrates that the two roles are inextricably linked: celebrate Churchill; revile Hitler. Speech *is* a form of action.

JAMES VANOOSTING
Carbondale, Ill.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

In my profile of Louis Farrakhan ("The Charmer," April 29th & May 6th), I quoted C. Eric Lincoln's account of an argument between "Malcolm" and "Lou" in a Harlem restaurant in the early sixties. I got Professor Lincoln's words right but his reference wrong. He was remembering an episode in which Louis *Lomax*—not Louis Farrakhan—wondered why Malcolm didn't start his own movement, and Malcolm responded angrily. My heartfelt apologies to all involved.

HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

CLINIQUE
clarifying
lotion 2
CLINIQUE
dramatically
different
moisturizing lotion

The System.

How to invent good skin care: Understand skin. Know, from experience, what it needs. Then, make what's needed available.

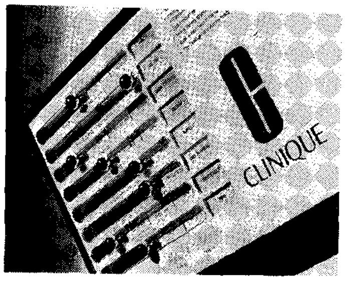
Exactly what Clinique has done. Developed by a group of leading dermatologists, its unique skin care fills any skin's needs precisely, and works it all out to a system.

A system so noticeably effective that nothing else—before or since—has ever performed as well.

Clinique's innovative system—cleansing, exfoliation, moisture—simply and surely gives you the best-looking skin you ever had. And keeps it that way.

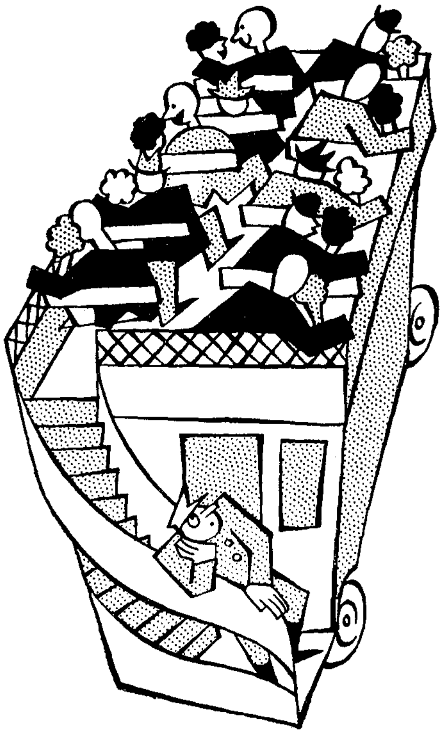
To start, you learn your skin type from the Clinique Computer, at any Clinique counter. This fine-tunes the system to your individual needs.

For skin at its best, you can't beat the system. Not when it's the Clinique system of skin care.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Ancient History—Vivienne Benesch and Michael Rupert portray a Jewish-Catholic couple in their thirties whose cultural differences wreak havoc on their ostensibly perfect relationship, in David Ives's new play. Directed by John Rando. In previews through May 19. Opens May 21 at 8. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Arts and Leisure—A new satire, about a drama critic in crisis, by Steve Tesich. Directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. In previews through May 18. Opens May 19 at 7:30. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Baal—Brecht's first play, about a hedonistic poet, gets a present-day art-world setting, as well as music, in an Independent Theatre Company production. Opens May 15 at 8 and continues through June 22. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

By the Sea, by the Sea, by the Beautiful Sea—Manhattan Theatre Club wraps up the season with an evening of one-acts, all set on the same beach on a single day, by Terrence McNally, Joe Pintauro, and Lanford Wilson. In previews. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Dark Rapture—Scott Glenn and Marisa Tomei star in Eric Overmyer's thriller. Scott Ellis is the director. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Making Porn—Rex Chandler plays the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. Previews begin May 16. (Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

La Mama—May 16-18 at 7:30 and May 19 at 3 and 7:30: Two new musicals composed and directed by Elizabeth Swados, "Doonesbury Flashbacks" and "The Emperor's New Clothes." . . ¶ May 16-18 at 7:30 and May 19 at 3:30: The Otrabanda Company presents the Russian poet Aleksandr Blok's 1905 drama, "The Fairground Booth." . . ¶ May 16-18 at 10: "The Last Hand Laundry in Chinatown," a new rock musical by Alvin Eng and John Dunbar. . . . ¶ May 20 at 8: "Lana Lynx: Passport, Pistol and Passion," in which the Swiss-born performance artist Ruth Fuglistaller's alter ego, an eccentric night-club entertainer, looks back on her life. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

One Hour Without Television—In Jaime Salom's comedy, a couple celebrating their anniversary turn off the TV set and end up thrashing out their relationship. A Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre production, directed by Miriam Colon. Preview on May 15. Opens May 16 at 8. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Orphée—Jean Cocteau Repertory celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with Cocteau's 1926 adaptation of the myth. Opens May 19 at 8. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

The Skriker—A fantasia about otherworldly goings on in England, written by the British playwright Caryl Churchill and directed by Mark Wing-Davey. Opens May 15 at 8 and continues through May 26. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

Tartuffe: Born Again—Elizabeth Berridge, John Glover, and David Schramm lead the cast in Freyda Thomas's latest Molière adaptation, in which the antihero has become a televangelist. Directed by David Saint. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Three in the Back, Two in the Head—A man falls into a web of government intrigue when he attempts to find his father's murderers, in a thriller by Jason Sherman. In previews through May 17. Opens May 18 at 8. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

The Wilde Spirit—In Kerry Ashton's one-man show, the spirit of Oscar Wilde returns to set the record straight and offer his musings on the nineteen-nineties. In previews through May 19. Opens May 21 at 7. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Bein' with Behan—The talented and hardworking Michael L. Kavanagh portrays the late poet, playwright, and political activist Brendan Behan in a formulaic two-hour monologue—and the audience, unlike the actor, doesn't have the solace of a pint. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 279-4200. Closes May 26.)

Big—A new musical, based on the 1988 movie. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk—Director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic African-American musical. (Reviewed in this issue and in our issue of 12/4/95.) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Brutality of Fact—Keith Reddin's new play, starring Leslie Lyles, Rebecca Nelson, and Scotty Bloch, takes a darkly comic look at the family ties that bind. (Camilla's, 632 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Sts. 475-2264. Closes May 25.)

The Bundle—An Irondale Ensemble Project production of Edward Bond's 1978 epic drama, which traces the life of an abandoned child. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 633-1292. Closes May 25.)

Buried Child—Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre brings Sam Shepard's 1978 play to Broadway, under the direction of Gary Sinise. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

The Chang Fragments—Abandoned by the father, an Asian family attempts to put together a new life, in an absurdist drama by the Philippine-born playwright Han Ong. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes June 2.)

The Cocoanuts—The Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical, which originally starred the Marx Brothers. Richard Sabellico is the director and choreographer. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes May 26.)

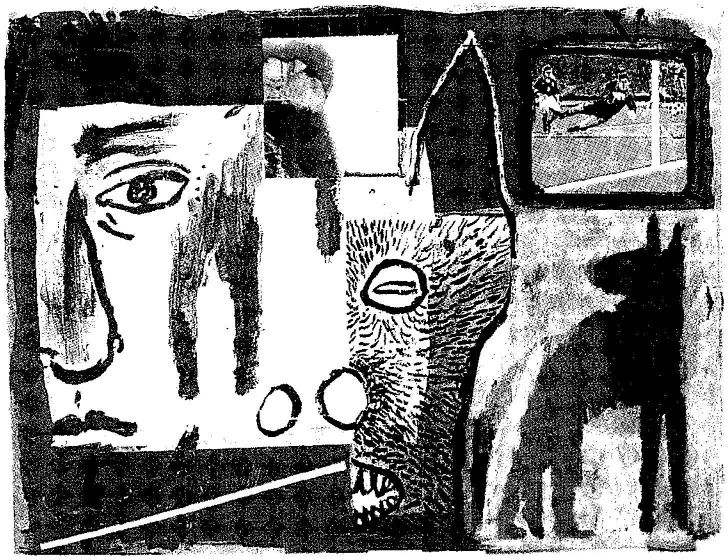
Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Curtains—Stephen Bill's 1987 dark comedy about aging, directed by Scott Elliott, moves to the John Houseman Theatre on May 21. A New Group production. (450 W. 42nd St. 339-6200.)

A Delicate Balance—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Edward Albee's unbalanced-family drama, first staged in 1966. With John Carter, George Grizzard, Rosemary Harris, Mary Beth Hurt, Elaine Stritch, and Elizabeth Wilson. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

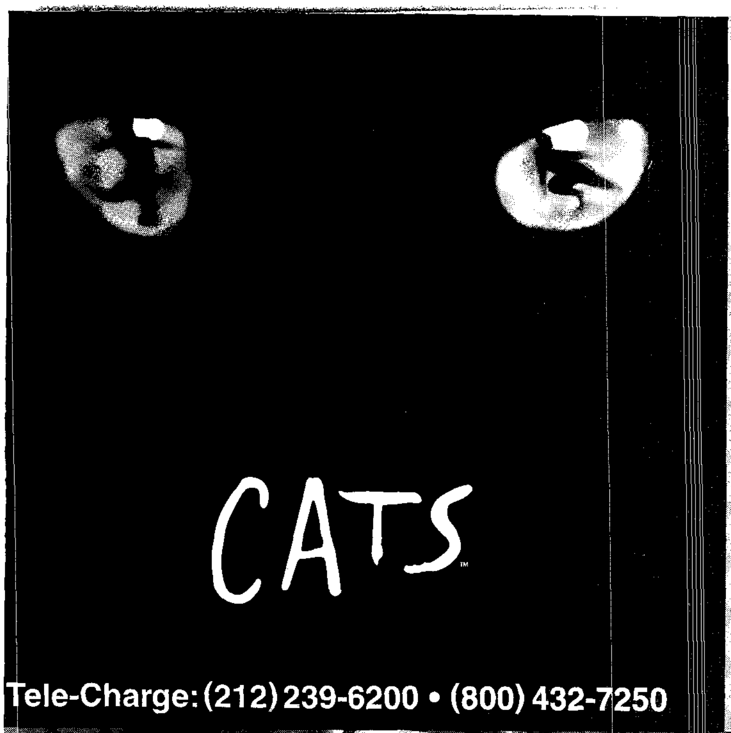
Ensemble Studio Theatre—The first series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts continues through May 19 with Arthur Miller's "Elegy for a Lady," David Ives's "Degas, C'est Moi," Howard Korder's "Geliebteh," and Cherie Vogelstein's "Cats and Dogs." The marathon continues through June 16. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

A Fair Country—A neatly packaged but hollow new play by Jon Robin Baitz, about an American diplomat in South Africa. (3/11/96) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Caryl Churchill's "The Skriker," at the Public.

KAREN CALDICOTT



Tele-Charge: (212) 239-6200 • (800) 432-7250

Miss Saigon

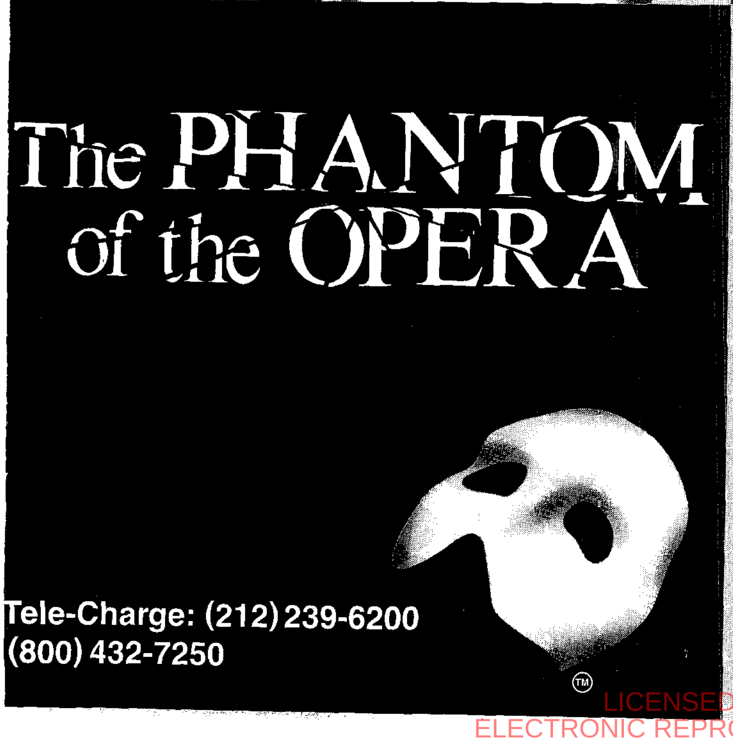
Tele-Charge: (212) 239-6200 • (800) 432-7250

10086
SUNSET BLVD
™
PHOTO: FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

TicketMaster: (212) 307-4007
(800) 307-4007

JULIE ANDREWS
VICTOR Victoria
PHOTO: FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

TicketMaster: (212) 307-4100 • (800) 755-4000
Sponsored in part by Continental and Macy's


The PHANTOM of the OPERA
TM

Tele-Charge: (212) 239-6200
(800) 432-7250

Les Misérables®

Tele-Charge:
(212) 239-6200
(800) 432-7250

FORBIDDEN HOLLYWOOD—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—The 1962 musical, starring Nathan Lane as the Roman slave Pseudolus. Directed by Jerry Zaks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

AN IDEAL HUSBAND—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member who is a potential Prime Minister. The man who saves the day is an apparent good-for-nothing, who, of course, turns out to be good for everything; he is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The play, which originally ran concurrently with "The Importance of Being Earnest" (and closed concurrently with it when Wilde was convicted of sodomy), is as serious as it is frisky—it pulls the rug out from under conventional morality to find a deeper, more humane morality underneath. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE KING AND I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directs. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

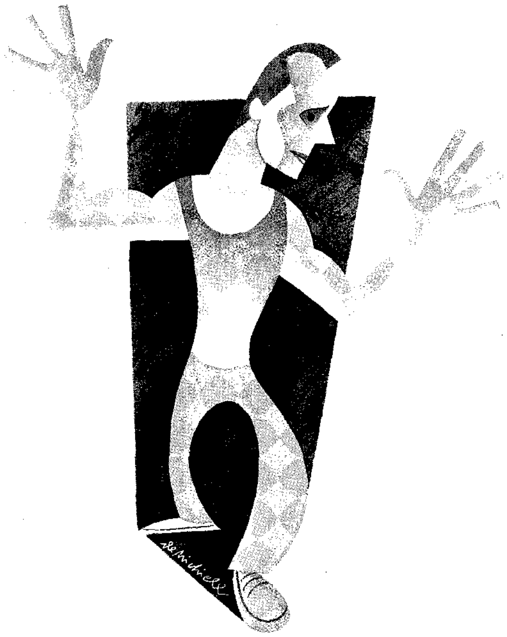
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—Starbucks coffee, Princess Di, and the Internet are among the casualties in Jackie Mason's latest two-hour monologue. Stuffed into a tight black suit, the sixty-two-year-old comic prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect: when he responds to Jesse Jackson's call for more black accountants by citing the dearth of Jewish coal miners ("Ever see a yarmulke with a searchlight?"), the house rocks with laughter. The set, a mock Lower East Side street, is clever and unobtrusive; the Boys Choir of Harlem shows up briefly, via videotape, to sing "Hava Nagila." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—The Royal Shakespeare Company, after stops in San Francisco, Chicago, and Washington, D.C., is now offering New Yorkers its acclaimed production of the great comedy. Perhaps the road has taken its toll—what's on view here is no longer robust but is rather droll and unmagical. It goes down smoothly enough, but there isn't an afterglow. Still, it's an opportunity to see a host of good actors who usually work on the other side of the Atlantic, among them Alex Jennings, Lindsay Duncan, and Desmond Barrit. Directed by Adrian Noble, the R.S.C.'s artistic director. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. Closes May 26)

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA—Robert Falls's production does justice to Tennessee Williams's 1961 play about spiritual longings. In the central role of the feverish fallen minister, William Petersen gives you the feeling that there is something holy in him wrestling to get out. Cherry Jones has a quiet gravity that compels attention; Marsha Mason seems right at home as an earthy voluptuary. (4/8/96) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes May 19.)

PAPA—If Ernest Hemingway fell victim to the precarious machismo of the persona he created, John deGroot's one-man play falls victim to the cliché that persona has since become. Len Cariou is a fine, energetic actor, and he gives a valiantly gruff portrayal of the author, whom we encounter in the midst of a bender on a single day in 1959 (two years before he shot himself). But Cariou's effort to elevate his character's sad strutting and impotent anger gets sideswiped by the overloaded script, which has no surprises, way too many words, and not nearly enough fresh insights. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

RENT—Inspired by Puccini's "La Bohème," the late Jonathan Larson's rock opera, set in a gray and dishevelled East Village loft space, stands every assumption of the traditional musical on its head. It can't support the narrative overload (eight separate stories are told), yet by the end of the evening Larson's talent has taken the audience to places where the musical never ventures these days. (2/19/96) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)



Colin Martin, in "Virgins and Other Myths."

SEVEN GUITARS—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

STATE FAIR—This lively, colorful stage version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 movie musical is a pleasure, despite some weak perfomances in key roles. As an Iowa farm couple, John Davidson is unctuously over the top and Kathryn Crosby is, sadly, nowhere near the top; Andrea McArdle, as their daughter (who experiences true love at the Iowa State Fair), is an alloy of cardboard and show-biz steel. The young men, Scott Wise (playing the dancingest reporter you've ever seen) and Ben Wright (in the role of a young man who learns a thing or two about love at the hands of a been-around-the-block chanteuse), and the vibrant Donna McKechnie (who plays her) are the heart and soul of the show, and they're enough to hook you. Co-directed by James Hammerstein (son of) and Randy Skinner, who also did the choreography. And, sakes alive, the show has a woman conductor, Kay Cameron. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

TOVAH: OUT OF HER MIND—"Don't go looking for plot," Tovah Feldshuh warns at the start of her one-woman smorgasbord of mainly Jewish songs and sketches. The consummate musical-comedy star harnesses the manic energy of a gifted child acting out; her rich, elastic voice is never off key, and her characterizations—which include a wry grandmother, a red-hot Sophie Tucker, a one-legged ballerina, and an ordinary Joe in retirement—are always nimble. What the show lacks in wit or social bite Ms. Feldshuh makes up for in polish and talent. So who needs plot? With terrific piano accompaniment by Scott Cady. Presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

TREASURE ISLAND—The Blue Light Theatre Company presents a stage version of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, directed by B. H. Barry. Written by Vernon Morris. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 279-4200. Closes May 19.)

VALLEY SONG—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's latest drama, about the effects of political change in his homeland, has returned to Manhattan Theatre Club. With LisaGay Hamilton and Marius Weyers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

VENUS—Suzan-Lori Parks's new drama, based on true events, tells the story of an African woman who was exhibited as "the Hottentot Venus" by an English circus in the early nineteenth century. Directed by Richard Foreman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes May 19.)

VIRGINS AND OTHER MYTHS—Colin Martin's one-man show—a sort of "This Gay Boy's Life"—is an explicit though graceful dive into the depths of his own psyche. He shuttles between a chronological narrative and psychological milestones in his life, now and then stopping to wonder just when it was, exactly, that he lost his virginity. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

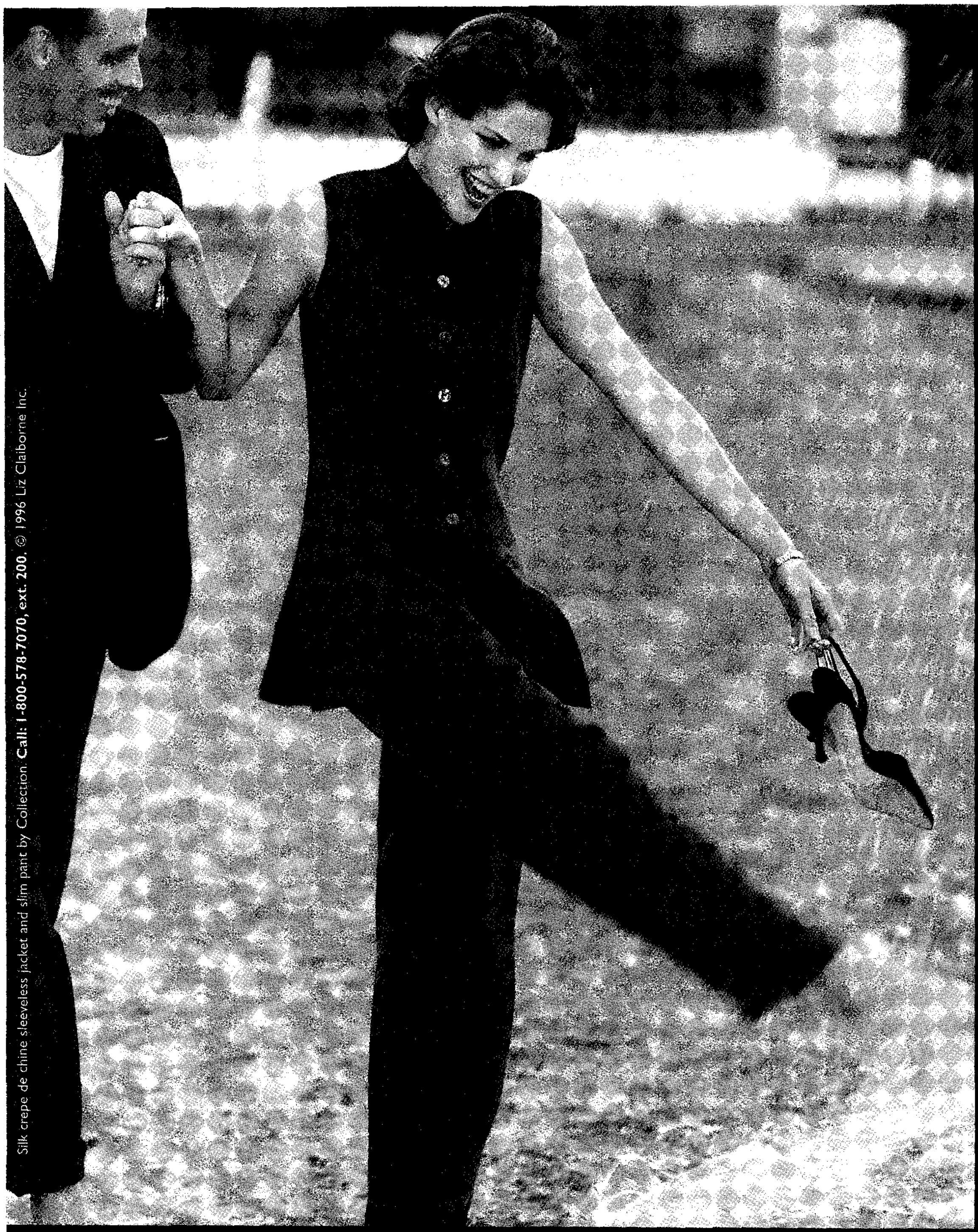
LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **THE FOOD CHAIN:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **MRS. KLEIN:** Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **MOON OVER BUFFALO:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. (Closes May 26.) . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—May 15 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ May 16 at 7:30, the spring gala: "Concerto Barocco," previews from three new dances, by Ulysses Dove, Peter Martins, and Kevin O'Day, and "Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)." . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Duo Concertant," "Correlazione," and "Agon." . . . ¶ May 18 at 2: "Apollo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Reliquary," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ May 18 at 8: "Correlazione," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo

ROBERT DEMICHIELL



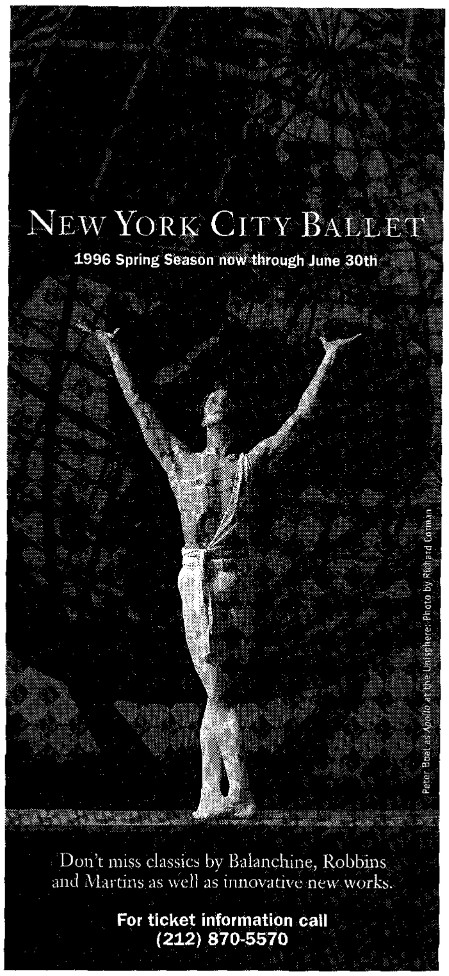
Silk crepe de chine sleeveless jacket and slim pant by Collection. **Call: 1-800-578-7070, ext. 200.** © 1996 Liz Claiborne Inc.

Come as you are

Life's a party... are you dressed for it?

LIZ claiborne

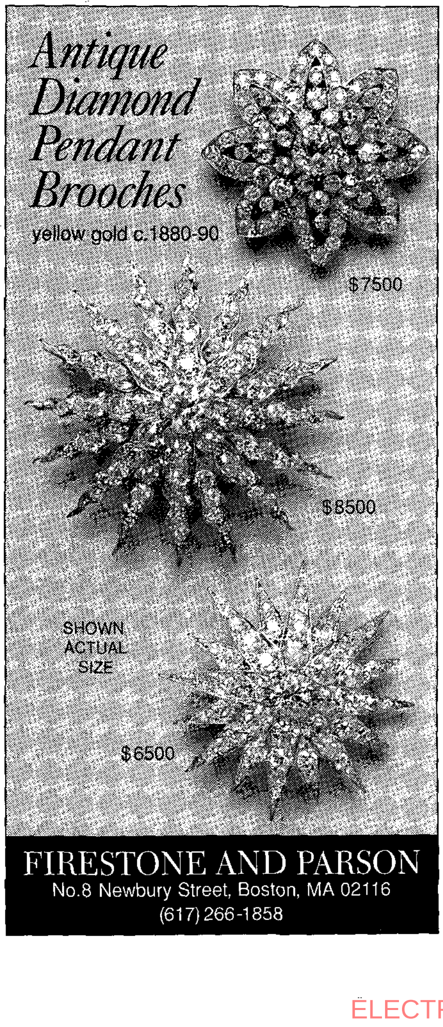
Liz Claiborne, New York


NEW YORK CITY BALLET
1996 Spring Season now through June 30th

Peter Boal as Apollo at the Unisphere. Photo by Richard Corman

Don't miss classics by Balanchine, Robbins and Martins as well as innovative new works.

For ticket information call
(212) 870-5570


Antique Diamond Pendant Brooches
yellow gold c.1880-90

$7500

$8500

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

$6500

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858

"Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ May 19 at 3: "Concerto Barocco," "Dvořák Bagatelles," "In G Major," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "West Side Story Suite." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 30.)

American Ballet Theatre—May 15 at 2 and 8 and May 16 at 8: "Manon." . . . ¶ May 17 at 8 and May 18 at 1:30 and 8: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ May 20 at 8: "Elements," "How Near Heaven," and "Americans We." . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 22.)

"Orfeo ed Euridice"—The Mark Morris Dance Group and the Handel & Haydn Society Chorus and Orchestra, in a production of Gluck's opera. Choreographed and directed by Mark Morris. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. May 16 at 7 and May 17-18 at 8. See the listing in Classical Music.)

Nederlands Dans Theater 3—The five-member troupe of standout dancers over forty, a sort of European cousin of White Oak, performs choreography by William Forsythe and Jennifer Muller, among others. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 14-17 at 8, May 18 at 2 and 8, and May 19 at 2 and 7:30.)

"Blow Molding"—The saxophonist-dancer-choreographer-director Dan Froot, known for his frequent collaborations, in four group works and one piece that Froot performs without a collaborator. Or clothes, for that matter. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. May 16-19 at 9.)

"Noche de Ronda"—On a Monday evening last September, the dancer José Navas was slated to receive a Bessie award and to close the ceremonies with a performance of William Douglas's "Solo for José." But he never showed: the frustrated performer was sitting in Montreal, detained by immigration authorities in his adopted province. This weekend, those who regret that lost opportunity can finally see the dancer with the Aztec demeanor and the zealous precision of a matador, in a new solo and in collaboration with Allyson Green, who also performs a solo of her own. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. May 16-19 at 8:30.)

"Wogbledoe"—Ahmondylla Best performs a full-length work, inspired by African rituals (the title is the Ewe word for "It is destined"), which follows one American woman's struggle from the forties to the present. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 16-18 at 8 and May 19 at 3.)

Noche Flamenca—The husband-and-wife flamenco team of Martin Santangelo and Soledad Barrio returns to the barlike intimacy of Theatre 80, bringing along singers, dancers, guitarists, trim black vests, long red skirts, and eight wooden chairs. (80 St. Marks Pl. 293-4277. May 15-17 at 8 and May 18 at 7 and 10. Through June 29.)

Louis Johnson Dance Theatre Ensemble—In 1952, five years after Jackie Robinson's début with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Louis Johnson broke the color barrier at New York City Ballet, as a guest artist in the première of Jerome Robbins' "Ballade." A year later, Johnson choreographed his first work, "Lament," for the New York Ballet Club's Choreographer's Night; he revived it in 1966 for the Alvin Ailey company, "when Judy"—that's Judith Jamison—"first joined the company and she was so beautiful and magnificent." Johnson returns to the piece—"about a sordid affair that was destined not to be"—with Ramona Smith, of Dance Theatre of Harlem, in the role that Jamison danced. "I'm doing it mainly because I ain't got nothing else to do," the choreographer laughs. "And because I can call people up and they'll dance for me." (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. May 18 at 3 and 7 and May 19-20 at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Mavericks / Junior Brown—The best country group around formed seven years ago in Miami; they have a unique sound that's equal parts Nashville and cool rock and roll, and they play long, spirited shows in the manner of Bruce Springsteen. Lead singer Raul Malo, the son of Cuban immigrants, has a deep, mournful voice that can handle everything from an understated, lovelorn ballad to an Orbison wail. / An Indiana cowboy with a flair for songs about heartbreak, hillbillies, and fools, Junior Brown is something of a country-and-Western throwback, a basso-profundo crooner with a salty, poker-faced delivery. He has a sense of humor, too: his material is populated with state troopers and hula girls. But his fearsome-looking "guit steel"—a cross between a Fender Bullet and an old lap steel guitar—is what has made his reputation: he's a real cowboy guitar hero. Giddyap. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. May 15 at 8.)

Tori Amos—One of pop's more eccentric performers, this classically trained piano prodigy turned spandex vixen débuted in 1991 with "Little Earthquakes," a critically acclaimed mixture of baroque keyboard work and oozing sexuality. On the cover of her latest record, "Boys for Pele" (dedicated to a volcano goddess who swallows men whole), she's pictured breast-feeding a pig. Onstage, as on disk, she may be over the top, but she's rarely a bore. (The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. May 15 at 8.)

"Funky Harlem Nights"—This two-week series devoted to exploring the essence of funk continues with "Blues on a String," a performance by violinist Lesa Terry and friends. (Aaron Davis Hall, 135th St. at Convent Ave. For more information, call 650-7100. May 17 at 7:30.)

Robert Jr. Lockwood / Big Jack Johnson / Lonnie Pitchford—An evening of top-shelf Delta blues. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 17 at 8.)

John Kelly—The falsetto singer, who is also well known as a performance artist, interprets material by Brian Wilson, Kurt Weill, and Tom Waits. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. May 17-18 at 8.)

"Essentially Ellington"—The music of Duke Ellington is a tall-enough order for Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, so imagine the difficulties it poses for the ten groups in this tristate high-school jazz-band competition. It'll be fascinating to hear how they navigate the treacherous waters of "Ko-Ko," the rhythmic swells of "Perdido," and the lyrical eddies of "Lady of the Lavender Mist." They may not survive, but the show is free and it lasts all day—drop by and pledge allegiance to the Duke. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 18 at noon.)

Hawaii Music Awards—A who's who of Hawaiian musicians, featuring, among others, slack-key-guitar master Cyril Pahinui, falsetto legend Dennis Pavao, and Robi Kahakalau, Hawaii's hottest female vocalist. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 18 at 8.)

Randy Weston's African Rhythms—Weston may have steeped himself in the music of North Africa, but there's still plenty of Brooklyn bop left in his piano; combining the pith of Thelonious Monk and the nasty rhythms of Bud Powell, he has a musical personality as urban as the M.T.A. (Brooklyn Conservatory, 58 Seventh Ave., Park Slope. 1-718 622-3300. May 18 at 8.)

The Count Basie Orchestra—The Count was one smart cookie: by the fifties, he'd already devised the blueprint for a big band that, in contrast to his scrappy, soloist-driven ensembles of the thirties and forties, would rely on the ingenuity of arrangers and the might of a well-executed horn chart. The present band still runs on that road-tested formula. Swinging satisfaction guaranteed. Conducted by Grover Mitchell. (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. May 21 at 7.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

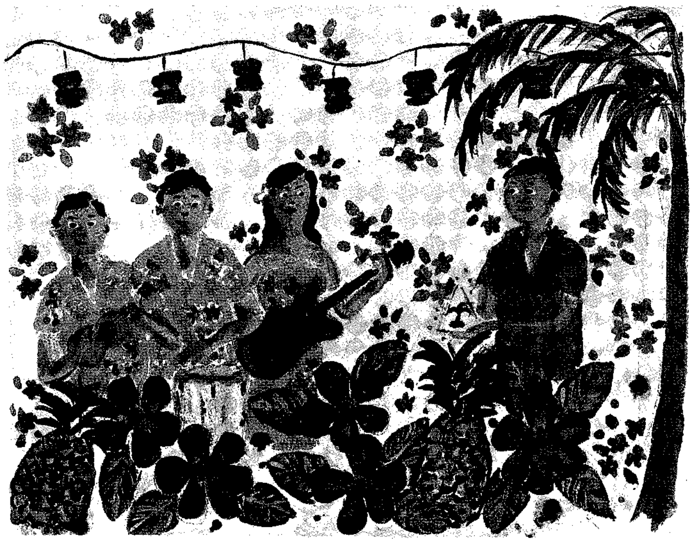
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Because he emerged around the same time in the mid-eighties as ABC, Flock of Seagulls, and several other human punch lines, **HOWARD JONES** (May 15) was dismissed as just another British hair casualty. But the plucky synthesizer whiz has released seven albums; his latest, "Live Acoustic America," features such electro-hits as "No One Is to Blame," performed on a grand piano. The effect is intimate and elegant, and this show should be the same. May 17-18: **ARLO GUTHRIE.** Last Thanksgiving, Woody's son celebrated a special anniversary: thirty years ago, the draft-eligible folksinger spent a little time with a certain restaurateur named Alice Brock. The rest, as they say, is history. Guthrie's delightful recent children's book, "Mooses Come Walking," features illustrations by none other than the fabled cook herself.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—May 18: The **VERY PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.** May 21: The **WRENS.**

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—May 17-18: **SON SEALS.** One of the leading figures of post-sixties blues, this son of an Arkansas juke-joint operator plays in the slashing, urgent style of his mentor, Albert King. Such aptly named classics as "Chicago Fire" (1980) helped seal his reputation, and live he still smolders.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—May 21: Up-and-coming folk goddess **PATTY GRIFFIN.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—May 16: **JEWEL,** a remarkable twenty-one-year-old singer-songwriter who grew up on an eight-hundred-acre farm in Alaska and who honors her mountainous roots by finishing her shows with Olympic-calibre yodelling. If the stunningly honest songs on her début, "Piece of You," are any indication, she is to folk what Iris Dement is to country. May 18: **MEDESKI, MARTIN, AND WOOD.** Last year, after opening for the Greatful Dead-ish band Phish, this combo found itself with a whole new group of fans. Driven by John Medeski's Hammond organ, the trio (which also includes bass and drums) throws a lot into the blender—funk, Coltrane, and some let's-just-mess-around-and-make-a-funny-sound stuff. They have a great time with it, and so do their new-found fans. Opening is the hipster guitarist **MARC RIBOT.** May 20-21: **STEREOLAB.** If Hal from "2001: A Space Odyssey" had taken up a second career as a d.j., he might have created something like the sound of this arty London outfit. It's as if amplifiers, mixing boards, and old Moog synthesizers had grown tired of just carrying the music and had decided to run things themselves. The result is lush and surprisingly human, as evidenced by the engaging "Emperor Tomato Ketchup," the group's latest album.

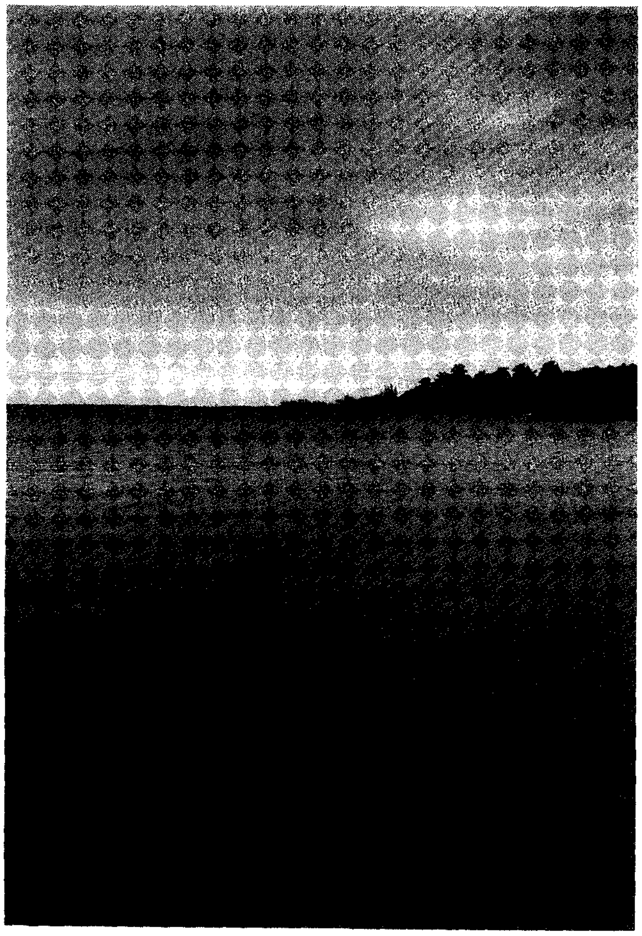


The Hawaii Music Awards, at Carnegie Hall.

ELIZA GRAN

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—May 19: Slick instrumentals and pounding alternative rock with **TRANS AM** and **NADA SURF.**

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—May 17: Eighties garage-rock kings the **FLESHTONES.** Naysayers have labelled the **POSIES** (May 19) purveyors of wimp grunge, a way of putting down their combination of unfettered guitar buzz and wispy vocals. But when they feel like it the Posies can rock as hard as any of their Seattle brethren. And they almost always come out ahead in the taste department.



LAUREN HUTTON

TAKES FIVE IN ELEUTHERA

No 5 AM Calls

No Hair and Makeup

No Paparazzi

No Autographs

No Rabbit Food

No Retouching

THE ISLANDS OF THE BAHAMAS

It Just Keeps Getting Better

Call your travel agent · http://www.interknowledge.com/bahamas

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—May 16: The return of the **BONGOS.** Way before the term "alternative" was coined, the Bongos were one of the brightest lights of early-eighties college rock. Front man Richard Barone (an affecting songwriter who quietly continues to make stellar music) knew how to ignite sparks: under the chiming guitars and Beatlesy melodies of classics like "Barbarella" and "Numbers with Wings," there was passion and heat—a sense of danger, untapped desire, and promise ahead. In this one-off reunion, a benefit to help pay for New York songwriter George Usher's medical bills, the band will recharge favorites that you can bet still pack a mighty punch. May 18: The **ASS PONYS.** For someone with a big-scruffy-guy image, singer Chuck Cleaver has a terribly shrill falsetto—he almost always sounds whiny. On "The Known Universe," he makes a game attempt to brighten up the Ponys' alternative country rock with the occasional twisted detail. Some listeners may find his oddball characters endearing, but there aren't enough surprises, and, with one or two catchy exceptions, the album is a jangly knockoff of R.E.M.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—May 15-16: **ANGELA BOFILL.** Though she's primarily a jazz vocalist, Bofill was brought up on Latin rhythms (by her Cuban father) and Motown soul (by her Puerto Rican mother); both influences are apparent in her repertoire. She's got a sensuous way with a romantic ballad. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—May 15: **DE LA SOUL.** In 1989, this trippy trio—Posdnuos, P.A. Mase, and Dove (formerly Trugoy)—made a big noise with "Three Feet High and Rising," a critical and commercial sensation that sounded like an unholy alliance between Chuck Jones and George Clinton. With their funny skits and their incisive social commentary, they made you feel like you were hanging out on the stoop with homeboy Robert Benchleys. Although their recent work has had its moments, these days the group sounds more safe than risky, which is why the title of their upcoming release, "Stakes Is High," is promising. May 18: Indie rock with **BAILTER SPACE.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—May 17: **DREAD ZEPPELIN,** a band whose claim to fame is its flair for turning Led Zeppelin into reggae.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE BUDD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—May 17-18: The **FRANK WESS** quartet. Few musicians who have been as relied upon as Wess have been as underappreciated. He's a big band's best friend: a superb lead alto, a booming tenor soloist, and possibly jazz's premier flutist. He's been a rock with both the Basie band and the Toshiko Akiyoshi ensemble. When he steps out of the ranks, his incredible tone and forthright swing bring to mind Lester Young. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through May 19: **KENNY BURRELL AND THE JAZZ HERITAGE ALL STARS.** The ever-tasteful Burrell isn't the most galvanic of guitarists, but there's always been enough dirt under his nails to inject even the most careful runs with the sweet funk of the blues. His band is a mélange of the recognized and the overlooked. Familiar names include the celebrated pianist Sir Roland Hanna, *über*-bassist Ray Drummond, trombonist Steve Turre, and vocalist Vanessa Rubin; the lesser-sung are trumpeter Jimmy Owens, a bright light of the seventies and the eighties, and reedman Jerome Richardson, a perennial who always merits closer listening. The **BOB JAMES** trio takes over on May 21. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through May 18: Piano, sax, and bass with **GEORGE CABLES, ARTHUR BLYTHE,** and **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Dining.

TABLES FOR TWO

Café des Artistes, 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500)—Even on a Monday, there's a line for the late shift at this famously comely salon decorated with Howard Chandler Christy murals of nude girls (all Suzy Parkers) and boys (all Dolph Lundgrens), who are invariably described as frolicking. The restaurant is famous for other things, too: for its reasonably priced Piper-Heidsieck house champagne; for brunch; for asparagus (the annual festival has just begun); for its titanic Chocolatissimo dessert. Add romantically dim lighting over the small tables in the back and quail eggs on the bar where the Beer Nuts should be, and you can see why it's famous as, above all, the ultimate date grotto.

The allure of institutions with high tourist traffic doesn't always translate to the plate, but to come here at the spring-fever, appetite-suppressed stage of courtship would be to waste excellent food. The chef, Thomas Ferlesch, tinkers with the menu every day; he is fond of cosmopolitan dishes that are striking for their retro appeal—the frisky headcheese, which you can order neat or as a player in the Assorted Planked Cochonnailles; the pot-au-feu, with marrow bone; the calf's liver and bacon; the triumphantly textbook *vitello tonnato*, the sauce dotted with capers, the veal mounted high atop interestingly spelled arugola. And there are the always-on classics: an *aiolissimo* bourride, the rich seafood stew; the sturgeon schnitzel; the Joy of Bonaparte (a lemon napoleon); the Salmon Four Ways, which, with its pellucid pink slices, rolls, and fleshy mounds, is romance and raunch on a platter, especially if you order it in the two-person size. Specialties are helpfully underlined (the chocolate endorphin booster is underlined twice).

The waiters are as heterogeneous as the dishes. One, with an ironic gleam, offers remaindered quail eggs to go. Two others do a good cop/bad cop routine, the first scowling and ignoring frantic waving, the second apologizing for him with extra champagne and tidbits of gossip about the next table. "Very difficult," he confides of the property mogul picking at a late-night steak tartare. (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Entrées $14-$24.)

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—After twenty-nine years at the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is polished to such a high gloss that he's almost blinding to behold. Everything he does is breathlessly paced: tempos accelerate, notes ascend, hands clap, teeth flash. His speech has the arcane ring that comes from travelling in glamorous circles: "You're a knockout!" "What an audience!" "How chic!" "Wow!" Just as your attention begins to flag, he shifts gears and does ten minutes of blues with cheeky conviction. But all his mannerisms really come into focus the minute he sings Cole Porter, which turns everything else into a warmup. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Had **MC COY TYNER** (through May 19) retired after leaving John Coltrane's group in 1965, he'd still be remembered as one of the most brilliant and individualistic pianists of an era that prized iconoclasm in its musicians. But he never succumbed to the temptations of an electronic age; on his seventies records, he didn't have to plug in his piano to make it thunder and ring with authority. A certain laxness pervades his eighties work, but his drive returned with the dawn of the nineties. The **JAVON JACKSON** quartet and the **DEWEY REDMAN** quartet have the stage from May 21.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—May 15-18: Piano and sax with **DARRYL SHERMAN** and **JOE TEMPERLY.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 219-3055)—A weeklong **CECIL TAYLOR** festival begins May 21. For a long time, no one paid much attention to Taylor. He was a freak who played the way that Bartók, Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Debussy would have played had they been jazz musicians. But masters often need apostles to prepare their way, and that is what the pianists McCoy Tyner (see Iridium) and Keith Jarrett have been doing—knowingly or not—for the past few decades. Once in a while Taylor opens up enough to reveal his roots, and you can hear traces of Ellington, Gershwin, and Monk.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—**ANTHONY NEWLEY** continues through late May. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Vocalist Jennifer Heaney makes jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room through May 19. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**LARRY ADLER** (through May 16) plays the mouth organ—not the harmonica, and certainly not the harp, as blues musicians call the instrument. Blacklist victim, expatriate, and autobiographer, the legendary Adler may not be a jazzman, but the beautiful sound he produces should be the envy of many who are. The **HAROLD ASHBY** quartet gets the call on May 21. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Through May 18: the **TOM HARRELL** quintet. Harrell's trumpet emits a warmth reminiscent of Art Farmer and Clark Terry: steamy melody rather than rote licks. His solos leave the room with you.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through May 18: **MICHAEL MOORE** and **HOWARD ALDEN.** Bassist Moore has a winning affinity for guitarists, and in Alden he's paired with a premier player. Judging from their recorded work together, these two take to each other like caviar and champagne. Dining.

Fidelity Investments®

When he was in diapers
I wanted a decent job.
Now he wears soccer cleats
while I run a department,
balance a budget
and travel twice a week.
I wanted to watch him grow up.
But he didn't wait.

Of course I'll find time

to think about our investments.
As soon as I find time to think.

All the money in the world can't make a day last 25 hours. It's why you work with an investment advisor. And why we created Fidelity Advisor Funds. They're designed to give you access to Fidelity funds through your broker, banker, planner or other qualified investment professional. So you can benefit from the research of over 300 Fidelity analysts and researchers as well as the insight and experience of your own advisor. Ask yours about Fidelity Advisor Funds. To be put in touch with an investment professional near you, call **1-800-348-5335**.

FIDELITY ADVISOR FUNDS™ Fidelity through your investment professional. It's time.

For more information, including charges and expenses, write for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.
Not FDIC insured. No bank guarantee. May lose value.
Fidelity Investments Institutional Services Company, Inc., 82 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA 02109

2i 9201

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Splendors of Imperial China." Through May 19. . . . ¶ "Genoa: Drawings and Prints 1530-1800." The spectacular works of the Roman Baroque have always stolen the spotlight from what was going on in the sticks; this well-curated exhibition of prints and drawings from the Republic of Genoa turns up some lesser-known masters who are by no means second-rate. While the works of Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione frequently displayed the influence of his contemporaries Rembrandt and Poussin, he was nonetheless a highly original artist. His oil-on-paper "Youth Playing a Pipe for a Satyr" is an exuberant fantasy, embodying the electric attraction-opposition of the Dionysian and the Apollonian in the Italian imagination. His white-on-black monotypes boldly prefigure Romanticism: "God Creating Adam" steals from Michelangelo but seems to resound with Blake. Through July 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma." A striking series of black-and-white pictures, taken between 1991 and 1994 at fifty-two black churches in Brooklyn, documents the serious work of worship. In a typical print, the viewer's eye travels from the top of a carefully coiffed head bowed in prayer to a lacy dress, down to thumbs gripping a marred pew, over to a few incongruous action-figure toys, and back to a barrel-chested man staring out unreadably. Throughout the series, the physical details—the sheen on skin, the pale leather underside of a shoe, a huge metal fan—are what ground these complex, emotion-borne images. Through June 18. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of a hundred assemblages, constructed from scavenged street and flea-market materials, by Edward Kienholz (1927-94) and Nancy Reddin Kienholz. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century painting and sculpture, both well-known and obscure, from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." An intelligently curated, wonderfully intriguing exhibition of Latin American art from the sixteenth century through the early twentieth, focussing on the interpenetrations of native and colonial cultures. Most of the three hundred often awkward but also beautiful and even noble objects—paintings, textiles, silverware, furniture, religious articles—have been gathered from the museum's collection; they attest to the uneasy yet surprisingly successful accommodation that artists in the viceroyalties of Peru and New Spain made with European styles and motifs. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured." Through June 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." Though many of the giants of the postwar American scene (Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, Eva Hesse, et al.) were Jews, Jewishness per se has seldom been considered appropriate material for serious art. No doubt this assimilationist mind-set accounts for the often confrontational and sardonic temper of much of the work here, which alternately embraces and eviscerates stereotypes. Elaine Reichek embroiders a faux-Colonial sampler with the quip "If you think you can be a little bit Jewish, you think you can be a little bit pregnant"; Cary Leibowitz's text painting baldly asks, "I'm a Jew, how 'bout U?"; Rhonda Lieberman, in collaboration with Leibowitz, fashions Hanukkah items made from Chanel accessories. The show has some of the dourness typical of exhibitions that address identity politics, but the prevailing mood suggests a bunch of Borscht Belt comics going for advanced degrees at CalArts. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "Marc Chagall, 1907-1917." A selection of oils, gouaches, and drawings from the painter's early years in Vitebsk, St. Petersburg, and Paris. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Being William Morris," a portrait in books, letters, paintings, textiles, and ephemera of the Victorian poet, artist, and designer. . . . ¶ "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815-1860" includes drawings, watercolors, and prints by such artists as Thomas Driver, Edmund Gilling Hallewell, and Gaspard Le Marchant Tupper. Through Aug. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of the Contemporary Doll" features examples in all sorts of mediums by such artists as Jane Cather, Nancy Wiley, Akira Blount, and Lawan Angelique. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—"Larry Sultan: Pictures from Home," a large series of recent photographs of the artist's parents, rephotographed and enlarged stills from home movies, and stories and reflections about the whole family thang. Through July 7. . . . ¶ The Gertrude Ederle Amphitheatre, the 1939-40 World's Fair ruin that is in the process of demolition, is the subject of a Dennis Adams installation. Through July 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

QUEENS MUSEUM AT THE BULOVA CORPORATE CENTER, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights—"Richard Rothman: Studies from Nature," selections from an ongoing series in which the photographer travels the outer boroughs and the suburbs, examining the relationship between vanishing nature and sprawling, suffocating development. Through Aug. 10. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 7 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Tony Oursler, photographed at Metro Pictures, viewing his installation of sculptures with video.

ELAINE ELLMAN

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GREGORY GILLESPIE—What a weird, unsettling vision this artist has. Naïve art-historical references, encompassing everything from Arcimboldo to Keith Haring, run riot in these new works; nothing seems to go together. "Painter in the Bedroom" is a bawdy, Bruegelian nightmare; "From the Book of Kells" suggests the psychedelic excesses of a poster for the Fillmore. Gillespie has intensity, technical virtuosity—everything but a style. And that's something of a relief in this era of grimly uniform solo shows. Through June 7. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ Selected works by Gillespie, from 1971 to the present, are at Kind, 136 Greene St., through June 7.)

JOHN OPPER (1908-94)—This Abstract Expressionist was present at the creation—he was getting good reviews for one-man shows here more than forty years ago. But, as unfair as it may be, it's hard to see past the echoes and influences of his more famous colleagues in his paintings: frayed, deep-dyed patches in the manner of Clyfford Still; rectangles of intense, ominously floating color à la Mark Rothko; jagged stripes that rip through the rectangle, invoking Barnett Newman. Through May 31. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"PABLO PICASSO: ACADEMIC AND ANTI-ACADEMIC (1895-1900)"—A fascinating exhibition comprising the very first Picassos, beginning with a superb pencil drawing of a male nude which the thirteen-year-old Pablo submitted as a part of the entrance requirements to Barcelona's Llotja School of Fine Arts. Spanish art students weren't permitted to view the opposite sex naked; in lieu of female models, they were given adolescent Gypsy boys, whom Picasso endows with a magical inner life. In addition to the academic works, the exhibit includes some precious doodles, such as a deft little oil sketch of three roosters. Through June 15. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **NOTE:** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., has Picasso oil portraits from 1920 to 1970. Through June 29. . . . Krugier, 41 E. 57th St., has works in several mediums from the fifties and sixties, along with photographs of the artist by David Douglas Duncan. Through June 30.)

SHORT LIST—**ROSS BLECKNER,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 29. . . . **STANLEY BOXER** and **JEDD NOVATT,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; both shows through June 1. . . . **JOHN CHAMBERLAIN** and **ELIZABETH MURRAY,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 8. . . . **WILLEM DE KOONING,** C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St., and at Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6). Through June 1 and June 30, respectively. . . . **RICHARD DIEBENKORN,** Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; through May 23. . . . **LAWRENCE GIPE,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 8. . . . **DAVID HOCKNEY,** Robert Miller and Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 15. . . . **PER KIRKEBY,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through June 28. . . . **JOHN KOCH,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 7. . . . **WIFREDO LAM,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **GEORGE MACIUNAS,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. Through June 22. . . . **CLIFFORD ODETS,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. Through June 8. . . . **DANIEL SPOERRI,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 14.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

MARY BEYT—Monochromes made by imprinting pieces of lace onto canvas. Sometimes plainly, sometimes just perceptibly, dainty patterns emerge—flowers, butterflies, pastoral scenes—in colors that wouldn't offend Martha Stewart. Perhaps they're a little *too* pretty. Through June 2. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—A retrospective of a hundred abstract and figurative drawings, beginning with a self-portrait from 1938 (the year the artist came to New York from Paris) and continuing to the present. Through June 8. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

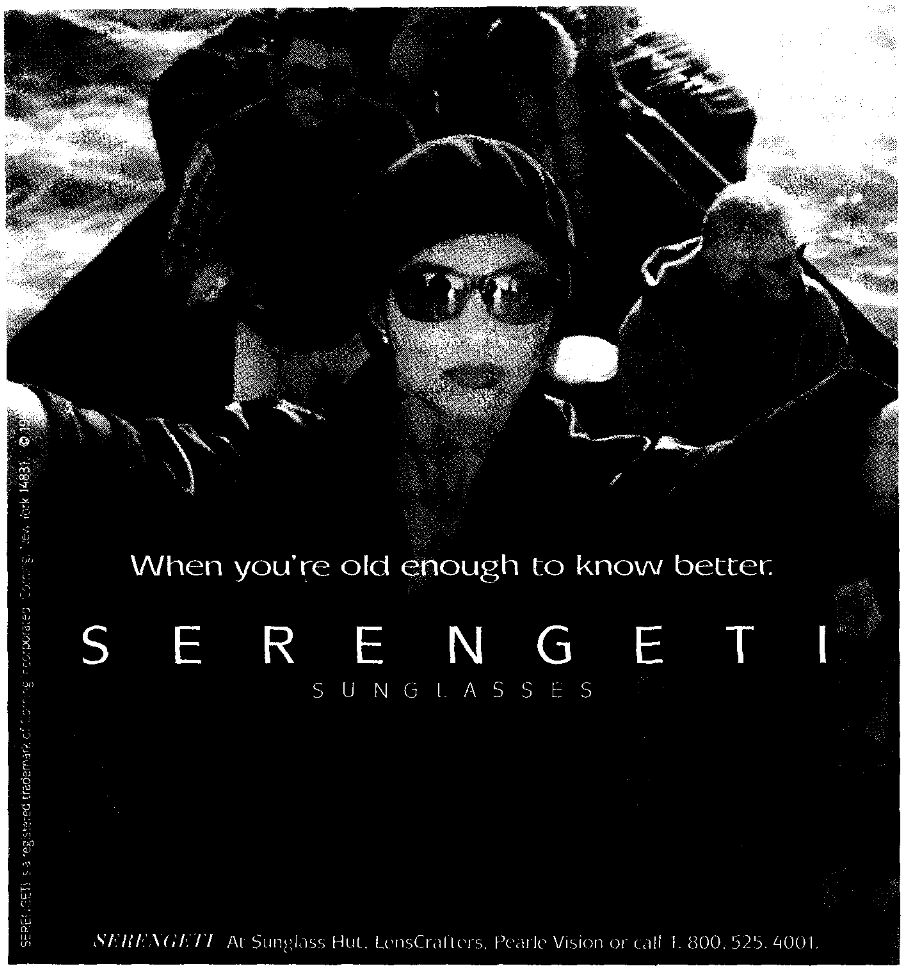
SQUEAK CARNWATH—Paintings from the past year, in which sentences and lists of words and numbers float alongside pictographs—hands, feet, birds, beds, chairs—above heavily worked, often luminous grounds. Through June 15. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

TONY OURSLER—An installation of large fibreglass orbs suspended from the ceiling or strewn on the floor of the darkened gallery. Projected onto these "eyes" are extreme-closeup videos of real eyes looking at various things that you can make out in the corneal reflection: surfers, music videos, "The Three Faces of Eve." Through May 25. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

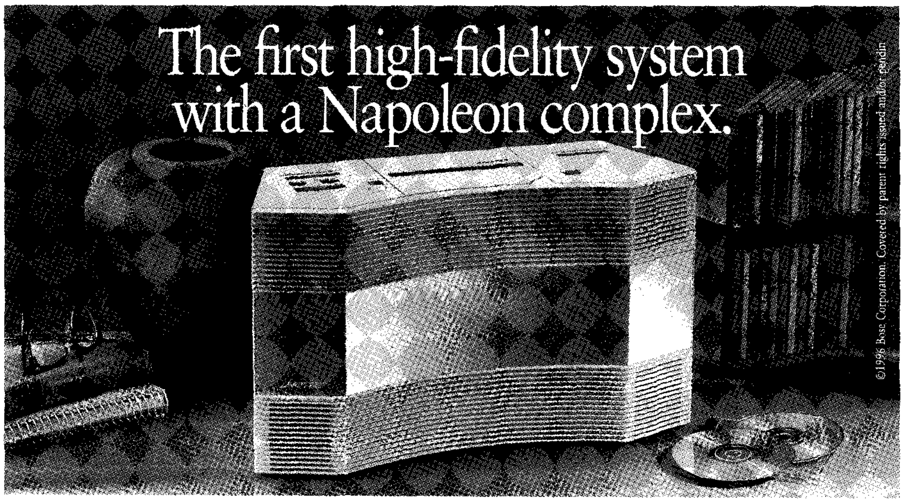
DAN PETERMAN—"Four Ton Vertical Storage," a bunkerlike enclosure fitted out with innumerable storage slots, as well as benches for—what? Contemplation? Those rows upon rows of slots have a disquieting dystopian aura. Peterman makes most of his art from recycled plastics and other waste products, which suggests an agenda of social utility and conservation, but the Donald Judd-like obduracy of his forms points to more purely aesthetic motives. Through May 18. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

RACHEL WHITEREAD—New sculptures made by using everyday objects—bathtubs, tables, bookshelves (a new departure)—as molds for negative-space castings in plaster, rubber, or resin. Through June 18. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

"ARCHITECTURE/APPLICATION/COMPLICATION"—Peter Halley's gray fibreglass wall relief; Glen



When you're old enough to know better.
SERENGETI
SUNGLASSES
SERENGETI At Sunglass Hut, LensCrafters, Pearle Vision or call 1.800.525.4001.
SERENGETI is a registered trademark of Corning Incorporated, Corning, New York 14831. © 19



The first high-fidelity system with a Napoleon complex.
©1996 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending

It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it is only available direct from Bose.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Name ________ Telephone ( )
Address ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W398.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Dept. CDD-W398, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

Seator's "Planned Puddle," in the middle of the floor; and a painting and a drawing from Matthew Ritchie. Through May 25. (Room, *25 Thompson St.*)

SHORT LIST—**ASHLEY BICKERTON,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **THOMAS DEMAND** and **SCOTT BURTON,** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Both shows through June 1. . . . **CARROLL DUNHAM,** Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway. Through June 15. . . . **HAMISH FULTON** and **SUSAN LEOPOLD,** Weber, 142 Greene St. Both shows through May 18. . . . **WENDA GU,** Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. Through June 2. . . . **ANN HAMILTON,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through May 31. . . . **JAN HENLE,** Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **DAMIEN HIRST,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. Through June 15. . . . **ROSALYN JACOBS,** Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. Through June 1. . . . **TOBA KHEDOORI,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through June 15. . . . **YAYOI KUSAMA,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through June 21. . . . **CHARLES LUCE,** Ross, 568 Broadway. Through May 31. . . . **DWIGHT MACKINTOSH,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. Through June 1. . . . **PEPON OSORIO,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through June 1. . . . **MIMMO PALADINO,** Sperone Westwater, 121 and 142 Greene St. Through June 15. . . . **RICHARD PHILLIPS,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through May 25. . . . **ROBERT RYMAN,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. Through June 8. . . . **GEORGINA STARR,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Through May 25.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

CHRISTIE'S—May 15: An auction of Latin American art, including a notable self-portrait (in oil on tin) by Frida Kahlo. . . . ¶ May 17: A sale of books and manuscripts, among them an 1858 autograph in which Abraham Lincoln predicts the abolition of slavery. . . . ¶ May 21: Furniture and decorative arts. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

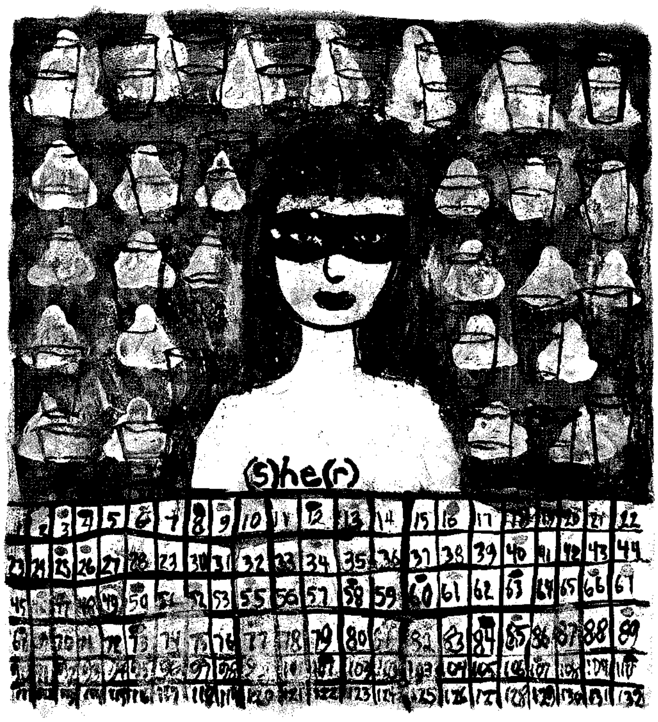
MORE LINCOLNIANA—An auction of more than two hundred and fifty lots of Honest Abe memorabilia. (Metropolitan Book Center, 123 W. 18th St. May 18 at 4. . . . **NOTE:** Five hundred items from the acclaimed Lattimer collection of Lincoln-related artifacts will also be on view, but not for sale, May 17-19.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HELEN LEVITT / REAGAN LOUIE—Rare prints from the artist's 1941 trip to Mexico, newly discovered photographs of New York in the thirties and forties, and color work from the seventies to the present. / "Asians and Pacific Islanders," a series of multipanel color works in which the artist explores issues of cultural identity. Both shows through May 23. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

LOUIS STETTNER—Dreamlike images of travellers seen through the windows of trains waiting in Penn Station and Grand Central Terminal: reading a newspaper, slumped in a nap, playing bridge (a bad hand), or simply lost in weariness. The quietly recorded details—such as the way the heads of waiters and waitresses are cropped by the windows (they're always standing) or the smoothing of a stiff white apron before the influx of club-car patrons—make these pictures riveting. Through June 1. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

JOSEF SUDEK (1896-1976)—The Czech photographer experimented with pigment printing in the forties and fifties, and the slower process made his poetic, precisely observed still-lifes—loaves of bread and eggs, glasses of water with roses, in chromas from ochre to olive to sepia—by turns more romantic and more sombre. Trees in the gardens of Prague and Troja castles, however, are rendered in subtler tones of blue and charcoal, giving them an air of mystery mixed with modernity. Through July 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)



Self-portrait by Squeak Carnwath (Beitzel).

"FRANCE: NEW VISIONS"—Contemporary work by such artists as Jeanloup Sieff, Dolorès Marat, Pierre et Gilles, Raymond Depardon, Sarah Moon, and Keiichi Tahara. Through May 18. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

"CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHY, 1935-1965"—Pictures by thirty artists who worked and taught there, including experimental works by Moholy-Nagy and Kepes, abstractions by Siskind and Metzker, beachgoers by Yasuhiro Ishimoto, and kids at play by Art Shay. Through May 31. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

SHORT LIST—**AMY ADLER,** Kaplan, 580 Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **SUSANNA BRISELLI** and **MARGARETTA K. MITCHELL,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Both shows through May 25. . . . **ANDREW BUSH,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **BARBARA ESS,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **GERARD FIERET,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 29. . . . **JAN GROOVER,** Borden, 560 Broadway. Through June 22. . . . **HORST** and **ANSEL ADAMS,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through June 2. . . . **BARBARA KASTEN,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. Through June 15. . . . **MARCUS LEATHERDALE,** Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway. Through May 24. . . . **HERBERT LIST,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **DANNY LYON** and **SUSAN FENTON,** Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. Both shows through June 29. . . . **INGE MORATH,** Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through June 12. . . . **ALEKSANDR RODCHENKO,** Karg, 100 Greene St. Through May 31.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Queens Museum of Art, and the Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800.)

OPERA

"ORFEO ED EURIDICE"—This production of Gluck's opera (in its original Vienna version of 1762) brings together the talents of choreographer Mark Morris and conductor Christopher Hogwood. Morris's company will be featured throughout the opera (not just in the sections traditionally danced), and Hogwood will lead the Handel & Haydn Society Chorus and Orchestra, the latter playing period instruments. Countertenor Michael Chance portrays Orfeo, soprano Dana Hanchard takes the role of Euridice, and soprano Christine Brandes sets the complications more or less aright in the (literally) deus-ex-machina role of Amor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. May 16 at 7 and May 17-18 at 8.)

"ORFEO ED EURIDICE," TOO—A more modest concert performance, by the Elysian Opera Group, but with the recommendable casting of mezzo-soprano Malin Fritz (a 1996 Metropolitan Opera Competition national finalist) and soprano Barbara Shirvis (a City Opera regular) in the title roles. John Keene conducts. (Trinity Lutheran Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 100th St. May 19 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—André Previn conducts all-Mozart programs at Avery Fisher Hall. May 16 at 6:45: The F-Major Divertimento (K. 138) and Symphony No. 40, in an intermissionless Rush-Hour Concert for after-work listeners. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8 and May 21 at 7:30: The F-Major Divertimento (K. 138) and the Symphonies No. 38 (the "Prague") and No. 40. (875-5030.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—For the conservatory's commencement concert, Carl St. Clair conducts Dvořák's "Carnival Overture," Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," and Richard Rodney Bennett's Marimba Concerto (featuring Janis M. Potter). (Alice Tully Hall. May 16 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—An all-French program directed by Harold Rosenbaum ranges from Renaissance chansons to a Rameau motet, a Berlioz chorus, Fauré's "Cantique de Jean Racine," and works by Poulenc and Messiaen. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. May 18 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Ingo Metzmacher conducts the première of Stephen A. Taylor's "Unapproachable Light," in addition to Charles Wuorinen's Rhapsody for Violin and Orchestra (featuring Elmar Oliveira), Alvin Singleton's "Cara Mia Gwen," and Varèse's "Amériques." (Carnegie Hall. May 19 at 3.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Performing Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" and Vaughan Williams' "Five Mystical Songs" (to poems by George Herbert, and here featuring baritone Richard Zeller). Charles Dodsley Walker directs. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. May 19 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

SAINT ANDREW CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Performing Bach's G-Major Missa Brevis and Cantata No. 11 (the "Ascension Oratorio"). John Weaver directs. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. May 19 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

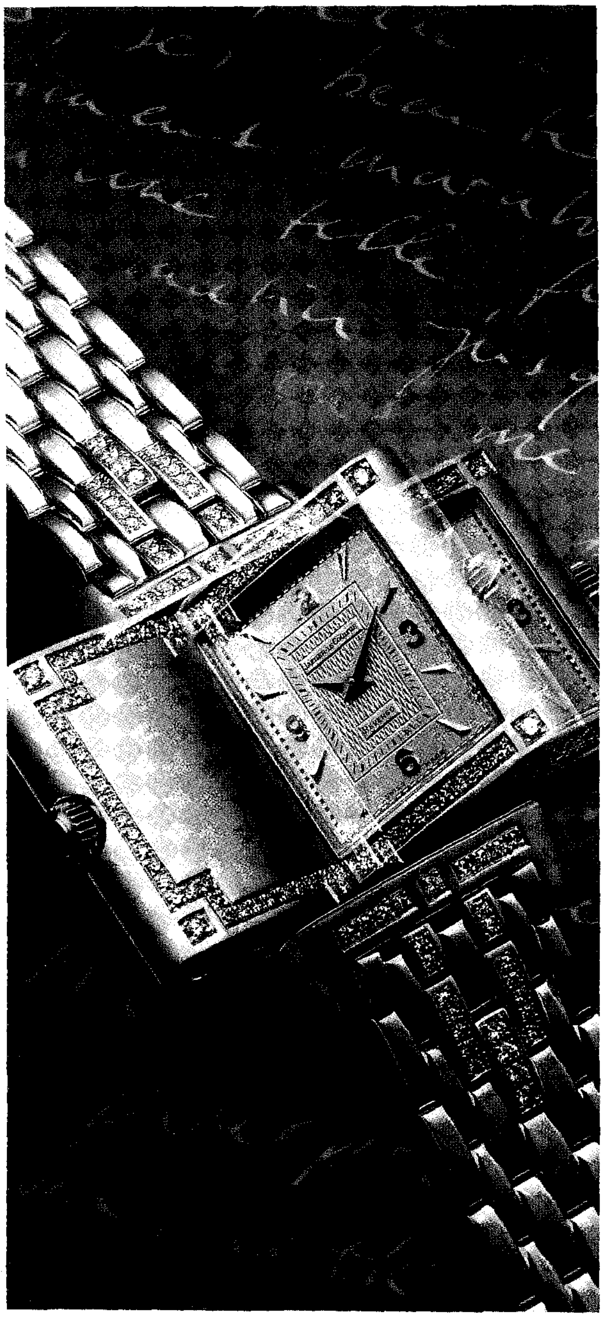
RECITALS

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—May 15 at 8: Recent works by Elena Ruehr, Eric Ewazen (his Quintet for Heckelphone and Strings), Judith Shatin, and Jeffery Cotton (a première). (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ May 21 at 6:30: An all-Bach program that includes the Orchestral Suite No. 2 (featuring flutist Elizabeth Mann), the F-Minor

HIDDEN GEMS ARE THE MOST INTRIGUING.
REVERSO JOAILLERIE.

GGK Basel

REVERSO. AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931. THE WATCHMAKER AND THE JEWELLER COMBINE THEIR SKILLS IN TRIBUTE TO YOUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS: YOUR IDENTITY AND YOUR TIME. THE ESSENTIAL HOURS AND MINUTES OF YOUR LIFE ARE FAITHFULLY RECORDED ON THE GUILLOCHÉ-PATTERNED DIAL, WHILE DIAMONDS FURTHER IDENTIFY THE GOLD RECTANGLE OF THE FACE. CHOOSE RUBIES OR EMERALDS FOR A GEMSTONE WITH SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE. TURN TO REVEAL YOUR INDIVIDUALITY – A MONOGRAM ENGRAVED IN A FIELD OF POLISHED GOLD, OR SET WITH DIAMONDS, SURROUNDED IN THE ART DECO STYLE TO RECALL THIS CLASSIC ERA.



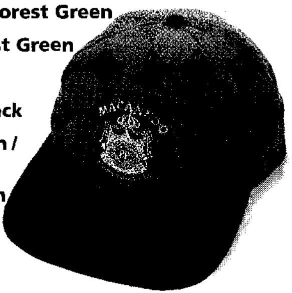
DIAMONDS HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO GRACE THIS 18-CARAT GOLD ART DECO JEWEL. WHAT YOU CANNOT SEE IS THE BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED JAEGER-LECOULTRE CALIBRE 846 MECHANICAL MOVEMENT.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S WATCHMAKING MASTERPIECES AND THEIR HISTORY ARE REVEALED IN THE COMPANY'S 200-PAGE LUXURY CATALOG. FOR A FREE COPY, CONTACT: JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P.O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

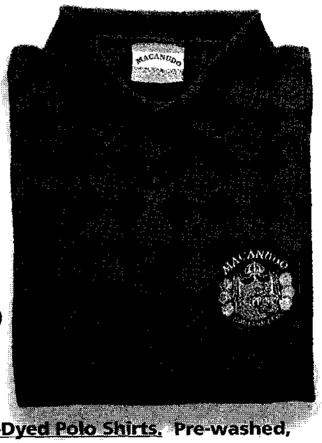
MACANUDO
CLASSICS

Here are a few samples of our rugged, colorful sportswear. And they're also available with the classic Partagas logo.



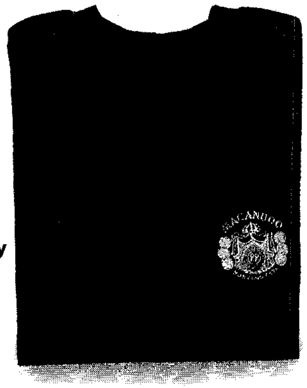
Burgundy/Forest Green
Khaki/Forest Green
Khaki/Navy
Tobacco/Black
Forest Green/Navy
Forest Green/Black
$17

Brushed Cotton-Twill Caps. Low-profile designs with six panels, cotton sweat-band and contrasting crown-visor.



Black
Forest
Indigo
(Partagas Classics not shown in this ad differ slightly in choice of colors)
L, XL
$46

Garment-Dyed Polo Shirts. Pre-washed, pique-stitched 100% cotton in custom colors. With tailored knit collar, banded sleeves, two-button placket front, drop tail.



Tobacco
Indigo
Black
Forest Green
Burgundy
Purple
L,XL
$20

Garment-Dyed T-Shirts. Pre-washed 100% cotton jersey knit in custom colors with set-in sleeves and densely stitched logo.

To order with a Visa or MasterCard, or request a free brochure call 1-800-867-4727.

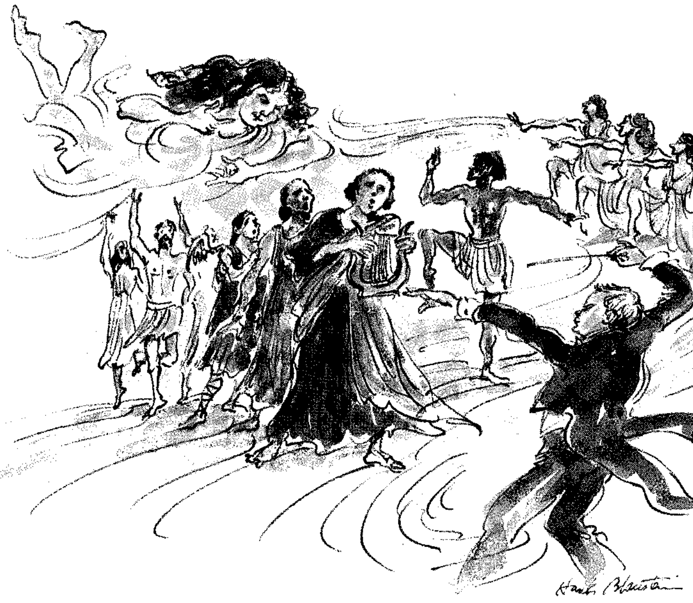
Macanudo and Partagas
are registered trademarks of General Cigar Co., Inc.
(c) 1996 General Cigar Co., Inc.

Harpsichord Concerto (with Robert Wolinsky), and the C-Minor Concerto for Violin and Oboe (with Mayuki Fukuhara and Stephen Taylor). (Temple Emanu-El, 1 E. 65th St. No tickets necessary.)

Andreas Trio—Next to Clara Schumann, Louise Farrenc (1804-75) was the most prominent female musician (singers excepted) of the nineteenth century. A brilliant pianist, she taught on the faculty of the Paris Conservatoire for thirty years; in fact, she was the only woman instrumentalist to hold a position there before this century. In addition, she edited many of the volumes of "Le Trésor des Pianistes," the monumental collection of historical keyboard music begun by her husband, the music publisher Aristide Farrenc. She was a highly accomplished composer. The *Gazette Musicale* said apropos her Third Symphony that "she revealed, alone among her sex in musical Europe, genuine learning, united with grace and taste," and Berlioz declared that she orchestrated "with a talent rare among women." In this concert, violinist Renée Jolles, cellist Dorothy Lawson, and pianist Christopher Oldfather perform Louise Farrenc's Trio in E Minor (Op. 45), as well as Peter Susser's "In a Sunlit Room" and Brahms's B-Major Piano Trio (in its revised version). (Orensanz Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St., south of E. Houston St. May 16 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Soprano Jane Adler, violist Paul Neubauer, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott present a wide-ranging recital that includes songs and instrumental works by Beethoven, Milhaud, and Strauss. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 16 at 7:30 and May 19 at 4.)

José Carreras—The Spanish tenor seems to have disappeared from the operatic stage; his last performance at the Metropolitan was in 1987 (as Don José, in "Carmen"), and he's been almost as scarce in the big European houses. Since his recovery from leukemia (which sidelined him for a year in the late eighties), he has contented himself with recitals, including, of course, the "Three Tenors" extravaganzas (in which he has become widely acknowledged as "the third tenor," though his two colleagues would politely protest). In this concert, he'll perform songs by composers better known for their operas: Bizet, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Massenet, Puccini, and Verdi. Pianist Lorenzo Bavaj assists. (Carnegie Hall. May 16 at 8.)



Choreographer Mark Morris and conductor Christopher Hogwood oversee a production of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" at BAM.

HANK BLAUSTEIN

Ju-Ying Song—Pianist, performing the first book of Debussy's Études, Busoni's "Variations on a Prelude by Chopin," Seymour Shifrin's "Trauermusik," Peter Child's Sonatina, and the première of Philip Lasser's Sonata. Presented by the Guild of Composers. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. May 16 at 8.)

Anonymous 4—This women's vocal quartet has had a string of successes with its five CD releases on the Harmonia Mundi label. The foursome's first best-seller was "An English Ladymass," an amalgam of medieval chant and polyphony in honor of the Virgin. In this concert, the ensemble presents a different Mass sung to Mary, here called "A Lammas Ladymass" to reflect the fact that this feast day fell during Lammas, or harvesttime. (St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. 678-5432. May 17 at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The group concludes its season-long traversal of Beethoven's quartets by performing those in D Major (Op. 18, No. 3), F Minor (Op. 95), B-Flat Major (Op. 18, No. 6), and F Major (Op. 135). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 17 at 8.)

Donald Joyce—This specialist in Spanish Baroque organ music is joined by the Chameleon String Quartet in works by Antonio Soler, Francisco Correa de Arauxo, and Juan Cabanilles. (Church of St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St. May 18 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Ensemble for the Seicento—The early-music group offers vocal and instrumental music from the late Renaissance and early Baroque, by Frescobaldi, Johann Hieronymus Kapsberger, and others. (Nour Foundation, 322 W. 108th St. May 19 at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-4471.)

João Carlos Martins—The pianist performs the first book of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Hall. May 19 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—The contemporary-music group presents works by Mario Davidovsky (a première), Wayne Peterson, Toru Takemitsu, Shulamit Ran, Diana McIntosh, and Joan Tower. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 20 at 8.)

Frederick Swann—The organist performs a recital to inaugurate a new instrument, by the Virginia-based firm of Taylor & Boody, that has been installed in a gallery beneath the great rose window of St. Thomas Church. A small organ of twenty-two stops on two manuals and pedal board, the tracker-action instrument was inspired by the designs and sonic principles of seventeenth-century Dutch and North German builders. Its blue-and-gilt case adds to the magnificence of the setting, and early-music aficionados will rejoice to learn that the instrument is tuned in an unequal temperament (which will be much appreciated in performances of the Baroque literature). Mr. Swann shows off the instrument's potential in solo works by Bach, Couperin, and Reger (among others), and members of the Orchestra of St. Luke's assist him in concertos by Handel and Haydn. (Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 3003. May 21 at 7:30.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

DAVID CERUTTI: Violist, with pianist Steven Masi, in works by Bach, Schubert (his "Arpeggione" Sonata), Schumann, and others. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. May 17 at 8. Tickets at the door.) . . . **DON HULBERT:** Flutist, with several colleagues, performing solo and chamber works by Bach, Hindemith, Carter, and others. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. May 18 at 8. Tickets at the door.) . . . **RUSSELL BRAUN:** Baritone, in a recital of songs by Mozart, Beethoven, Grieg, and George Butterworth. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. May 19 at 3.) . . . **SALON SOIRÉES:** Piano trios by Mozart and Schubert (in E-Flat Major). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 19 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **NEW YORK VIRTUOSI CHAMBER SYMPHONY:** Kenneth Klein leads Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Gerald Robbins) and music by Schubert, Gordon Getty, and Raoul Pleskow. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 19 at 7:30.) . . . **PIANO DUO SCHNABEL:** Works by Dvořák, Debussy, Hindemith, Krenek, Tom Flaherty, and Geoffrey Kidde. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. May 21 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

THE FIRST WORD WAR At the Poetry Game Show, five squads of poets face off in a pentathlon consisting of Dead Poets Slam (each team reenacts a reading by a departed master), Wheel of Poets (if your name comes up, you read your own verse), Poetry Spelling Bee (Milosz, Tsvetayeva, Jalal adDin arRumi, etc.), What's That Line? (how total is your recall of faintly memorable verse?), and a round of Sudden-Death Haiku. Host Bob Holman, in a recent conversation, handicapped the strengths of teams from the Academy of American Poets ("they dream in classical Greek"), *The Paris Review* ("the flame of the hipoisie"), the Gathering of the Tribes ("led by Steve Cannon, New York's only paid heckler"), the Poetry Society of America (the folks who choose the poetry in the subways), and the Unbearables (who once, in what we like to think of as the spirit of performance art, picketed this magazine). (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. May 16 at 8. For more information, call 260-7097.)

PEN PALS—Writers read works by and reminisce about their literary friends and forebears. May 16 at 7: For the Under the Influence series at A Different Light Bookstore, the essayist and novelist Edmund White reads from the work of Isher-wood, Nabokov, and James Merrill. (151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 20 at at 6:30: Former *New Yorker* fiction editor William Maxwell reads from his correspondence with the Irish playwright and short-story writer Frank O'Connor. (Glucksman Ireland House, New York University, 1 Washington Mews. For more information, call 998-3950.) . . . ¶ May 20 at 7:30: Grace Paley introduces a reading of short fiction written by her late friend Angela Carter. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.)

MORE READINGS May 15 at 7: Novelists Jane Mendelsohn ("I Was Amelia Earhart") and Elizabeth Tippens ("Winging It") navigate through a few passages of their work. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 19 at 4: Richard Fein reads Yiddish poetry by Pertz Markish, Avrom Sutzkever, and Yankev Glatshteyn, among others, in the original language and in translation. (Mazer Theatre, 197 East Broadway, at Jefferson St. For more information, call 475-6200, ext. 394.) . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: Novelist William Kennedy reads from "The Flaming Corsage" and other works in his Albany cycle. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TALKS—May 17 at 8 A.M.: In conjunction with the "Jim Henson: Designs and Doodles" exhibition, longtime members of the Henson research-and-development team discuss Muppet phylogeny. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. For more information, call 687-1765.) . . . ¶ May 18 at 1: Psychotherapist Peter Azrak talks about his stay in the Bosnian city of Medjugorje, where he encountered the group of believers who claim to receive visitations from the Virgin Mary. (Sufi Books, 227 West Broadway. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 21 at 7:30: Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia addresses constitutional issues as part of a series on American politics and religion. (Jewish Theological Seminary, Broadway at 122nd St. For more information, call 678-8020. No tickets necessary.)

WALK—May 18 at 1: In "Trees, Grass, and the Working Class," Bruce Kayton of Radical Walking Tours unearths such layers of Central Park's history as the Human Be-In of 1967 and the 1857 razing of Seneca Village, an Irish and African-American settlement near what would be Sixth Avenue and 83rd Street, to make way for the Park. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069.

MONACO

At $208* a night, you can wake up in Monaco and think you're still dreaming.

Four of Europe's premier hotels are currently offering enticing rates, which include breakfasts and VIP pampering. For reservations call your travel agent, or 800-221-4708.

Hôtel de Paris, Hôtel Hermitage,
Monte-Carlo Beach Hôtel,
Hotel Mirabeau

Enhance your trip by joining
Le Club Diamant Rouge de Monaco®.

To learn more about Monaco,
call 800-753-9696.

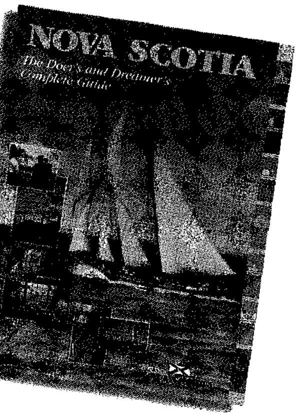
http://www.monaco.mc/usa/

*Price valid at Hotel Mirabeau. Per double room,
3 night stay required. Restrictions and black-out dates apply.

© 1996 Monaco Government Tourist Office

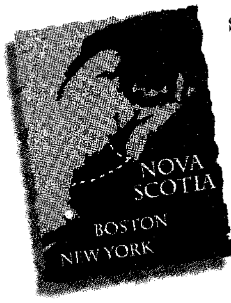
Hôtel Hermitage

NOVA SCOTIA



WITH SO MUCH SEACOAST TO EXPLORE, YOU'LL NEED A GOOD GUIDE.

Let our FREE 350-page Travel Guide take you to North America's most welcoming seacoast - over 4,000 tide-swept, salt-scented miles where you can touch the sea.

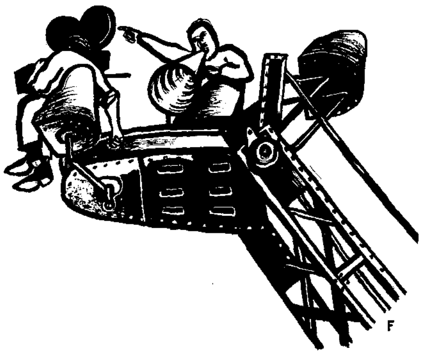


NOVA SCOTIA

Call for your FREE Travel Guide.

1-800-565-0000
operator 168
http://explore.gov.ns.ca/virtualns

THE MOVIES



FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Ashes of Time—Writer-director Wong Kar-Wai's action epic about aging swordsmen. With Leslie Cheung and Tony Leung Kar-Fai. In Cantonese. Opening May 17. (Cinema Village.)

Flipper—Elijah Wood joins Paul Hogan and that dolphin in a family film directed by Alan Shapiro. With Isaac Hayes. Opening May 17. (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, Olympia, and Regency.)

Heaven's Prisoners—Alec Baldwin stars in Phil Joanou's thriller as a former New Orleans cop who returns to crime fighting after he rescues a young girl from a mysterious plane crash. With Kelly Lynch and Mary Stuart Masterson. Opening May 17. (Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Homage—A drama directed by Ross Marks, about a mathematician (Frank Whaley) who stalks a TV star (Sheryl Lee). With Blythe Danner and Bruce Davison. Written by Mark Medoff, from his 1994 play, "The Homage That Follows." Opening May 17. (Cinema 3rd Avenue and Village East Cinemas.)

The Horseman on the Roof—Jean-Paul Rappeneau's adaptation of Jean Giono's 1951 novel, about a cholera epidemic in nineteenth-century Provence. With Juliette Binoche and Olivier Martinez. Written by the director, Nina Companeez, and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. Opening May 17. (Paris.)

The Man by the Shore—A drama about the struggles of an eight-year-old (Jennifer Zuber) growing up under the Duvalier regime in sixties Haiti. With Toto Bissainthe and Jean-Michel Martial. Directed by Raoul Peck. In French. Opening May 17. (Quad Cinema.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 25.)

Barb Wire—Pamela Anderson Lee is a bar owner and a revolutionary, in an action film directed by David Hogan. With Temuera Morrison. Written by Charles Pfarrer and Ilene Chaiken. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Birdcage—Mike Nichols's remake of "La Cage aux Folles" (1978) largely contents itself with decking out what appears to be a profoundly, unalterably French farce in American drag; the cautious, sensible approach taken by Nichols and his screenwriter, Elaine May, has the drawback of making this movie feel a little, as the French might say, de trop. Although Robin Williams and Nathan Lane, as the bickering middle-aged lovers originally played by Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, are skillful, the script doesn't give them much opportunity to distinguish themselves from their memorable predecessors. Oddly, the funniest performer here is Gene Hackman, playing an aggressively straight, family-values-spouting politician.—T.R. (3/18/96) (Baronet, Coronet, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 34th St. East, and Village Theatre VII.)

Boys—Winona Ryder plays a woman on the run and Lukas Haas the high-school senior who hides her, in a romantic comedy written and directed by Stacy Cochran, from James Salter's short story "Twenty Minutes." (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 4, Sutton, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Butterfly Kiss—Amanda Plummer and Saskia Reeves play homicidal lovers, in Michael Winterbottom's English road movie. (Angelika 47 and Quad Cinema.)

Captives—A dentist (Julia Ormond) falls in love with a convict (Tim Roth) in a London prison, in a drama directed by Angela Pope and written by Frank Deasy. (Eastside Playhouse and Village Theatre VII.)

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's film, based on a 1932 novel by Stella Gibbons, is an eccentric rural comedy that suggests a shotgun marriage of Thomas Hardy and P. G. Wodehouse. The bright, sophisticated young heroine, Flora Poste (Kate Beckinsale), goes to live with obscure relatives in Sussex, and, appalled by their ignorance and their dour inertia, sets out to change their stubborn ways; she's Jeeves in skirts, subverting the blind workings of Fate to her own ends. Beckinsale is charming, and strong-minded, too: she keeps her composure while veteran character actors—Eileen Atkins, Shelia Burrell, Stephen Fry, Freddie Jones, Joanna Lumley, and Ian McKellen—attempt to dazzle her, and us, with their virtuosity. (McKellen, as an alarmingly severe country preacher, is especially funny.) Schlesinger, working from a script by Malcolm Bradbury, maintains a steady rhythm and a light, cheerful mood that seem to reflect the brisk sanity of the heroine. Also with Rufus Sewell and Maria Miles.—T.R. (5/13/96) (Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.)

The Craft—Andrew Fleming's 1994 "Threesome" was unjustly neglected, but his new film, about a coven of attractive teen-age witches and their abuse of power, has been concocted with real marketing savvy: it's perfect wish-fulfillment entertainment for the mall. Fleming invests the proceedings with a great deal of sensuous detail, and, while the schizophrenic screenplay, by the director and Peter Filardi—half teen comedy, half supernatural thriller—doesn't quite gel, a grab bag of terrific alternative rock helps it over the rough spots. The movie's principal asset, however, is an astonishingly unhinged performance by Fairuza Balk, who, with her mad mascaraed eyes and creepy line readings, casts a freaky showstopper of a spell.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, and Orpheum VII.)

Dead Man—A Western written and directed by Jim Jarmusch, in which Johnny Depp plays an accountant turned outlaw. With Gary Farmer as his shamanistic sidekick. (Angelika Film Center.)

Dead Man Walking—Tim Robbins's blunt, powerful movie tells the story of a murderer (Sean Penn) awaiting execution and a nun (Susan Sarandon) trying to save his soul—and, if possible, his skin. The filmmaker clearly hopes that familiarity with the grisly realities of capital punishment will finally breed contempt for the idea of premeditated, state-sponsored killing. And although the picture sometimes turns clunky and flat, as if it were sagging under the weight of its good intentions, it winds up being devastatingly effective. Penn has to reveal, within a reckless and apparently despicable character, a salvageable soul, and he makes the erratic rhythm of the condemned man's spiritual progress seem effortless and natural: he captures the languid, insinuating tempo of grace invading a locked-up spirit.—T.R. (1/8/96) (Carnegie Hall Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, and State.)

Fargo—Everybody in Joel and Ethan Coen's movie talks with painful slowness, as if the icy Minnesota air were freezing their chops; the resulting mood is lugubrious and oddly winning. The story, about a hopeless businessman (William H. Macy) who hires a couple of crooks (Peter Stormare and Steve Buscemi) to kidnap his wife, offers the usual Coen compound of random daftness and concentrated violence. Frances McDormand has a high old time as the police chief of the town of Brainerd; decent and unhurried (her character is seven months pregnant), she brings order to the weirdness and warms it up.—A.L. (3/25/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, and State.)

Flirting with Disaster—David O. Russell's farcical road movie sets a thirtyish New Yorker (Ben Stiller), adopted as a small child, on a cross-country search for his biological parents, accompanied by his wife (Patricia Arquette) and an adoption-agency official (Téa Leoni). Despite some expert performances—by George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore as the adoptive parents (nervous urban kvetches), and Alan Alda and Lily Tomlin as the biological ones (devious ex-hippies)—the picture remains as confused as its hero; unlike him, it never does find its identity.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Flower of My Secret—Leo (Marisa Paredes), who is struggling through a wretched marriage, longs to be taken seriously as a novelist but has been churning out schlock romances for years, with horrible success, under a pseudonym. Her efforts to strip the dead wood from her life and discover what's left alive include flirting with a literary editor (the Chaucerian Juan Echanove) and making peace with her family. (Chus Lampreave and Rossy De Palma form a great pair as, respectively, Leo's mother and sister.) Pedro Almodóvar's script is, as usual, ripe to bursting, but his latest movie is gracious, affecting, and frenzy-free. In Spanish.—A.L. (3/25/96) (Angelika Film Center.)

4 Tales of 2 Cities—A quartet of short films: "The Duke of Groove," "Boy Crazy Girl Crazier," "Urban Legend," and "Phinehas," directed by Griffin Dunne, Illeana Douglas, Adrienne Shelly, and Fisher Stevens, respectively. (Film Forum; through May 21.)

The Great White Hype—Samuel L. Jackson stars as a boxing promoter who sends a retired fighter (Peter Berg) into the ring against the champion (Damon Wayans), in a comedy directed by Reginald Hudlin. With Jeff Goldblum. Written by Tony Hendra and Ron Shelton. (Chelsea Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, National Twin, Orpheum VII, 62nd & Broadway, and Village East Cinemas.)

I Shot Andy Warhol—The title has a promisingly sleazy B-movie ring to it, but the film turns out to be an insufferably high-minded biopic, flashy but conventional. The movie tells the story of Valerie Solanas (Lili Taylor), the deranged woman who, in 1968, ambushed Warhol at the Factory and nearly killed him. The director, Mary Harron, tries to depict Solanas as a complex, tragicomic figure, but the protagonist can't beat the weight that the film puts on her, and Taylor's monotonous performance doesn't do much to lighten the load. Most of the picture's energy appears to have been channelled into a fantastically scrupulous re-creation of period décor. The languid-hysterical Factory atmosphere feels accurate, and so does Jared Harris's witty portrayal of Warhol. In its party mood, the movie is fairly entertaining; it's too bad the guest of honor is such a drag. Also with Stephen Dorff (as Candy Darling), Michael Imperioli (Ondine), and Donovan Leitch (Gerard Malanga).—T.R. (5/13/96) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sutton.)

James and the Giant Peach—Adapted from Roald Dahl's surreal adventure story, Henry Selick's short, spiky movie is pretty adventurous itself. James (Paul Terry), a young orphan, flees his loathsome aunts (Miriam Margolyes and Joanna Lumley) inside a magic peach that takes him and a posse of insect friends to an improbably benign New York. The film opens and closes on live action, with rubbery stop-motion animation in between. Like the peach, it offers a bumpy ride, but Selick's feeling for texture—for the climates of bliss and apprehension—is so sure that you gradually come to relish the oddity of the whole enterprise.—A.L. (4/22/96) (86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII.)

Jane Eyre—Except for its big, passionate score (by Alessio Vlad and Claudio Capponi), Franco Zeffirelli's adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel is more sedate than you might expect—and it's occasionally slow going, because there's an awful lot of plot to get through. The reason to see it is Charlotte Gainsbourg, who plays Jane with just the right combination of ethereality and guts: tall, pale, and thin as a reed, she looks like a supermodel with a broken nose. William Hurt makes a rather delicate but acceptable Rochester. With Anna Paquin as the young Jane, and Joan Plowright as Rochester's housekeeper, Mrs. Fairfax. Written by Zeffirelli and Hugh Whitemore.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Paris; through May 16.)

Last Dance—Although Bruce Beresford's capital-punishment drama, in which Sharon Stone plays a murderer awaiting execution, is bound to be compared with "Dead Man Walking," most of the optimistic moviegoers who buy tickets to this new picture probably aren't expecting docudrama realism. More likely, they're hoping for a flamboyant death-row weepie on the order of "I Want to Live!" (1958), in which Susan Hayward tottered on high heels to a date with destiny in the gas chamber at San Quentin. No one spends good money to watch Sharon Stone underact. But that's exactly what she does here, giving a quiet, unmannered performance as a remorseful killer whose case arouses the interest of a young lawyer (dull Rob Morrow) in the Governor's office. Stone's ability to suppress her natural extravagance and remain in character would be more impressive if the screenwriter, Ron Koslow, had supplied her with a character worth remaining in. This picture won't satisfy anyone: it's too hokey and melodramatic to be taken seriously, yet too restrained to rate as a camp classic. Also with Randy Quaid and Peter Gallagher.—T.R. (Cinema II, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)

Madame Butterfly—Puccini's opera, directed by Frédéric Mitterrand. With Ying-Huang and Richard Troxell. In Italian. (Lincoln Square.)

Ma Saison Préférée—As in a tour through a hothouse, you relish the grace and fragrance, but you can hardly breathe. André Téchiné's latest drama is a love story of a peculiar and thwarted kind: the central couple is a sister and brother in middle age. Émilie (Catherine Deneuve) and Antoine (Daniel Auteuil) bicker and snap and block each other out with the constancy of twin souls; their failures outside the family—he is a loner, she the cool observer of her own sagging marriage—merely point up their needs within it. When their mother takes ill, everything comes to a head, and the movie treads delicately along the borders of incest. Auteuil has a couple of great moments when it all becomes too much for him: he escapes to the bathroom, sits on the toilet, and plans his next move. Téchiné—prolific, uneven, unfailingly elegant—has a fine feeling for climate, both emotional and seasonal, and the picture maintains a gliding rhythm even at moments of crisis. What mars it is the high-flown talk that trickles on when none is required; the characters, like many of their predecessors in French cinema, spend much of the time speaking as if they've recently escaped from a maximum-security novel. In French.—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—The latest demonstration of Parisian decorum from the French director Claude Sautet. Nelly (Emmanuelle Béart) leaves her marriage and goes to work for Arnaud (Michel Serrault), a former judge who is writing his memoirs. The two tiptoe toward love, then pull back. The movie is played (as you would expect) with watchful finesse, particularly by the morose and sar-

HOLLAND & HOLLAND
V.P

Best Patterns for Game.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HRH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
RIFLE MAKERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES
SUPPLIERS OF BESPOKE GUNS, SHOOTING
ACCESSORIES & COUNTRY CLOTHING

HOLLAND & HOLLAND
Established London 1835

50 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
For information please call 1-800-since-1835

REFINEMENT STILL COMES WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELLED NAME

A Treasury of Nearby Country Walks

Short Escapes Near New York City

Fodor's
Short Escapes Near New York City

25 COUNTRY GETAWAYS FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE TO WALK

Take off for a weekend, or just a few hours with *Short Escapes*. It's filled with listings for romantic inns, scenic picture spots, and historic sites all within easy reach of the city.

Other *Short Escapes* include: New England, Britain, and France.

At bookstores now, or call 1-800-533-6478

Short Escapes
a Fodor's travel publication
Guiding smart travelers for 60 years.™

SPRINT TO 12 MILES PER HOUR, CRUISE 50 MILES PER DAY!

- Arms and legs power patented propeller drive
- Silent, safe and fun for all ages
- Used in rentals/resorts in over 40 countries
- Durable polymer, stainless and aluminum
- Easy to transport only weighs 85 lbs.
- Stable design handles rough water with ease
- Payments as low as $29.00 per month

TWO RIDER AND FISHING MODELS AVAILABLE
30 DAY RISK FREE TRIAL!
ONE YEAR WARRANTY EVEN IN RENTAL!

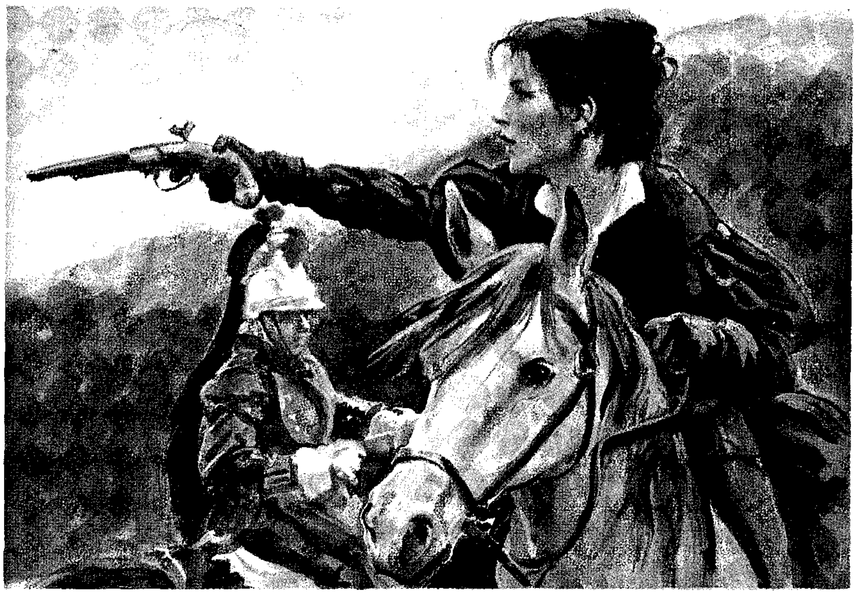
WATER BIKE®

CALL FOR A FREE VIDEO:
1-800-WATERBIKE
fax: 214-392-2411

donic Serrault, but you sometimes long for a little wildness; Béart's character should be driving men crazy, but what does she do? She *interests* them. In French.—A.L. (4/22/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Original Gangstas—A pro-football coach (Fred Williamson) returns to his home town to crush a street gang, in an action movie directed by Larry Cohen. With Jim Brown and Pam Grier. (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Embassy 3, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Waverly.)

The Pallbearer—Maybe someday a Gen X movie will do something other than reproduce the aimless, jaded muddle it's trying to diagnose. In the meantime, here's David Schwimmer as a slacker who still lives with his mother and hangs around with buddies from high school. Through a contrived mixup he's mistaken for the friend of a high-school classmate who committed suicide, and he winds up sleeping with both the suicide's mother (Barbara Hershey, with bleached hair and tarty outfits) and the wholesome girl (Gwyneth Paltrow) he's had a crush on all his life. There are shades of "The Graduate" and "Diner" and a smattering of Schwimmer's sitcom, "Friends." The star's comic timing is good, but he runs low on sex appeal, and he undercuts the intended satire by tugging too hard at the audience's heartstrings. Paltrow is stunning—a big blond tomboy with Audrey Hepburn's vulnerability—but she doesn't get to do much besides react to the piggy behavior of everyone around her. With Carol Kane as Schwimmer's mother. Directed by Matthew Reeves.—S.K. (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Embassy 2, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)



Opening May 17, Juliette Binoche in "The Horseman on the Roof."

ALICIA CZECHOWSKI

Primal Fear—In Gregory Hoblit's conventional but enjoyable courtroom drama, Richard Gere plays an attorney defending a young man accused of killing the Archbishop of Chicago. The story is full of tired characters (a prosecutor who's an old flame, a corrupt city developer), yet Frances McDormand, Laura Linney, John Mahoney, and Andre Braugher are all so casually skillful that Gere's c'mon-you-know-you-want-me style has the room it needs to play. But it's Edward Norton, as the Boo Radley-like defendant, who steals the movie. Hoblit has an economical style, and he gets the job done with very little fuss.—B.D. (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, New York Twin, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme's latest bone-cruncher is an overly familiar tournament movie about martial artists in less than mortal combat, but this time he gets to direct, too. Lightweight though the picture is, he acquits himself quite nicely: he grabs fewer vainglorious closeups than Mel Gibson did in "Braveheart" and shrewdly gives his supporting actors, Roger Moore and James Remar, most of the lines. The film has one eye—O.K., maybe both—on the foreign markets, but, of its kind, it's entertaining.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Regency and Waverly; through May 16.)

Someone Else's America—Goran Paskaljević's comedy, about a family of illegal aliens from Montenegro living in Brooklyn. With Tom Conti and Miki Manojlović. Written by Gordan Mihić. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

The Truth About Cats and Dogs—The umpteenth attempt this year to restore innocent romance to the movies by delaying sex between the main characters. In her first starring role, Janeane Garofalo plays a radio veterinarian. One day a caller (Ben Chaplin, a polite young English actor with wavy black hair) asks her out, but she feels insecure, so she gets her beautiful neighbor (Uma Thurman) to impersonate her and tags along pretending to be a friend. Garofalo has a certain barbed charm, but it's put to shallow use here: she's a dog, the movie says, but she's deep—she reads Simone de Beauvoir's letters to Sartre. The worse insult is to Thurman, who is condemned to play yet another male trophy, a fantasy girl who scrunches her nose when she laughs and walks like a newborn fawn. Directed by Michael Lehmann.—S.K. (Art Greenwich Twin, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

Twister—Competing teams of meteorologists, one led by Helen Hunt, the other by Cary Elwes, chase a tornado in a thriller directed by Jan De Bont. With Bill Paxton. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

Wallace and Gromit: The Best of Aardman Animation—This seventy-seven-minute retrospective of work from the British studio is probably the most fun in town. The Aardman artists employ plasticine models in stop-motion; there is something deadpan, even mournful, in their bendiness. The highlight is three shorts by three-time Oscar winner Nick Park. Brief, bright, unpretentious, and graced with the kind of immaculate gags that we associate with the slapstick of the nineteen-twenties, Park's movies have a style that you can recognize within half a second; can any of today's other filmmakers claim as much?—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

ALSO PLAYING

ANGELS & INSECTS (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **ANTONIA'S LINE:** Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3. . . . **CASINO** (12/4/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **COLD FEVER:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **FEAR:** 23rd St. West Triplex and Ziegfeld. . . . **FROM DUSK TO DAWN** (2/5/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **JUMANJI** (12/25/95-1/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MARY REILLY:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MULHOLLAND FALLS:** First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **OPEN SEASON:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas and 72nd Street East. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **RESTORATION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SENSE AND SENSIBILITY** (12/18/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **SUNSET PARK:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, and Orpheum VII. . . . **A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **12 MONKEYS** (1/22/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **UNDER THE DOMIM TREE:** Quad Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini I and 2, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Relive the era of the grand luxury trains as you travel from *Santa Fe* through the *Grand Canyon* and along the California coastline to *San Francisco Bay*, where you board our yacht cruise to *Sausalito, Sacramento* and the *Napa Valley Wine Country*.

10 days/9 nights, departing October 10*, 11, 20*, 21, 1996. From $3,040 per person, double occupancy, including deluxe sleepers and outside staterooms. Parlor and Presidential Suites available at additional cost.

See your travel agent or call **800-325-0010**.

*Denotes eastbound itinerary — *San Francisco Bay/Santa Fe*
M/V *Yorktown Clipper* — *U.S. Registry*

FROM SANTA FE TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Aboard the 69-cabin yacht M/V *Yorktown Clipper* and the *American Orient Express* luxury train

CLIPPER
The Beauty of Small-Ship Adventure Travel

Get TV reception you never had before, with the ...

Antenna Multiplier™
still only $29.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier™* hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier™* stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier™* needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier™* on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier™* will not just enhance your TV reception, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers, for new entertainment alternatives.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier™* in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier™*. Order it today!

ANTENNA MULTIPLIER by Rodelvox Reception Booster for VHF & UHF Television Channels and AM, FM & Shortwave Radio Reception

•*The* Antenna Multiplier *significantly boosts UHF/VHF, television, AM/FM, and shortwave radio reception.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.

For Customer Service and for wholesale/premium quantity orders, please call 415-543-6675.

Please give order Code #1006C262. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—It's about a young director, played by James Cagney, who whips up ideas for the musical "prologues" that first-run movie palaces used to put on and stages them. In the latter part of this lopsided movie we get to see three of the finished products; they're built around the songs "Honeymoon Hotel," "By a Waterfall," and "Shanghai Lil," and they include some silly yet irresistibly wonderful examples of Busby Berkeley's pinwheel choreography. Cagney gives the picture some snap; he dances (in his amazing early-vaudeville style) and rushes around and shows off his Olivier-like eyes; Joan Blondell is tough and honest; Dick Powell sings; and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 19.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured backstage musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers wears a costume made of big coins and sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and sixty electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" while waltzing and playing violins, merge to form one great big neon fiddle. Busby Berkeley did the choreography and Mervyn LeRoy directed; the plot is something about Dick Powell as a blue-blood songwriter trying to raise money for a show he has written. The cast is a Who's Who of Warners types, including the prim, awesomely untalented Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell. Berkeley appears in a bit part as the backstage callboy (can this really be the correct term?) shouting such directions as "Onstage for the 'Forgotten Man' number!"—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 18.)

Hell Is for Heroes (1962)—Don Siegel, who thought that Steve McQueen had "the strongest eyes in the world," elicited the star's most feral performance in this small-scale but scary Second World War drama. McQueen plays an almost psychotic loner in a squad pinned down in front of a German pillbox. Siegel has the directorial acumen to unify a cast composed of up-and-comers, veterans, and pop personalities, including Fess Parker, James Coburn, Harry Guardino, Mike Kellin, Nick Adams, Bobby Darin, and Bob Newhart; he even works in a variation on Newhart's comedy-act phone shtick without disrupting the melodramatic flow. And the movie never goes soft: McQueen's ultimate self-sacrifice is riddled with guilt and bitterness.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; May 18 and May 20.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Gertrude Howard, Libby Taylor). Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by West.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 17.)

The Mascot (1933)—The animation pioneer Ladislaw Starewicz's weird, lumpy cross between "Toy Story" and "Petrouchka," so ingeniously acted out by its puppet cast that it tickles you even when it makes you squirm. A group of toys—including a clown, an apache dancer, and a ballerina—cut loose while being sent from their impoverished creator to a store. Only a stuffed puppy dog, the favorite of the artisan's child, arrives (intact) and is sold. But he falls from his new owner's car, ends up at a fearsome devil's masque, and goes face to face with a sneering Satan. The mix of warmth, wit, and terror is a kick for adults; it might wig out kids.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; May 18.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. Great trash, great fun. With Claude Rains.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 18.)

Roman Scandals (1933)—Posh and popular musical comedy, starring Eddie Cantor, with the luscious, ripe Ruth Etting, and the Goldwyn Girls. They're a toothsome bunch of sirens in this one—parading in revealing dresses or just in long, blond, calendar-art wigs, and with their dances choreographed by Busby Berkeley. (It's easy to spot Lucille Ball and Paulette Goddard among them.) As the American who dreams himself back in ancient Rome, Cantor is a limp presence, telegraphing how darling and naughty he is, especially when he sings and rolls his eyes. He can't seem to do anything but play the sissy who's always in panic. Frank Tuttle directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 19.)

You and Me (1938)—Sylvia Sidney is the overly sweet and demure ex-convict employee (in a department store where parolees are hired) who marries another ex-convict employee (George Raft), even though it violates her parole. This clompingly coy movie was the result of studio interference with a great director (Fritz Lang), who had got himself into what was probably a hopeless project, even if it hadn't been interfered with. The movie turns out to be a gangster-comedy fairy tale, botched in every department. Lang seems to be trying to be Lubitsch, but without the requisite lightness of touch. With Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, and Harry Carey.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 19.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**theatre 2:** A program of musicals made from 1929 until 1934, the first year the Hays Code was strictly enforced. May 15: "Hallelujah!" (1929, King Vidor) and "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian).... May 16: "College Rhythm" (1934, Norman Taurog), "Hello, Everybody!" (1932, William A. Seiter), and "Moonlight and Pretzels" (1933, Karl Freund and Monte Brice).... May 17: "I'm No Angel" (†) and "Hips, Hips Hooray" (1934, Mark Sandrich).... May 18: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†) and "Dancing Lady" (1933, Robert Z. Leonard).... May 19: "Footlight Parade" (†) and "Roman Scandals" (†).... May 20: "Sally" (1929, John Francis Dillon) and "Sunny Side Up" (1929, David Butler).... May 21: A program of cartoon musicals.... **theatre 3:** "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964, Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films directed by Don Siegel. May 16 at 2:30: "The Big Steal" (1949).... May 16 at 6: "The Verdict" (1946).... May 16 at 8 and May 17 at 2:30: "The Gun Runners" (1958).... May 17 at 6 and May 21 at 2:30: "Stranger on the Run" (1967).... May 17 at 8: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1969).... May 18 at 2 and May 20 at 6: "Hell Is for Heroes" (†).... May 18 at 5 and May 20 at 2:30: "China Venture" (1953).... May 19 at 2: "Private Hell 36" (1954).... May 19 at 5: "Crime in the Streets" (1956).... May 21 at 6: "Duel at Silver Creek" (1952).... ¶ May 16 at 3 and 6: "Haiti: Coup de Grâce?" (1995, Rudi Stern).... ¶ May 17 at 3: "Alias Jimmy Valentine" (1915, Maurice Tourneur; silent).... ¶ May 17 at 6: "Rossellini on Rossellini" (1994, Adriano Apra).... ¶ May 17 at 8 and May 18 at 2: "Cinema of Unease" (1995, Sam Neill and Judy Rymer).... ¶ May 18 at 5: Animation films, 1900-21.... ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914, J. Farrell MacDonald; silent) and "A Florida Enchantment" (1914, Sidney Drew; silent).... ¶ May 19 at 5 and May 21 at 3: Three short films (1910-12) by D. W. Griffith.

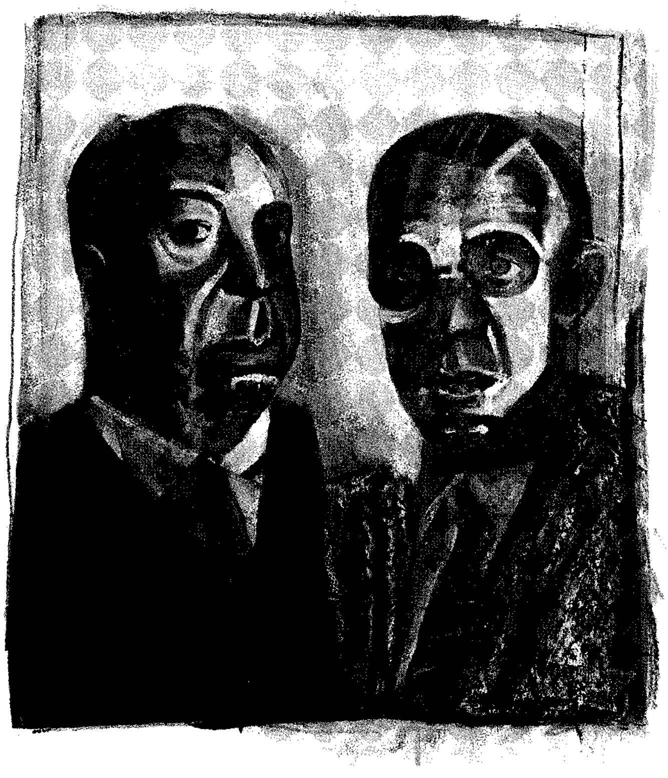
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A program of films from Iran.... ¶ May 16 at 6:30: "Habit" (1995, Larry Fessenden).... ¶ May 18 at 6 and 8: A program of silent animated films by Ladislaw Starewicz, including "The Mascot" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On May 19 at 7, the feature will be "Torch Song Trilogy" (1988, Paul Bogart).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—May 21 at 7: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray).... May 21 at 9: "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

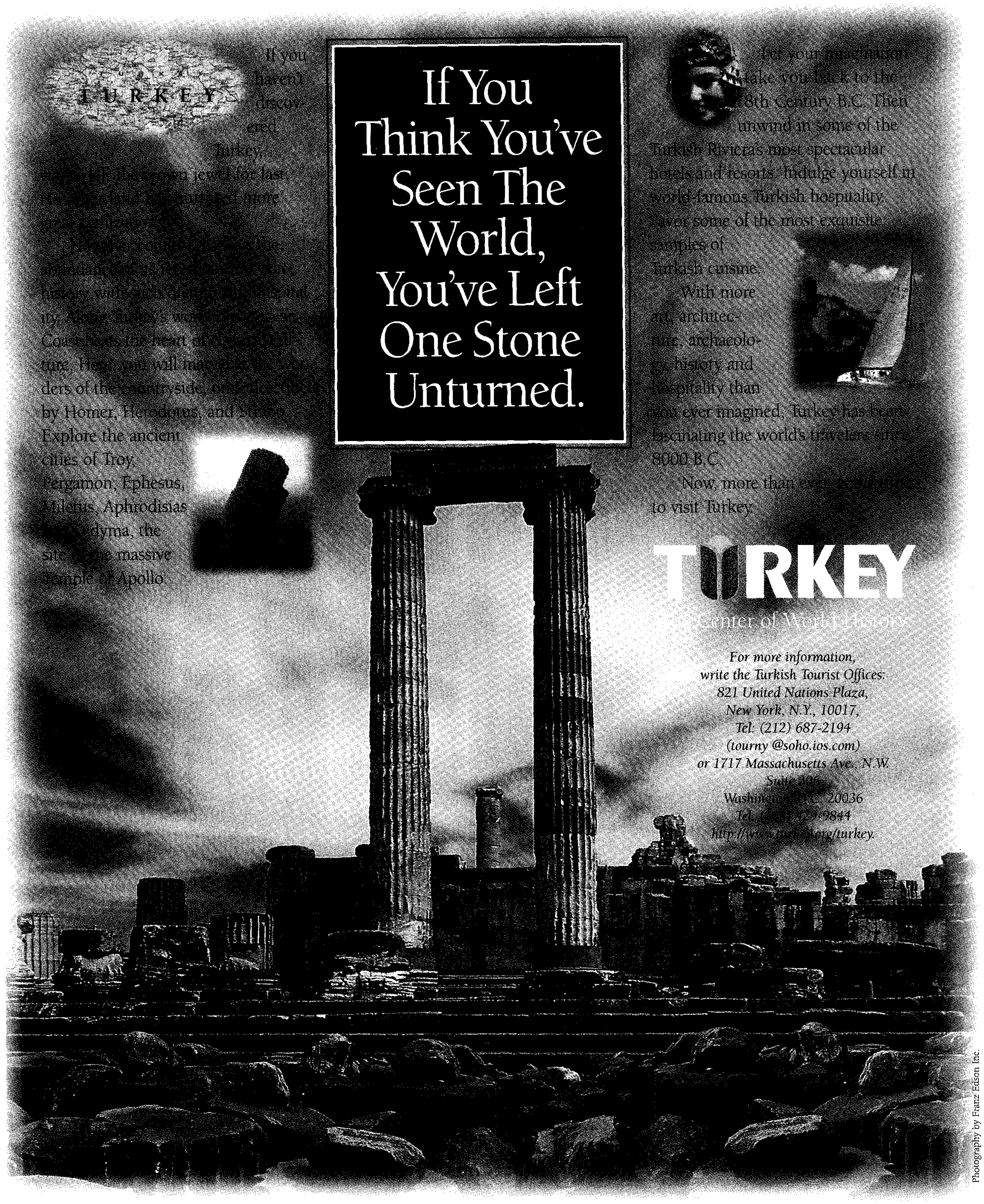
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 21 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Une Pure Formalité" (1994, Giuseppe Tornatore; in French).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Films made in Hollywood by Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang. May 18 at 2: "Notorious" (†).... May 18 at 4: "Cloak and Dagger" (1946, Lang), with Gary Cooper and Lilli Palmer.... May 19 at 2: "You and Me" (†).... May 19 at 4: "Spellbound" (1945, Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.



At AMMI, a program of films made in Hollywood by Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang.

ANDREA VENTURA



If you haven't discovered Turkey, [illegible] the crown jewel for last. [illegible] more [illegible]

[illegible] history with [illegible] ity. Along Turkey's wo[illegible] Coast beats the heart of [illegible] ture. Here you will mar[illegible] ders of the countryside, [illegible] by Homer, Herodotus, and Strabo. Explore the ancient cities of Troy, Pergamon, Ephesus, Miletus, Aphrodisias [illegible]dyma, the site of the massive Temple of Apollo.

If You Think You've Seen The World, You've Left One Stone Unturned.

Let your imagination take you back to the 8th Century B.C. Then unwind in some of the Turkish Riviera's most spectacular hotels and resorts. Indulge yourself in world-famous Turkish hospitality. Savor some of the most exquisite samples of Turkish cuisine.

With more art, architecture, archaeology, history and hospitality than you ever imagined, Turkey has been fascinating the world's travelers since 8000 B.C.

Now, more than ever, [illegible] to visit Turkey.

TURKEY

[illegible] Center of World History

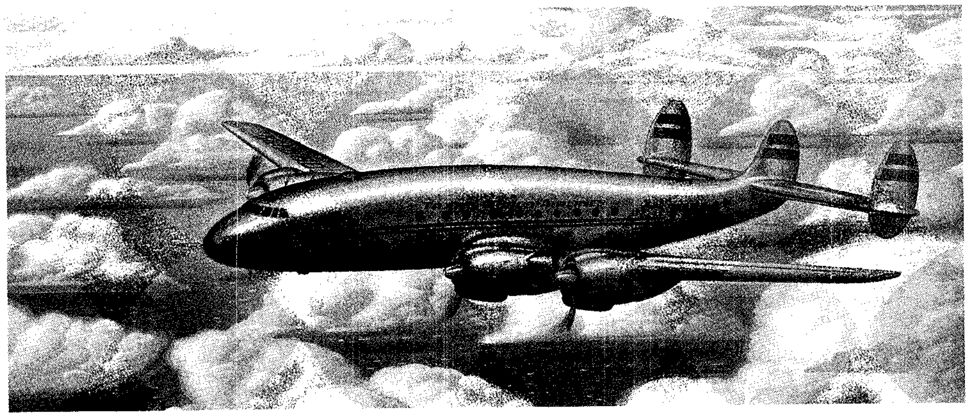
For more information,
write the Turkish Tourist Offices:
821 United Nations Plaza,
New York, N.Y., 10017,
Tel: (212) 687-2194
(tourny @soho.ios.com)
or 1717 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Suite [illegible]
Washing[illegible] 20036
Tel. [illegible]-9844
http://www.[illegible].org/turkey.

Photography by Franz Edson Inc.

pacha tours
the turkey specialist
(800) 722-4288

Bora Özkök present 18th year of
CULTURAL FOLK TOURS
800-935-8875
Groups & Individual Tours, Conventions
Tours stressing history, culture, people, photography, village visits, ethnography, music, handycrafts, gourmet dining and much more.

Central Holidays
800-935-5000
Ext. 340–Brochures or Ext. 200–Information
USTOA $1 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION
As an active USTOA member, we are bonded for $1 million.



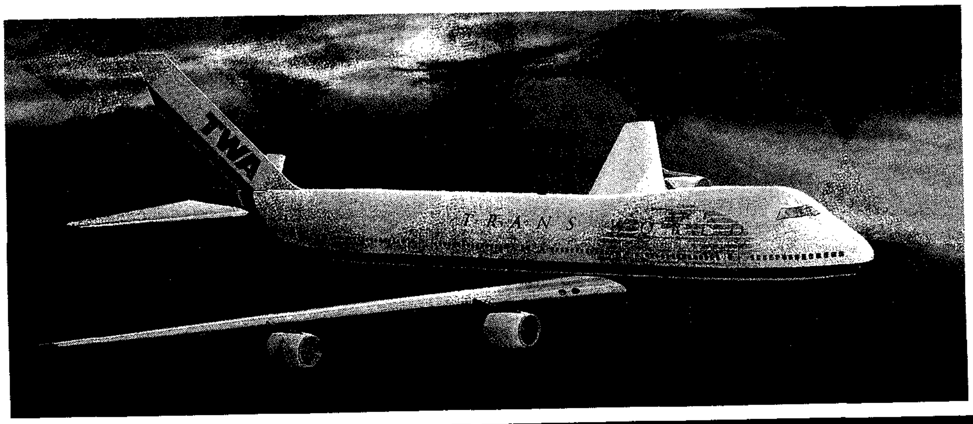
IF FIFTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC HAS TAUGHT US ANYTHING, IT'S THAT YOU CAN'T REST ON FIFTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

The employee owners of TWA are proud to celebrate fifty years of transatlantic service. More than ever, we're up to something good in Europe - and the rest of our over 80 destinations worldwide.

London Paris Lisbon
Riyadh Tel Aviv Athens

TWA
TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE
50 YEARS
1946 1996

Madrid Barcelona Rome
Milan Cairo Frankfurt



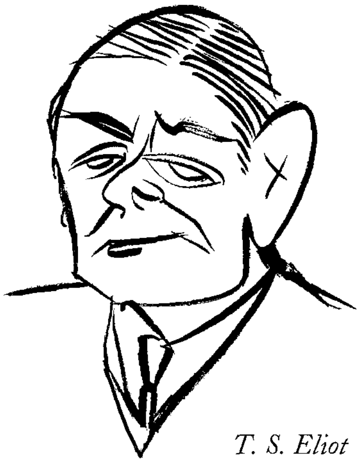
Visit us at http://www.twa.com

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

ELIOT V. JULIUS

ANTHONY JULIUS is the Princess of Wales's divorce lawyer. He is the head of litigation in the London firm of Mishcon De Reya. He is thirty-nine and rather glamorous, and has been described by one of his clients, the writer and actor Stephen Fry, as "probably the most intelligent man I've ever met."


T. S. Eliot

Early one sunny evening last week, Julius was in a pub in Oxford, at a small table with six or seven people, all of them talking about T. S. Eliot and anti-Semitism; Julius's double-breasted suit was lost in a corral of corduroy and donnish knits. Above the table, a loudspeaker carried announcements about food orders ("Ticket No. 6. Ticket No. 7. NUMBER SEVEN!"), and this sometimes cut into debate about, for example, the dating of Eliot's alteration of "the jew" to "the Jew" in "Gerontion." The pub group included the writers James Fenton, Ian McEwan, and Tom Paulin, and when, after an hour or so, people began to go off—to children, to supper—Julius was offered quite formal congratulations for the work that had set the conversation in motion: his sharp, elegant, morally insistent "T. S. Eliot, Anti-Semitism and Literary Form." As if in mocking imitation of the typically unhurried pace of the judicial process, the book had suddenly found itself at the center of British literary attention, six months or so after publication. At last: a long, admiring review in the *London Review of Books* (by Paulin), some dispute at London dinner tables, and, in Oxford, text-of-honor status in one of the three lectures that Fenton gives each year in his role as the university's Professor of Poetry. The lecture, entitled "Eliot v. Julius," had preceded the pub gathering. In it, Fenton called the book "remarkable," and went on, "Whatever assessment is made of Eliot in the future, the Julius book will have to come into it." Fenton also said that the book was a "rebuke," and that "the rebuke to Eliot can also be felt as a rebuke to the reader, to the extent that in our reading of him we deny what is lamentably there. Julius says an anti-Semite is a scoundrel. What is it that holds us back from saying that Eliot was a scoundrel?"

In an argument developed as a Ph.D. thesis (he was already working as a lawyer; the study was his "golf equivalent"), Julius (who is Jewish) claims that the anti-Semitism in Eliot's works—long noted, fretted over, made peripheral or ironic, or accepted, in Fenton's phrase, as "the price to pay for admission into the club of Modernism"—should be read as central to the texts in which it appears; anti-Semitism is sometimes the poet's appalling, fascinating "muse." Through close reading, Julius aims to show that the poems mean what they say; with lawyerly thoroughness, he has erected barriers across every route down which critics have attempted to smuggle the poet's good name. Fenton and Paulin think that Julius has succeeded; others are not sure. Speaking before Fenton's lecture, the poet Craig Raine said that he was doubtful of Julius's readings: "There are complications that could give me pause before I indulged in what Milan Kundera called criminography. I would like to think about this." And the academic Gabriel Josipovici, who gave the book a negative review in *The Jewish Chronicle*, was standing by his earlier opinion: "I have found in the course of things that people who have actually been touched by the Holocaust are less vindictive than people who might feel a bit guilty at not being touched by it." He added, "It didn't seem to me to be a book, really, that anyone would want to read."

OF the two cases that Julius is now pursuing—the divorce of the Royals and the eviction of Eliot from the house of lame excuses—he will speak only of the latter. (One has to turn to less reliable sources in order to hear the story, for example, of Princess Diana's allegedly sending flowers to Julius's wife with a card saying she was sorry for keeping him at work so late. And has the Princess read his book? "I don't answer questions like that," he said.) But Julius will respond to Gabriel Josipovici. He says that Josipovici's use of the word "vindictive" is "revolting." He goes on, "My goodness. This is a new low in controversialist use of the Holocaust, as a stick to beat other people with!" For a moment, Julius shows real irritation. But his more general mood is one of great gratification at the hubbub surrounding his book—he had to contend with rejection from several publishing companies, and then a spooky silence on publication.

The debate that Julius has reopened will continue, and in time new material may be brought to it. Sir Isaiah Berlin, now eighty-six, sat near the front of the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

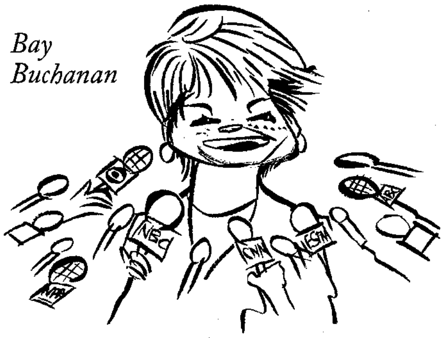
hall during James Fenton's lecture. Afterward, outdoors, he said, "Very good indeed! Excellent! Every word he said seems to me to be true." He explained that when he knew Eliot, before the Second World War, he had "no idea" of his anti-Semitism. "I didn't read the poetry. I didn't read poetry much." He laughed. "Terrible thing to say. I had no idea. He was very, very polite and nice to me." But later, when he had read "After Strange Gods," he had a correspondence with Eliot about anti-Semitism. "Presumably, Mrs. Eliot will publish it one day—for the moment, it's locked up." Berlin went on, "Eliot tried to get out of it. He said 'I'm not an *anti*-Semite.' But Eliot's beliefs were the same as Ezra Pound's. Only more cautious." Then Berlin moved slowly through the sunshine to say goodbye to the Princess of Wales's divorce lawyer.

BAY WATCH

IN the past couple of weeks, as the Republican Party has found itself struggling yet again with the issue of abortion, a surprising variation has been playing out: a Buchanan is at the center of the controversy, but it isn't Pat. On May 3rd, shortly before the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed was to send up a trial balloon on the subject of the pro-life plank of the G.O.P. platform, Angela (Bay) Buchanan, Pat's sister, convened a coalition of hard-line anti-abortion leaders at a press conference and punctured the balloon before it took flight. Whereas Reed suggested that the Party might reword the plank while remaining staunchly pro-life, Bay made it clear that any such attempt would be met with bitter resistance. "It's natural for me to take the lead on this issue rather than Pat," Bay said a few days later. "It's very healthy for a woman to be leading on this. It eliminates one of the pro-choicers' arguments."

As her brother's campaign manager and chief strategist, Bay has learned the art of being forever heard but rarely seen, yet she still has managed to emerge (despite displays of excess, as when she called Ted Koppel a "two-faced, anti-Catholic bigot") as one of the season's most visible and mediagenic political handlers. Now, as Pat fades from sight, Bay seems to be everywhere: hassling her fellow-Republicans for various heresies, and going out of her way to hector Bob Dole; feuding with the Washington *Times*—"Neocons!" she snaps—for the paper's tough coverage of her; and undertaking a series of career moves that could make her answer to the question "What does Buchanan want?" almost as interesting as her brother's.

FOR the moment, Pat's replies and Bay's are more or less indistinguishable, and almost everything else about them is more or less indistinguishable, too. The differences, however, are striking: at forty-seven, Bay is a Mormon and a divorced mother of three, with a full head of hair. Apart from that, she is Pat in pearls. But if anybody was under the illusion that Bay is not an independent force, recent events have probably dissolved it. Bay organized the anti-abortion-coalition press conference just as prominent Republicans were calling for the Party to soften or even abandon the pro-life plank, and ostensibly the target was pro-choice Republicans, such as Christine Todd Whitman. In fact, the coalition's main victim was Reed, whose new book suggests the idea of reworking the plank. In particular, Reed contends that the platform could omit specific mention of a "Human Life Amendment" to the Constitution—an omission that would be anathema to many ardent abortion foes.



Bay Buchanan

"I knew Ralph was going to have a rough weekend, but I didn't know how rough," Bay said one morning last week. It was her suggestion that reporters call Reed to find out why he had not joined her coalition which had sparked several days of relentless publicity for him. Now, Buchanan claimed, Reed had repented. "Ralph is with us now," she said. "He told me, 'Lookit, if there's a consensus among pro-lifers that the plank should remain as is, I'm not going to fight our own.' "

To Bay, the Reed episode signals "total victory" for her side on the abortion issue. "I do not believe we will have a fight over the platform," she says. If her prediction is correct, she should have more time for her other endeavors, notably a talk-radio show, which in July will start broadcasting for two hours a day. The show will be carried nationally on a network that was recently bought by a consortium led by the Japan-bashing author Pat Choate. The network intends to operate on distinctly Buchananite business principles: only goods and services made in the United States will be advertised. Meanwhile, Bay has signed a contract to write, by year's end, a book for the Free Press in which she hopes to mix campaign narrative with philosophy and autobiography, and to dispel some of the "misconceptions" that have arisen about her family.

It's easy enough to see Bay emerging as next year's model in the line of celebrity pols: a sort of paleocon James Carville, or a Mary Matalin with ideology. And there is another scenario. "I've run for office once"—a failed primary campaign for State Treasurer of California—"and I've had calls about running for office in Virginia," she said. "But I'm a single mom with three kids, and for the next several years I just want to spend as much time with them as I can."

Bay knows, though, that the job she is rumored to covet—the Senate seat that Charles Robb held on to in 1994 in a bitter contest with the Buchanans' friend Oliver North—does not come up again until 2000. When she is asked about it, she says it is too far off to consider, but a little while later, as she talks about her radio show, she remarks, "They don't have a station around here yet, but they told me that they're going to buy one. And I said, 'Focus on Virginia! Focus on Virginia! I mean, we've got only four years to build a base.' "

THE SCREAM

AS the lights go up on the new production of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," directed by Mark Morris, which opens this week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, what we see is a dignified tableau: nymphs and shepherds grouped around Eurydice's bier while the chorus regrets her death in four-part harmony. Then, suddenly, like a sword ripping through a curtain, a single voice erupts through the chorus, screaming "Euridice!" and a man wrapped in a purple cloak whirls around to face us. We

9882 Little Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Tollfree: (800) 462 7899 Tel: (310) 551 2888 Fax: (310) 788 2319
The Peninsula: Hong Kong • Manila • New York • Beverly Hills • The Palace Hotel Beijing • The Kowloon Hotel Hong Kong

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide
one of The Leading Hotels of the World
UTELL INTERNATIONAL

have met Orpheus—and the grief that will take him to the bottom of Hell.

“Gluck said he wanted that first cry to sound as if the singer were having his legs sawed off,” Michael Chance, this production’s Orpheus, says. Accordingly, Chance gives it all he’s got. But his outburst is even more piercing in that the voice emerging from this tall, beefy Englishman is that of a countertenor.

A countertenor is a man singing falsetto. “What happens is just that the vocal chords are used in a different way,” Chance explains. “You pass the air over them more quickly, so that what you get is a harmonic of the lower sound.” Anyone can do it, but falsetto seems to come more easily to men. The Bee Gees used it; so did the Beach Boys.

At present, there is a boom in countertenor singing—the result, in large measure, of the early-music movement. Baroque operas are newly popular, and a lot of them contain beautiful roles written for castrati—Gluck’s Orpheus, for example. This music, much of which was reassigned to mezzos or baritones after the decline of the castrati, is now being recaptured by countertenors. Nevertheless, Chance points out, the countertenor sound cannot really be compared to the castrato’s. Because of the castrato’s special hormonal status, his voice was not just high. “The best castrati had astonishing range, astonishing power,” Chance says. “The countertenor voice is not capable of such extended virtuosity. What it does have is a quality and a color that people find affecting.”

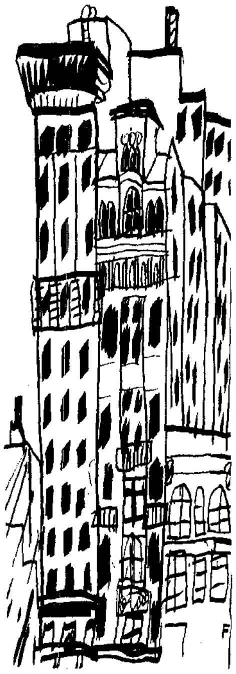
For all its adaptability to “historical” music, Chance says, the countertenor voice is not a historical voice. It is a twentieth-century voice, and one that still seems a curiosity to many people, including many composers. Consequently, the music written for countertenors is often associated with strangeness, a good example being the role of Oberon in Britten’s “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” written in 1960 for Alfred Deller, who fathered the modern countertenor movement.

This moonglow is something that Chance has had enough of. “I wish it weren’t *all* spooky and otherworldly and weird,” he says. “There should be a psychological range, just as with other voices. With Orpheus, yes, he was a poet and a demigod, but in this opera he is a man, flesh and blood, of *this* world. The singing should be strong and heartfelt, and that is what I’ve aimed for.”

TO ANOTHER POET

You scratch my back, I like your taste it’s true,
But Mister I won’t do the same for you,
Though you have asked me twice. I have taste too.

—Thom Gunn



THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO SOHO

The first major New York show of the thirty-year-old British artist Damien Hirst, which recently opened at the Gagosian gallery on Wooster Street, was supposed to go up last September. The pale, thistle-haired artist, whose fame has reached a level in Britain unparalleled since James McNeill Whistler, had planned a striking centerpiece. “There were going to be two steel-and-glass tanks, each with a couple of cows in it,” Jay Jopling, Hirst’s London dealer, says. “The cows were going to be attached to a hydraulic system, with one cow mounted behind the other in each tank to simulate copulation. They were not in formaldehyde. Damien wanted a piece that decayed in front of your eyes.”

Hirst had devised a filtration system to remove the fumes. “It would have worked,” Jopling says. Fear of intervention by the Environmental Protection Agency caused the project to be aborted. Hirst, a bantamweight with the bottled-up aggressive cheerfulness of a football hooligan, was undeterred. His new centerpiece, called “Some Comfort Gained from the Acceptance of the Inherent Lies in Everything”—Hirst is an artist not likely to call any work “Untitled”—consists of two cows, sliced like a loaf of bread and standing in twelve tanks, this time in a solution of formaldehyde and water.

That piece, too, had some problems getting to the show, thanks in part to the advent of “mad cow” disease—a coincidence that is characteristic of the way that random publicity seems to find Hirst. The United States Customs needed to be persuaded that the cow piece and another piece in the show—a bisected sow called “This Little Piggy Went to Market, This Little Piggy Stayed Home”—were art works, and were not subject to U.S.D.A. regulations on foodstuffs. The Gagosian gallery contacted Senator Frank Lautenberg, who is himself an art collector. In the end, all the art—which includes giant “spin” paintings and a gargantuan ashtray—got through customs.

On opening night, there were black velvet cords attached to brass stanchions outside the gallery. Among the guests were forty-plus Britons, who had showed up to support Hirst; most of them had flown over specially, including the bassist from Pink Floyd and a member of the roasting-hot band Blur. There was also a bevy of artists such as has not been seen at a gallery opening in a decade. “My studio is the biggest ashtray in California,” David Hockney said, dumping a butt in the growing mound in the huge ashtray piece, just as Hirst had intended.

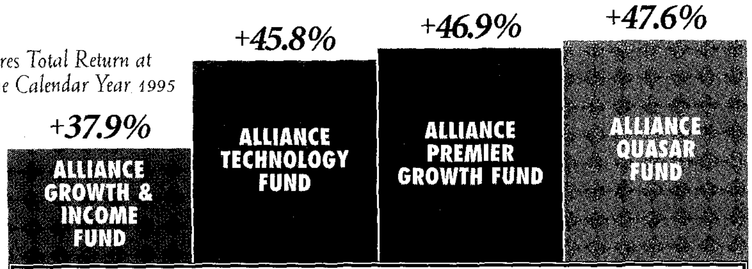
Hirst, at the center of a swirl, was being photographed with a group that included Roy Lichtenstein, Julian Schnabel, and David Bowie. “He’s not socially friendly with any of these people,” Larry Gagosian said. “They came to see the work.” Jean Cocteau once remarked upon the importance of “knowing how far to go too far,” and Hirst has an uncanny sense of that. By the end of the first day, the show had sold out—cow, sow, ashtray, and all. ♦

“Eliot v. Julius,” Ian Parker; “Bay Watch,” John Heilemann; “The Scream,” Joan Acocella; “This Little Piggy Went to SoHo,” Anthony Haden-Guest.

There Are Over 5,600 Mutual Funds.

Only 122 Stock Funds Topped The S&P 500 Last Year.*

Wow, The View From Up Here Is Great.



Class A Shares Total Return at Net Asset Value Calendar Year 1995

Class A Shares Average Annual Total Returns for Periods ended 12/31/95.
(includes maximum sales charge)

	1 Year	5 Year	10 Year
Alliance Quasar Fund	+41.4%	+16.0%	+10.9%
Alliance Premier Growth Fund	+40.7%	n/a	+15.4%†
Alliance Technology Fund	+39.6%	+31.2%	+18.3%
Alliance Growth & Income Fund	+32.3%	+13.0%	+12.6%

Standard & Poor's 500: +37.6%

To receive Alliance Capital's "Getting Started" Kit, including a Six-Point Guide to Investing and a free prospectus on Alliance funds,

Call 1-888-AC FUNDS

AllianceCapital®
Investing without the Mystery.℠

*Source: Investment Company Institute and Lipper Analytical Services, Inc. †Since inception (9/92); The Standard & Poor's 500 is an unmanaged index of 500 companies with dividends reinvested.

SEC average annual total returns reflect reinvestment of all distributions and payment of the maximum 4.25% front-end sales charge for Class A. Class B and C returns will vary from these results due to higher expenses charged to these classes. Returns at net asset value do not reflect sales charges which would reduce total return figures. Past performance does not guarantee future results. The investment return and principal value of an investment in the Alliance Stock Funds will fluctuate so that your shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. The Funds can invest in foreign securities which may magnify these fluctuations due to changes in foreign exchange rates and the possibility of substantial volatility due to political and economic uncertainties in foreign countries. Some of the funds may be non-diversified and others may invest in non-investment grade bonds, which may involve additional risks.

While the Funds invest principally in equity securities, in order to achieve their investment objectives, the Funds may at times use certain types of investment derivatives, such as options, futures, forwards and swaps. These involve risks different from and, in certain cases, greater than, the risks presented by more traditional investments. These risks are fully discussed in the prospectus. For more complete information on any Alliance Mutual Fund, including investment objectives and policies, sales charges, expenses and risks and other matters of importance to prospective investors, call your financial representative for a current prospectus. Please read it carefully before you invest or send money. Alliance Fund Distributors, Inc., the principal underwriter of Alliance Mutual Funds, is a member of the NASD.

What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart. News of Europe, Asia, the Americas, plus Finance, Travel, Fashion, and the Arts.

FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS
1-800-882-2884

Herald Tribune INTERNATIONAL
THE WORLD'S DAILY NEWSPAPER

ACCESS®...the neighborhood guide.

Even native Atlantans are amazed at the doors that open with ACCESS Atlanta. Discover the best of the city you love, and learn to love the cities you visit with ACCESS guides.

$18.50 paperback

HarperReference

ACCESS® ATLANTA

Summertime Cruises

Sail the Maine Coast

Today the Pinky Schooner, Summertime, offers three and six day cruises of the breathtakingly beautiful waters of Coastal Maine.

• Individuals or groups up to six • Group discounts •
• Call for reservations and/or free brochure •

115-F So. Main St., Rockland, Maine 04841 , 800-562-8290

EASTERN EUROPEAN ART

Soulful, sophisticated, intelligent art for people with discriminating taste

MARSHA CHILD CONTEMPORARY
New Hope, Pennsylvania 18963
Information: 215•862•1304

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

PEACE WARRIOR

Israel's top gun becomes an uneasy pol.

BY AMY WILENTZ

IN Israel, a series of children's books known as the Hasamba stories has sold nearly as many copies as the Bible. "Hasamba," which is an acronym in Hebrew for "absolutely secret group," is the name of a gang of kids who help the Israeli Army in its most dangerous operations. Ever since the series was inaugurated, in 1950, by Yigal Mossinsohn, the stories have closely tracked Israel's fights against its various enemies: first, the British; then the Nazis; and, most recently, the Palestinians. In every story, one theme is a constant: the Hasamba kids may be young and comparatively weak, but they're so clever that the enemy doesn't stand a chance.

Ehud Barak's mixture of brio, ambition, brains, and will made him a daredevil commando, military chief of staff—and now Foreign Minister.

ALAIN KELER/MATRIX

Among Israel's current leaders, one figure—Foreign Minister Ehud Barak—is the personification of Hasamba. He doesn't look like a hero, but to his countrymen he is one. A stocky, cherub-cheeked, graying man of fifty-four, Barak was the head of the Sayeret Matkal, the Israeli Army's élite commando unit, and became the most decorated soldier in Israel's history. He is a modern swashbuckler whose reputation is known, as he points out with little exaggeration, "to every six-year-old kid in the country."

One tale of Barak's derring-do goes like this: In early 1973, at the behest of Prime Minister Golda Meir and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, he devised an operation to assassinate three members of the Black September wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization, whose attack on Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich resulted in the death of eleven of them.

The Palestinian militants were living in Beirut, and on the night of April 10th Israeli boats landed on the beaches outside the city. Barak's plainclothes commandos were brought ashore in rubber dinghies by frogmen. On the beach, they were met by a fleet of rented Mercedes-Benzes, procured by Mossad agents, who had previously located the targets and mapped the commandos' routes. The buildings where the three men lived were unguarded, and the Israelis had little trouble entering them. Barak was in drag—dark wig, low heels, and pants. "I chose to wear trousers," he recalls, "because the fashionable skirts of the day were a little narrow and short. I also wore a sort of womanly jacket and I carried a very stylish bag—big enough to hold plenty of explosives." The targets were eliminated.

Today, in one of those radical transformations of roles which are typical of Israeli politics, this quintessential man of war has found himself recast as a man of peace—a figure whose support is crucial to the fortunes of Prime Minister Shimon Peres and his Labor Party in the national elections on May 29th. National security is by far the biggest campaign issue, and no Israeli politician has better security credentials than Barak. He is Peres's warrior, carrying the flag of security forward for a prime minister who, while he has spent much of his career in the Defense Ministry, has never worn a uniform in a country where military service is a near-universal experience. "Fateful elections," Barak has called this spring's vote, which will serve as a de-facto referendum not only on the way Peres has conducted the peace process but on the very idea of peace.

The macho aura that envelops Barak is so important to Peres that, in addition to giving the retired Lieutenant-General the portfolio of Foreign Minister, he made Barak his personal campaign manager and a constant presence in Labor Party television ads. It's a relationship of mutual need, not affection. "Peres and Barak have a cold peace," a Barak aide says. ("Cold peace" is a term often used to describe the relationship between Israel and Egypt.) As a politician, Barak has voiced a hard line on security, one that is absolutely consistent, he says, with peace. But, following the Hamas suicide bombers' carnage on the streets of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, the shelling of northern Israel by Hezbollah militants, and Israel's bloody Operation Grapes of Wrath in Lebanon last month, the voters' faith in the peace process has been seriously undermined. If anyone can persuade them that the process will not endanger their lives, it is Barak.

EVEN though there is a fragile ceasefire in Lebanon, it feels like wartime in Israel. Everyone is waiting for the next suicide bomb to go off, waiting for Hezbollah's next shell to fall. People are worried about terrorist reprisals for Israel's latest Lebanese adventure, during which Israeli shells killed more than a hundred Lebanese refugees at a United Nations peacekeeping base in Qana. Tension is part of the Israeli ethos, like patriotism and bad driving.

Inevitably, the campaign rhetoric and imagery have become a bit shrill. Anti-Labor ads show buses exploding, Palestinians burning the Israeli flag, and old footage of Yitzhak Rabin warning of the dangers of withdrawing from the Golan Heights. One Labor Party slogan—which was invented by Barak—is "Israel Is Too Big for Bibi." Bibi is the nickname of Benjamin Netanyahu, the Likud Party leader, who is Peres's opponent, and the slogan refers to Netanyahu's lack of governing experience. But the response of many Israelis to the slogan has been to snicker. After all, one of the most controversial aspects of the peace process is the agreement to return to the Palestinians large parts of the territory taken by Israel in the 1967 war. The hawkish Jerusalem *Post* recently ran a cartoon showing King Hussein of Jordan and the Palestinian Authority's President Yasir Arafat leaving a butcher shop run by Shimon Peres. The two men are walking away with butcher-paper-wrapped chunks of the map of Israel, and Hussein is saying jovially to Arafat, over the top of his package, "He is just being considerate. He thinks Israel is too big for Netanyahu, so he's making it smaller." In the background, Syria's President Hafiz al-Assad is about to place an order.

Because the race between Peres and Netanyahu is so close, each side has tried to take on the colors of the oppo-

5 NIGHTS IN PARIS
- Round trip economy airfare on *Air France* between N.Y. and Paris
- 5 nights in a centrally located hotel
- Continental Breakfast daily
- Special audio cassette "Tapeguide Walking Tour"
- 10% discount for shopping at Galleries Lafayette and Printemps department stores
- Hotel taxes and service charges

AIR & LAND FROM ONLY
$799*

NEW!
Ask about our *GREAT* Low cost packages to Spain & Portugal!

SPAIN & PORTUGAL
Jet Vacations
IBERIA

See Your Travel Specialist or call:
1-800-JET-0999

*Per person, double occupancy from New York. For Friday and Saturday travel add $25 per person, per weekend segment flown. Departure taxes / fees of $22 additional and subject to change. Departures from any Air France gateway city are available with this package, please inquire. Listed prices valid Apr 1-Jun 20 and Sept 9-Oct 31, 1996. For package rates valid from Jun 21-Sep 8, please inquire.

Jet Vacations
USTOA $1 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

The Best Travel Clothing in the World

Tilley Endurables
Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, "*endurable*" travel clothing. *SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets*, and *"Give 'em hell!"* washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.
THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!
1-800-884-2691
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224
INTERESTING STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

- John of Gaunt Tour July 1-14
- Cultural Copenhagen Aug 3-17
- Elizabeth Tour to Tudor England Aug 19-31
- Troubadour Tour to Aquitaine Aug 31-Sep 15
- Arthur Tour to Secret SW England Sep 17-29
- Umbria Tour Oct 5-15
- Medici Tour to Florence & Tuscany Oct 19-31
- Classical Rome Tour Nov 2-14
- Christmas in Provence Tour Dec 19-29
- Christmas in York Tour Dec 21-29
- Isabel Tour to Andalucia 1997: March 1-14
- Greater Gascony Tour March 16-29

The PLANTAGENET TOURS
A moveable feast of your mind
Call or Fax or Write to
Peter Gravgaard, 85 The Grove
Moordown, Bournemouth
BH9 2TY England.
Tel & Fax: 011 44 1202 521895

CRUISE THE COAST OF MAINE!
Cruise comfortably aboard the 83-ft. mini cruise vessel PAULINE (12 passengers).
Or sail into an adventure aboard the distinguished Maine windjammer Schooner STEPHEN TABER (22 passengers).
Fun itineraries! • 2-, 3-, & 6-day cruises
Brochures : 1-800-999-7352
P.O.Box 1050, Rockland, ME 04841

sition in an effort to woo undecided voters. One of Labor's slogans is "Israel Is Strong with Peres." One of Netanyahu's pitches is "Peace with the Likud." The flags that were put out on Independence Day in April are still flying from car windows and balconies. Their continuing presence seems to signal that what is at stake here is not the victory of one man over the other but the identity of a nation.

Peres has been doing everything he can to counter his image as a misty-eyed peacenik. As head of the government, he has, of course, had the distinct advantage of being able to act on his newly aggressive rhetoric. After the suicide bombings, Peres closed off Israel to Palestinian residents of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, and he has yet to reopen the border. He demanded that Yasir Arafat redouble his efforts in the fight against terrorism. In response to the Hezbollah attacks in the north, Peres ordered the bombing in Lebanon. Concerned about the possible effects of another suicide bombing before the election, the government, in an unusual show of vigilance, has released information about possible threats to security, including the names of Hamas supporters who have disappeared from their villages and are presumed to be poised for attack, and details about terrorists who have inadvertently blown themselves up in empty soccer fields and lonely hotels. The polls have shown the tougher Peres only a couple of points ahead of Netanyahu.

While Israeli voters are quite clear about the imperative of national security, the notion of "peace" remains something of a mirage: they long for it, without knowing how it can be achieved or what it will actually be like when, or if, they get it. Throughout the campaign, the subject of "peace" has had to be pumped up, given a little P.R. One mandatory stop for campaigning politicians has been Blich High School, in a suburb of Tel Aviv, where several times since 1977 the results of the students' mock elections have accurately foreshadowed the national balloting. When Barak spoke to the Blich students a few months ago, he gave what has become his classic sales pitch for peace: "Israel used to be a pariah state, but since the peace process began we have developed diplomatic relations with more than a hundred and fifty nations. . . . Economic prosperity is a direct result of the peace process. . . . Education, social security, health, all these are enhanced by peace." The Blich girls, with their Pre-Raphaelite curls and patent-leather high-heeled ankle boots, and the Blich boys, with their ponytails and jeans, chanted Barak's name as he jogged over to the podium in their assembly hall. It is these boys and girls who will be fighting Israel's next wars. Three weeks later, Labor took the mock election by forty-six per cent over four other parties.

READING

You are committed to living in the open,
but today somehow the timbers of the city,
rustic and baroque, complicate an already

oppressive sky. Inside a gentler light hangs
over you—a mother. You read, marking
pages with the slight moisture of your hand,

pressing the leaves between fingers,
as your eyes scan the lines. Outside there
is no sign of change. Tourists like bands

of thieves continue on their regular routes,
making the air sting with intermittent
exchange. Time is a facsimile of itself.

You watch from the window as an old man
passes again, for the fourth time, making
his way along the long hollow of the day.

Your book left on its spine is a bird in flight.
Later, the dark settles in, a far-off motion.
At night you dream fall in its yellow

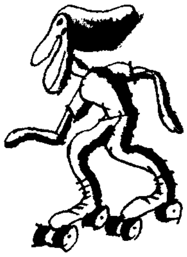
acridness arrives—at the market you
fill your basket with apples, the harvest
of native fruits, the weeping hand of dill.

—Ellen Hinsey

Early in the career of Ehud Barak, Yitzhak Rabin, who was the Israel Defense Forces chief of general staff at the time, saw in him the future of the Army. As Rabin famously put it, "if this boy does not become chief of staff, there is something wrong with the system." From the beginning, Barak had the mixture of brio, ambition, brains, and will which often makes a highly successful military man. He stood out because he was both smart and singleminded. He knew when it was politic to challenge authority and when it was wiser to respect it. His admirers as well as his critics say he is happy to trim the cloth of his beliefs to fit his patrons' measure.

Born Ehud Brog, he chose the Hebrew name Barak when he became an Army recruit; it means lightning. He grew up on a kibbutz that his parents had helped establish in 1933, when they were idealistic members of the Zionist youth movement. They were pioneers, and like many of the early kibbutzniks they became core Labor voters—a circumstance that explains why Barak, who in some ways is hawkish enough to blend in with Likud, has always been a staunch Labor man. (In Israel, politics is often about family.) The eldest of four brothers, he was an introverted child, who preferred reading a book or practicing the piano to joining in the rugged group activities that occupied the other kibbutz children. Yet he was never considered weird. He was just "that way," as his younger brother Avinoam Brog says.

Some of Barak's idiosyncratic interests followed him into adulthood. He is a gifted classical pianist. He is also a quick-fingered lock picker and a talented tinkerer. Although he was kicked out of high school because he could not concentrate on his studies, he later finished his schooling and managed to earn a masters degree in economic engineering systems from Stanford University, where he was sent by the Israeli Army in the mid-seventies. In his youth he taught himself to pick locks, because, he says dryly, "it gave me access." He likes to take apart grandfather clocks (and put them back together). He likes to know how things work from the ground up and from the outside in and can dismantle many kinds of engines and rebuild them. Musically, he is a fabled showoff, given to identifying pieces of classical music heard in passing, often to people who have no interest in music. He particularly loves Chopin and Rachmaninoff, and on a recent talk show he watched with fatherly interest as a young prodigy tore through a difficult piece. "Never has a Jewish boy made as much hay as Barak out of twelve years of piano lessons," the political writer Zev Chafets has said. In conversation, Barak often drums his fingers on the table. "It unnerves people, sometimes, you know," he explains. "They think I'm bored." But he is just practicing the piano.



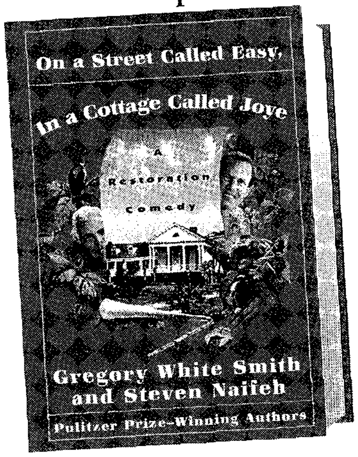
At seventeen, Barak joined the Army and within months was selected for the Sayeret Matkal. "It was odd," his brother says. "Here was this little person who was a piano player and not a sports player and not even shaving yet, and he was joining an outfit like the Green Berets." In 1970, when he was twenty-eight, Barak took the helm of the commando unit.

His assassination raid in Beirut was only one of many deadly missions. In the seventies, the Sayeret Matkal seemed to strike everywhere. Its specialties were antiterrorism and undercover hits. The assault at the Entebbe airport in Uganda in 1976—in which Barak did not physically participate—was another spectacular adventure. More than a hundred hostages from an Air France jet were being held there by members of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, who had hijacked the plane on its way from Tel Aviv to Paris. Barak, after telling his family he was going to Paris, went to Nairobi, and ran the logistics for the storming from there. "I'm not in *Paris*, dear," he told his wife on the telephone, when she asked him what the French people thought of Entebbe. Both Benjamin Netanyahu and his brother Yonatan, who was the only Israeli soldier killed in the raid, served in Sayeret Matkal. Of Bibi Netanyahu, Barak has said, "He was not a bad soldier."

Barak went from success to success, participating in a series of killings that were acts of either heroism or terrorism, depending on your point of view. As deputy chief of staff, he commanded the 1988 assassination in Tunis of Abu Jihad, Yasir Arafat's top aide. Barak ran the operation from an airplane over the Mediterranean. It was a clean hit, as these things go. Abu Jihad's wife and daughter were in the house where he was gunned down, but both women were left unharmed. Today, Palestinians consider Abu Jihad a martyr to their cause.

Following in the tradition of venerated Israeli soldiers, Barak was something of a bad boy, beloved by his comrades for flouting authority to get the job done. After stealing a jerrican of gasoline from a regional commander's jeep in order to speed things up on a mission (he picked the jeep's lock), Barak was hauled before a disciplinary panel, which went on to award him a citation for bravery and tenacity. On occasion, he shut off his radio behind enemy lines, to avoid having to obey any order from his commanding officer to abort a mission.

Barak became chief of staff of the Israel Defense Forces in 1991, and held that post until his term ended, in December, 1994. After leaving the Army, and spending a short period deciding what to do next, Barak entered politics, with Rabin as his mentor. Rabin, who was notoriously suspicious, trusted



Sometimes Easy Street isn't paved...

Two Pulitzer Prize-winning authors from New York City discover their dream house in rural South Carolina—and embark on the funniest, most colorful adventure in renovation and rustic acclimation since *A Year in Provence.*

"Hilarious....Part *Money Pit* and part *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.* What it is mostly, though, is funny."
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

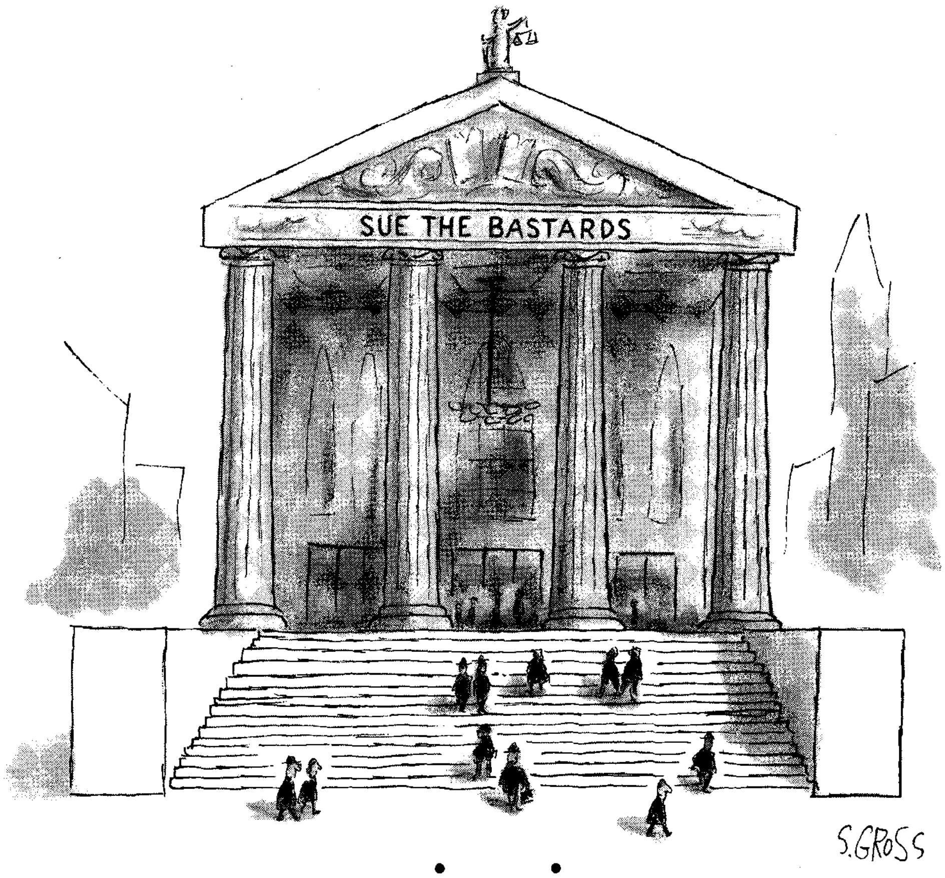
Little, Brown and Company

The SAN FRANCISCO Lover's Hotel
The Andrews Hotel
Named one of S.F's Top Ten for value in the NY Times
- Two Blocks from Union Square and the Cable Cars
- 48 Charming Rooms
- Evening Wine Hour
- Home of Acclaimed Italian Restaurant "Fino"

...There's so very much to love!
$89 Special! Includes Breakfast
Call For A Free Brochure
1-800-926-3739
624 Post Street San Francisco 94109

Teak & Painted Mahogany Furniture
Interior & Exterior Use
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual
17317 Germantown Rd. Ste. 2056
Germantown, MD 20874 - 2999
72 page colour catalogue $3.00 1-301-540-0040

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295



Barak's judgment and loyalty, and in the summer of 1995 he offered him the Interior Ministry. As a member of the Cabinet, he remained vigilant about security aspects of the proposed peace, while becoming an outspoken cheerleader for negotiations.

Almost every day, he and the Prime Minister got together in Rabin's office to gossip and discuss political as well as military strategy. Barak's plunge into politics turned out to be deeper than he had intended. Four months after he took over at Interior, Rabin was assassinated. Gone was Barak's most powerful *protekzia*—the Israeli term for one's connections. At the same time, an ideological gap was left in the Labor government, and it had to be filled: Mr. Security, as Rabin was known, was dead. Peres, the new prime minister, needed someone who could reassure the public about security while he pursued the peace process. Barak was immediately promoted to Foreign Minister.

Barak, who had only recently been heard to muse about spending the rest of his life in investment banking, was now the second most powerful minister in the Israeli government, the inheritor of Rabin's tough-guy mantle. If Peres wins, Barak will undoubtedly have an important position in the next Cabinet. Not only is Barak working to get Peres elected; he also seems to be preparing for his own eventual campaign for prime minister, about which there is already great speculation. So much has come to him so easily that it must seem that this prize, too, will one day fall into his hands.

BARAK helped mastermind the two biggest Israeli military operations in recent years. In 1993, as chief of general staff under Rabin, he was responsible for a plan called Operation Accountability. It was a long-range plan, which depended on saturation bombing to force the population of South Lebanon's villages to flee toward Beirut, thereby pressuring Lebanon's Syrian backers to put an end to rocket attacks by Hezbollah militants. Everything worked—"at the expense of wrecking the lives of maybe a hundred thousand Lebanese," the columnist Tom Segev says—yet the final goal was not attained. Operation Accountability produced the unsatisfactory and informal 1993 diplomatic "understandings" between Israel and Hezbollah—which allowed the situation to deteriorate into the shooting match that led to the recent Operation Grapes of Wrath and the disastrous killings of the refugees in South Lebanon. Though brilliantly conceived on paper, both operations ultimately led Israel into unexpected military and diplomatic complications. Sometimes, Barak's critics have pointed out, his passion for baroque strategizing has been better suited to dealing with clocks and locks than with human matters.

The only blemish on Barak's military record is an incident that occurred while he was chief of staff. The Sayeret Matkal was training for a top-secret assassination—the target of which was said to be either a Hezbollah leader or Saddam Hussein—and while the men were demonstrating the plan for Barak a live missile was accidentally fired at the target site, killing five Israeli soldiers and wounding six others. Several years later, just two weeks before Barak was scheduled to join Rabin's Cabinet, the newspaper *Yediot Ahronot* published an account of the accident that described Barak as standing over the dying men with his arms folded as he waited for a helicopter to take him to Tel Aviv. Barak was widely accused of indifference to the wounded and dying. With his political future in danger, he lashed out. "I am not a medic," he growled on a talk show. "Only after all the wounded were evacuated did I leave. Should I have tended to the wounded when they were already being treated by dozens of others? I'll tell you more. Even if there are still many unattended wounded, even screaming in pain, I would have expected the senior officer, certainly the chief of general staff, there to manage the operation, avoid further escalation, and mastermind the medical evacuation effort. I wholeheartedly believe that I acted as any chief of staff would and should have."

It was clear that Barak could not accept criticism, especially from a press whose references to him were usually worshipful. In the interview, he went on to defend himself in the third person. He was a man who had "for thirty-five years wandered the battlefields. He participated in scores of operations and missions. He has taken bullets more than once, and killed enemies at a distance close enough to see the whites of their eyes. He hugged friends and comrades a split second before they died."

Some journalists were offended by Barak's performance—especially the rudeness with which he treated the interviewer—but the public overwhelmingly approved. Israel, after all, is a country where arrogance can be a martial virtue. Barak's tough interview is often cited by ordinary Israelis as the moment when it became clear to them that he might one day be prime minister.

Nonetheless, Barak seems to have recognized the need to moderate his behavior. His initial response to the international outcry over the massacre during Grapes of Wrath was telling. Whereas other Israeli officials made a point of blaming Hezbollah, which had launched its rockets and shells near the refugee camp, for the deaths, Barak showed contrition. (In response to last week's scathing U.N. report, which concluded that the attack on Qana was probably not accidental, he was vociferous in Israel's defense.) Shaking his head and wincing, he seemed genuinely upset as he expressed regret for the killings to a group of reporters. This was not Barak the prickly general but a man secure enough to show his human side—and one who probably felt that it would be smart to do so. After all, a soldier seeking peace cannot behave like a general going ballistic. His style with the media has to be gentler now, full of self-deprecation, shrugs, and charming half-smiles.

Barak, who is running for a seat in the Knesset, is an awkward campaigner. Supplication is not an attitude that agrees with him. "Politics is new to me," he says. "I don't pretend to understand all the rules. The military honor code is not exactly the rule of the game in politics, is it? I cannot even bring myself to utter the words 'I want you to vote for me.' It sounds ridiculous."

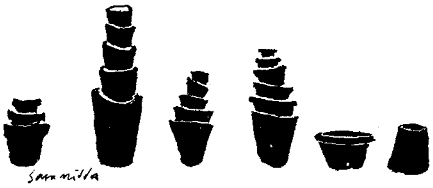
Trudging up and down the aisles in the rough-and-tumble of Mahane Yehuda, Jerusalem's great open-air market, Barak appears unhappy. Mahane Yehuda is no shoo-in for Labor; the *shuk*, as the market is called, lies geographically and symbolically at the heart of a local community that is almost as nationalistic as it is religious. In this setting, Barak's arm does not shoot out naturally for the almost reflexive around-the-back wrap of the confident Israeli pol.

Suddenly, a woman breaks through the ring of Barak's armed guards. It's an extraordinary breach of security, but then she is in traditional Orthodox Jewish garb (wig, long skirt, long-sleeved blouse) and, in any case, Israeli security men are, even post-Rabin, confident of their ability to spot a threat. She gets right up to Barak and plants more than one kiss on his cheek. She bear-hugs him. Then she says, "The Arabs are killing us every day, and now it's time for us to kill them." "Yes, yes, yes," he says, as if to dismiss her, and she turns and goes, leaving a thin trail of spittle on his cheek. He waits until her back is turned before wiping it away.

THE biggest electoral challenge for the Peres campaign is how to retain the Israeli Arab vote after Qana and the closing of the borders of the West Bank and Gaza. It seems strange for this man who made his name killing Palestinians to be asking for votes in Kfar Kara, an Arab town near Nazareth. Nonetheless, Barak seems unfazed by the incongruity as he makes his pitch for Labor in Hebrew seasoned with Arabic. (Barak speaks a street Arabic that he describes as being "in the Egyptian dialect.")

Security men are scattered everywhere around the courtyard at Kfar Kara. Up on the roof of a house, an Israeli sharpshooter in a jacket and tie and sunglasses surveys the scene, cradling his Uzi while he eats Arab sweets from an aluminum tray. On the stoop below sits a crowd of young Arab boys, who, if they lived in the West Bank or in Gaza, might aspire to be Hamas suicide bombers. Here they are students who will probably go into family businesses. Any other bunch of Israeli boys would be excited to see Barak the superhero in action, even as a politician, but these kids show no interest. Instead, they stare up in fascination at the sharpshooter as he licks honey off his fingers, one by one.

BARAK is a man who can appreciate the irony of an Israeli sharpshooter with Arab honey on his fingers. Indeed, he likes to tell the story of how he was working undercover in Gaza before the 1967 war and tried to pass himself off as an Egyptian soldier. The Palestinians acted as though they believed him, he says, and he went away well pleased with himself, only to discover that they had immediately reported him to the United Nations authorities as a suspicious Israeli speaking accented Arabic. "I've spoken to Arafat a little in Arabic," he says, but "there is a sort of heaviness in my accent that gives me away." Nevertheless, he is clearly discomfited by questions about whether his past might make him unsuitable for leading Israel toward peace. When you try to pin him down on how it feels to negotiate with people he once tried to kill, he shifts a bit in his seat and drops the steady eye contact he usually maintains.

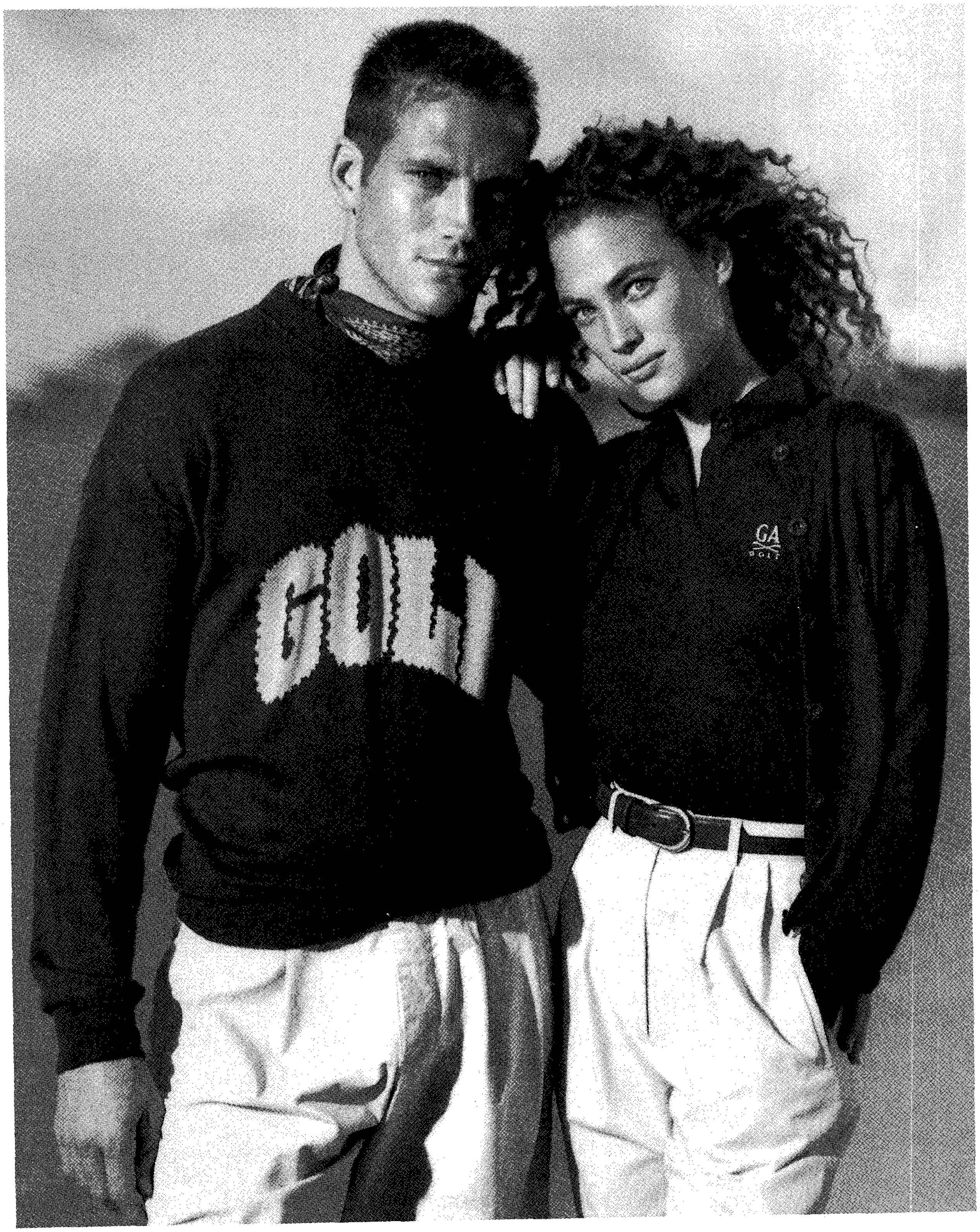


"We're in such a sensitive phase," he says. He composes himself. A foot comes down from the coffee table and is planted solidly on the floor. Eye contact is reëstablished.

"When I sat down with Arafat, we, of course, talked about the fact that we had met each other before, on opposite sides of a gun barrel," he says. "Now we found it more important to emphasize those moments of common past and background, of looking for opportunities to explore the possibility of contact rather than these events when we fought. I don't mean myself and Arafat personally, but we, the Israel Defense Forces, and his fighters. The struggle of wills is part of the dynamic between nations before they settle down for the achievable."

FOR the past three decades, Barak has been a key figure in the struggle of wills between Israel and its enemies. He risked his life to protect Israel's borders, its sovereignty, its right to exist. What he did, he did Hasamba style. But, as a master of "the achievable," he will play a critical role in the new search for peace.

Israel is still infatuated with its heroic past yet desperate for an end to war. The election seems to crystallize all the anxieties of this moment. "The new Middle East is not right behind the door," Barak warns. "It's down a long dark corridor." Stepping gingerly toward a pragmatic future, Israelis may still need to hold a hero's hand. ♦



GIORGIO ARMANI
GOLF

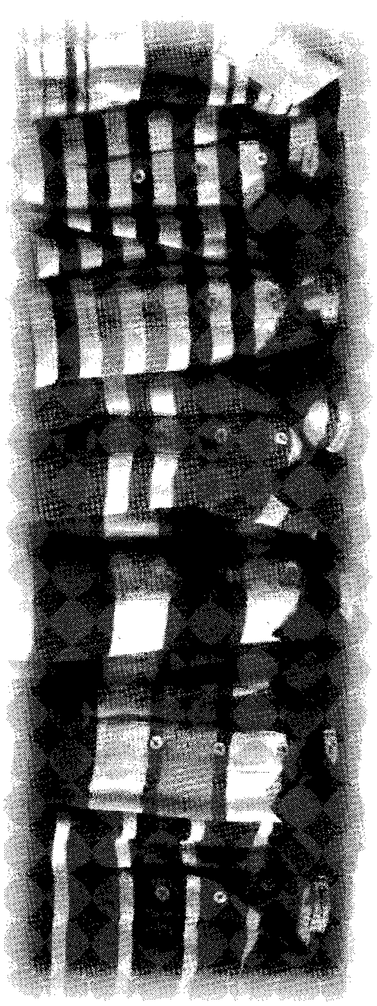
in praise of... Golf

It is, ultimately, a game that is simple enough.

Knock a tiny, white ball about with a stick over hill and dale until finally there is an opportunity to gently roll it into a hole. Complete this basic exercise eighteen times, and it is over. Return to house and kids... but not until knocking back a few at the "nineteenth hole" and reliving the previous few hours in tales as twisted as the requisite pretzels atop the bar. Of course, if the game of golf were truly that simple, the world would be rampant with hackers in possession of Nick Faldo's thundering drives off the tee or the putting prowess of Phil Mickelson. Indeed, we might all chip like champs from bunkers deep and wide à la Corey Pavin. But alas, it is not thus. More than any other game, or sport for that matter, golf can reduce even the most stalwart practitioners, pros and amateurs alike, to blubbering fools over a missed three-foot putt or a slice into a silvery water hazard. Witness the six-stroke lead forfeited by Greg Norman in the recent Master's. By now, his therapist must be working overtime.

by Ralph DiGennaro

© Lori Adamski Peek/Tony Stone Images



THE STRIPED POLO.

SEEN IN ALL THE BEST PLACES.
AVAILABLE IN ONLY ONE.

Next time you're ready to tee off, strike up the band! Colorful bands of stripes, in a variety of widths and seasonal hues, add winning individuality to our ever-popular cotton piqué polo. A Paul Stuart exclusive. And a spirited sampling of our distinctive golf collection. S,M,L,XL. $77.50

Paul Stuart

MADISON & 45TH • NEW YORK
212.682.0320
875 N. MICHIGAN AVE. • CHICAGO
312.640.2650
800.678.8278

If golf remains a mystery even for those who would attempt to master the game, it is not inappropriate given the game's history: a series of stories steeped in misinformation and myth. To begin with, no one truly knows when or where this tormenting pastime was brought to life and who may have afforded the game its first breath.

Even the origin of the name golf has never actually been documented, although it is often agreed that the word is descended from either the German word *kolbe,* which means "club," or is part of the Celtic language, where the word *golfdrum* appears. Ironically, Will Grimsley in his book, *Golf: It's History, People and Events,* writes, "there is a question that golf was ever born at all. As some scientists contend in regard to man himself, the game may have just evolved."

In his book, Grimsley repeats the oft-told, albeit imaginative tale that golf may have begun in the Garden of Eden, where Adam made creative use of his celebrated extra rib and became the first jock by knocking apples from tree to tree. "This, of course," writes Grimsley, "made Eve the first golf widow." It was inevitable. Other researchers are convinced the game began with cavemen who walked about the earth with sticks. According to Grimsley's account, the caveman, sighting a smooth, round pebble, "gave the rock a whack, and the rock bounded across the ground. The caveman followed the line and sent the pebble spinning again. On his third shot, the pebble accidentally fell into a cauldron simmering on an oakwood fire."

Archive Photos/Lambert

Boys to Men: Even for today's superstars the time-honored caddy is an irreplaceable accessory to a winning game.

The account describes how this prehistoric man started all over, trying to knock the pebble into the cauldron once again, much to the chagrin of his wife, who, most likely, had the family dinner cooking in her husband's first hole. Sounds eerily close to modern man chipping balls in the backyard while burgers burn on the barbecue.

> "It is Mary, Queen of Scots, an avid golfer, to whom we owe the modern term caddy."

Those who would put forth these tales as truth, needless to say, had tongues almost certainly planted firmly in cheeks. Yet it is just this type of early golf lore that adds color and flavor to the game's origins. Seek out more believable explanations of the game's beginnings and, incredible as it may sound, the Roman armies of Caesar play a starring role.

In the first century before Christ, according to historical archives of the U.S. Golf Association, the Roman armies overran many parts of Europe, including England and Scotland. While occupying these highlands and lowlands, the soldiers, while off-duty no doubt, played a game called *paganica,* which

FUND	1 YEAR	5 YEAR	10 YEAR	LIFE OF FUND
Dreyfus Appreciation Fund, Inc.	+37.89%	+15.79%	+13.81%	+15.53% (1-18-84)
Dreyfus Disciplined Stock Fund* Class R Shares	+36.86%	+16.80%	–	+15.83% (12-31-87)
Dreyfus Large Company Value Fund**	+43.05%	–	–	+18.54% (12-29-93)
Dreyfus Disciplined Midcap Stock Fund Investor Shares	+37.74%	–	–	+16.05% (4-6-94)

Average Annual Total Returns as of 12-31-95

WHAT'S YOUR NEXT PRIORITY WHEN

YOU'RE A LEADER

IN MONEY MARKET AND BOND FUNDS?

Conquer Equities.

1 800 THE LION *ext.* 4069
8 4 3 - 5 4 6 6
Visit a Dreyfus Financial Center • Via Internet: http://www. dreyfus.com/funds

To discuss one of these Dreyfus equity funds or others with different investment objectives and track records, call for a Prospectus today.
Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

Dreyfus®

Mutual fund shares are not FDIC-insured and the net asset value of all equity mutual funds will fluctuate. Call to get a Prospectus containing more complete information on the Fund, including management fees, expenses and share classes. Please read it carefully before you invest. Share price and investment return fluctuate so that upon redemption a shareholder may receive more or less than original cost. *The Disciplined Stock Fund offers two classes of shares, Class R and Investor shares. Currently Class R shares are available to all investors. Investor Class shares are not currently available through either purchase or exchange, except to existing Investor Class shareholders. These arrangements may be modified or terminated at any time. **Since inception, the Manager has absorbed certain expenses of the Fund without which returns would have been lower. ©1996 Dreyfus Service Corporation, Broker-Dealer. Premier Mutual Fund Services Inc., Distributor.

The Lodge at Koele

The island less travelled.

The Manele Bay Hotel

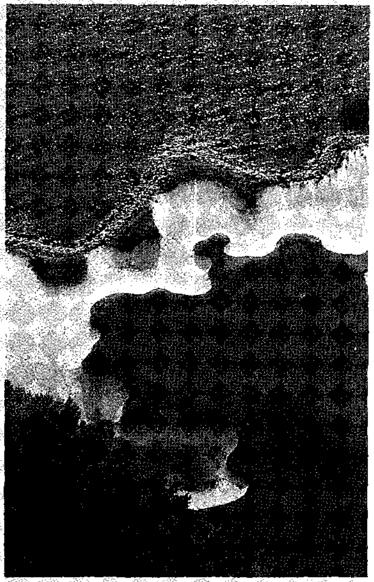
If you believe paradise begins where the madding crowd ends, we've the perfect destination. The sanctity of Lana'i, where you'll find two tropical resorts rated among the best in the world by the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler*. Along with pearl white beaches, championship golf, snorkeling and, of course, unparalleled cuisine. It's the difference between having it all, and having it all to yourself. Contact your travel consultant or call 1-800-321-4666.

LANA'I
Hawaii

SLH PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

consisted of hitting a feather-stuffed, little ball with bent sticks. Because the Romans spent an inordinate amount of time in the highlands, not departing until the fourth century after Christ, it's a pretty safe bet that their pastime eventually inspired the locals to join in.

Paganica, it would appear, was no mere spectator sport and the game is widely believed to be the father of golf and other games like it played elsewhere in Europe. In Holland, for example, the descendant game was called, curiously enough, *kolf,* but its relationship to the modern game is vague at best.



Stunning views from the shoreline sixteenth green at Governor's Land at Two Rivers in Colonial Williamsburg, as designed by master architect Tom Fazio.

n keeping with tradition, it was a long-standing debate well into the seventeenth century as to whether golf was originally an English or Scottish game. In a triumph of Gothic masculinity, the matter of bragging rights was settled on the links when two English noblemen played a round against the Duke of York and a Scottish cobbler named James Patersone, a local ringer. The Scottish duo, in modern sports parlance, kicked the Englishmen's butts. Those in the know attributed little of the victory to the Duke's strokes, which were poor at best. The cobbler, on the other hand, won a coat of arms from his partner for the sound trouncing of the Englishmen.

While the Duke may have been more a golf enthusiast than able player, it is his grandmother, Mary, Queen of Scots, to whom we owe the modern term *caddy.* An avid golfer even as a girl, Mary continued to play while at boarding school in France. As she made her way from tee to tee, the heiress had students, whom she called cadets, carry her clubs. Because the French pronunciation of cadet is "cah-day," it is believed that the word caddy is derived from the French term.

However it began, it was the Scots who first developed the game into what most closely resembles golf as it is played today, constructing "links" along their coastline where the ebbing tides left in their wake sandy patches that were later transformed into rolling dunes, ridges, and knolls. In its infancy, golf was enjoyed by both noblemen and plebeians alike. Credit is due the Scots, however dubious, for creating the first golf clubs where only members could play. The first club, the Royal Blackheath Club, was started in 1608 by James I. As more golf clubs with their exclusive memberships sprung up, the game increasingly became a pastime only the wealthy could afford. By the mid-1700s, clubs and societies such as the Honourable Company of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews was established. It was at St. Andrews, site of the first eighteen-hole golf course, that the rules of the game were established—rules that govern the game even today.

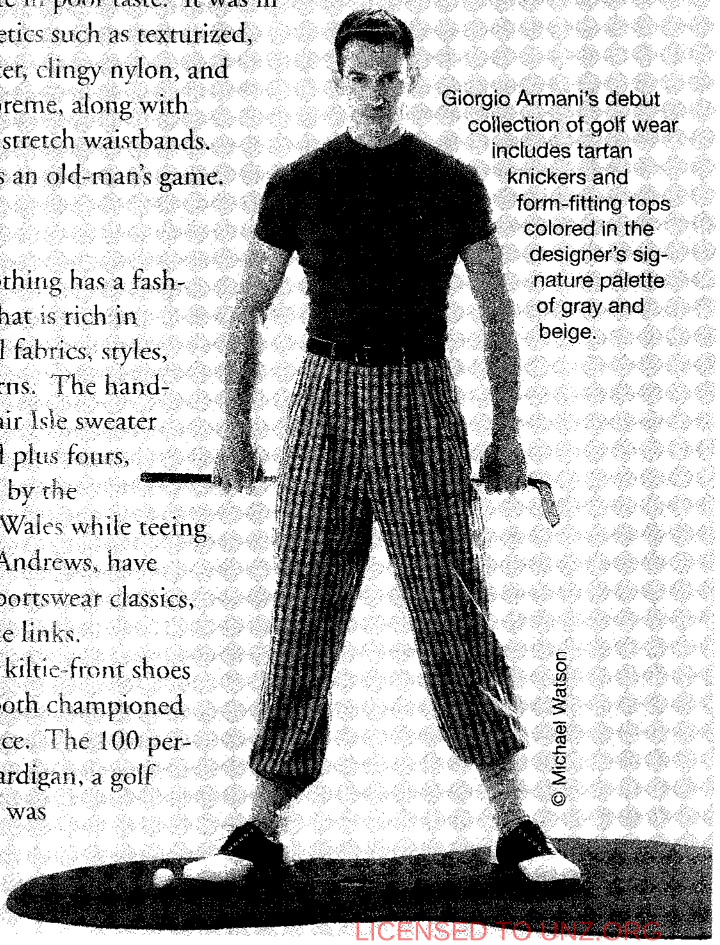
It is not without considerable irony that the first permanent golf course ever built in the United States was called St. Andrews and the site of these greens, first constructed as a three-hole course in 1888, was a thirty-acre cow pasture in, of all places, Yonkers, New York. According to John Durant in his book, *Pictorial History of American Sports: From Colonial Times to the Present,* a mustachioed, transplanted Scot from Dunfermline named John Reid developed the first American golf course in Yonkers. Reid even formed the first golf "club" at a dinner party in his Yonkers home for four of his cronies, also bitten by the golf "bug," who included Henry O. Tallmadge, Kingman Putnam, and Harry Holbrook, men whose names are part of New York history.

Soon outgrowing their three-hole course, the St. Andrews club moved to an apple orchard a quarter-mile away, picking up the tent they called a clubhouse and taking it with them. In 1897, when the club abandoned its third site at an old farmhouse—a true clubhouse called Grey Oaks—it left behind an old well that is revered today as the original nineteenth hole.

Courtesy Governor's Land

While the game had been previously introduced to Canadians by Scottish naval officers, it is Reid who deserves the moniker, "father of American golf." Canadians, it turned out, took to the Scottish game with much more fervor. Americans were duly obsessed with horse racing, pugilism, and another sport, which was introduced by a man named Abner Doubleday, called baseball. Little did Doubleday or Reid know that the game most regarded as "a stupid sport for the fat, aged, and idle rich" would grow at leaps and bounds into the next century.

Golf certainly went through a period in the Fifties and Sixties during which the game went out of favor, and golf clothing itself during this period was considered the ultimate in poor taste. It was in this era that synthetics such as texturized, doubleknit polyester, clingy nylon, and acrylic reigned supreme, along with riotous colors and stretch waistbands. Golf was viewed as an old-man's game. Unhip. Uncool.

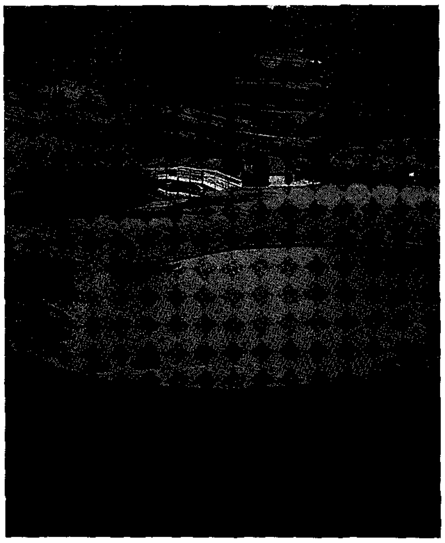

Giorgio Armani's debut collection of golf wear includes tartan knickers and form-fitting tops colored in the designer's signature palette of gray and beige.

© Michael Watson

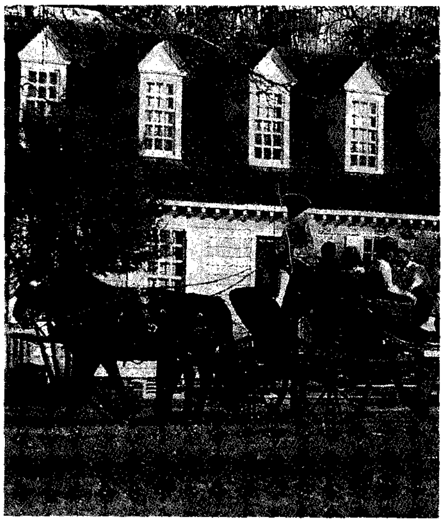
Yet golf clothing has a fashion past that is rich in wonderful fabrics, styles, and patterns. The hand-knitted Fair Isle sweater and tweed plus fours, first worn by the Prince of Wales while teeing off at St. Andrews, have become sportswear classics, both on and off the links.

Ditto for suede kiltie-front shoes and argyle socks, both championed by the dapper Prince. The 100 percent alpaca links cardigan, a golf classic if ever there was

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG IS ONE OF THE TOP VACATION PLACES FOR THOSE WHO GOLF.



AND FOR THOSE WHO DON'T.



Colonial Williamsburg. A great family vacation. And totally guilt-free golf. Play the Golden Horseshoe. Two of the country's finest championship golf courses. Always on *Golf Magazine's* 10 Best Golf Resorts list.

Then spend time with the entire family in our famous Historic Area with its living history, shopping, and dining.

So come to Colonial Williamsburg for a great family vacation. But don't forget your clubs. Call us for special packages.

Colonial Williamsburg®
1-800-501-0156
For reservations, packages and rates

D A Y S I X

The sky asks no questions.

LIKE A CHILD I AM FREE.

The waves make no demands.

The breeze does not wait for an answer.

My thoughts are my own to ponder.

Greedily, I do not share.

Kona Village RESORT

Discover life's *simple* pleasures.

KA'UPULEHU, THE BIG ISLAND OF HAWAI'I

Call your travel agent or 1-800-367-5290.

The Kapalua Villas

MAUI'S BEST GOLF PACKAGES

GOLFERS HOLIDAY INCLUDES —

- 1-bedroom villa for 7 nights
- A/C rental car for 7days
- Unlimited golf* including cart
- 7-day advance tee times
- Kapalua Logo visor and gift

* 4/1/96 - 12/19/96

$935 *per person, dbl. occ., plus tax*

2-NIGHT PACKAGES START AT $285

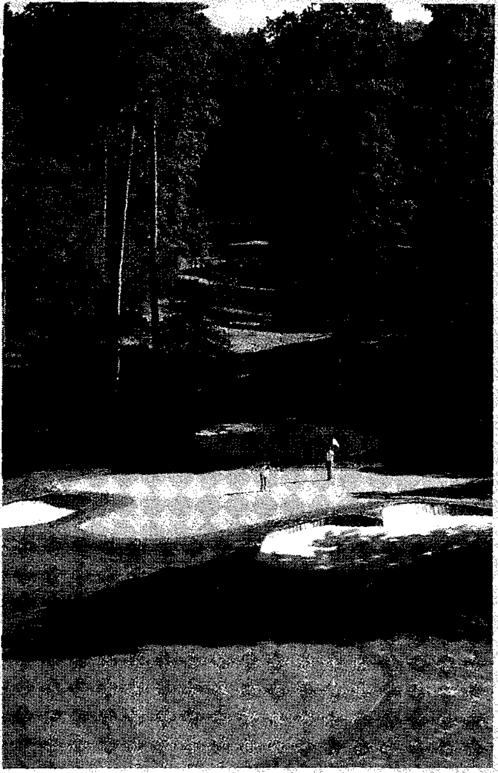
5-NIGHT PACKAGES START AT $725

ALSO ENJOY —

- 3 championship golf courses
- Complimentary tennis
- 3 white sand beaches
- Resort-wide charging
- Privileges at The Ritz-Carlton, Kapalua

FOR RESERVATIONS, CALL YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL OR 1-800-545-0018

Restrictions may apply.



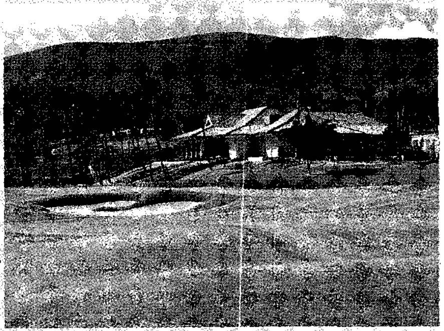
Courtesy Colonial Williamsburg

Wooded glens line the ninth hole at the Gold Course at the Robert Trent Jones, Sr. designed Golden Horseshoe course in Colonial Williamsburg.

one, with its bell sleeves and highly elastic stretchability, continues to endure, although today the genuine article may be found only in better men's clothiers, such as Paul Stuart in New York City, where a huge selection of classic, natural-fiber golf shirts, pleated trousers, socks, sweaters, and accessories are to be had. At Paul Stuart, where traditional men's clothing thrives, the right colors, authentic patterns, and properly fitting golf apparel are abundantly available.

It is also a sign of how far the game of golf has come when an international fashion designer such as Giorgio Armani turns his hand to golf wear. For spring/summer 1996, the Milan-based designer has created a remarkable collection of golf fashions for men and women that are truly functional yet carry the unmistakable Armani style. Count on Giorgio Armani to reinvent the golf fashion vocabulary.

hese are golf clothes that feature the designer's easy, comfortable fit matched with a sophisticated, modern style for the greens. Armani has reached into the past, designing classic pleated-front knickers in solid linen and classic tartans recolored in his signature palette of beige, gray, ivory, navy, and black—often mixed together. For a modern touch, the knickers are secured around the calf with Velcro fasteners. Roomy ribbed sweaters with the Giorgio Armani Golf logo, form-fitting knit tops pieced in contrasting tones, and vintage-looking polos paired with knitted and woven shorts and draped blouson jackets round out the collection, along with microfiber rain jackets and suits. Like his line of skiwear also recently introduced, Armani's new golf line is available in Giorgio Armani boutiques around the world as well as in select department and specialty stores and better pro shops.



Courtesy Lana'i

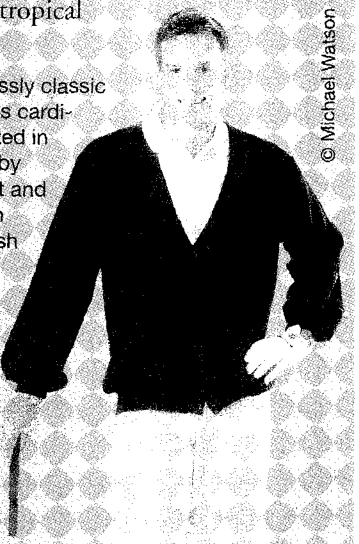
Swaying palms and a mountain view await at the eighteenth hole Manele course clubhouse on the Hawaiian island of Lana'i.

Such sophisticated golf clothing, whether designed with an Italian sense of style or with an updated American traditionalism, is what any serious golfer needs in view of the elegant and sophisticated golf courses, clubs, and resorts being built today. From the heart of Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia, home of the tree-lined, picturesque Gold (Par 71) and Green (Par 72) courses, designed by Robert Trent Jones and Rees Jones, respectively, and the nearby shoreline course at Governor's Land, to the Eden-like greens that punctuate the Hawaiian hills of Kona Village, Kapalua Villas, Napili Kai, and Lana'i, America is blessed with some of the most beautiful and challenging courses in the world.

> "Calvinists took to golf with more fervor than Americans who were [illegible] obsessed with horses and [illegible] another [illegible] baseball."

Ditto for the Sunshine State: the Doral in Miami and Ponte Vedra resort a few hours' drive north offer the serious golfer some of the more enjoyable links on the Eastern seaboard.

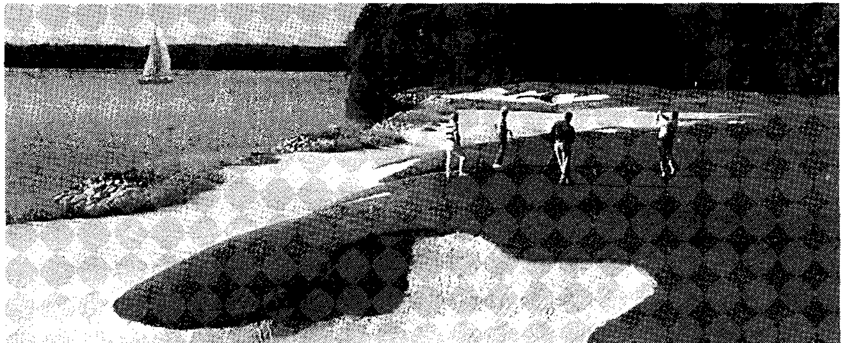
For those with a fantasy of playing golf on a tropical



The timelessly classic alpaca links cardigan, updated in royal blue by Paul Stuart and paired with cotton mesh polo and cotton pleated chino trousers.

© Michael Watson

PRIVACY, GOLF & WATER IN WILLIAMSBURG.



HARBOR & MARINA
TOM FAZIO DESIGNED GOLF COURSE
ONLY 722 HOMES ON 1,444 ACRES
7 MILES WEST OF COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
PRIVATE, TWO RIVERS COUNTRY CLUB
FOUR MILES OF RIVERFRONT

THE GOVERNOR'S LAND
At Two Rivers
(800) 633-5965
For a colorful information kit call or mail to: 2700 Two Rivers Road - Williamsburg, VA 23185

OBTAIN THE PROPERTY REPORT REQUIRED BY FEDERAL LAW AND READ IT BEFORE SIGNING ANYTHING. THIS IS NOT AN OFFER WHERE REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED PRIOR TO AN OFFER BEING MADE. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.
Property Marketed By Governor's Land Management Company, Inc. Realtors

GOLF
SCOTLAND
IRELAND

PerryGolf

offers custom international golf tours to Europe including Scotland and Ireland.

Call today for your complimentary color brochure.

E-Mail: perrygolf@golftravel.com
http://golf.com/travel/PerryGolf/

1-800-344-5257

Unlimited Golf.
Unlimited Doral.
Unbeatable.
Unlimited Golf $79

Unlimited Golf for only $79 at a legendary golf resort.
- The all-new Raymond Floyd Gold Course
- Free Golf Clinic
- Free Cart
- Unlimited Driving Range
- Advance Tee Times
- Deluxe Garden Room
- Full American Breakfast and more.

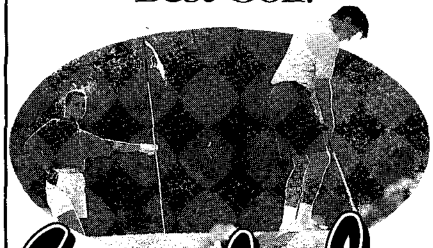
DORAL
GOLF RESORT AND SPA
for the love of the game

Miami, Florida
1-800/71-DORAL or 305/592-2000
Fax: 305/594-4682

Home of the Doral-Ryder Open and The Doral Golf Learning Center with Jim McLean

Rates are per person, per night, double occupancy. Minimum 2-night stay; taxes and gratuities not included; Rates valid 5/24/96 - 9/30/96.
Mention this ad for a complimentary room upgrade.

The World's Best All-Inclusive Includes The Caribbean's Best Golf.



Sandals®

In Jamaica, you can enjoy par 71, 18-hole championship golf at the elite Sandals Golf & Country Club in Ocho Rios. In St. Lucia, you can enjoy the challenge of a 9-hole course with narrow fairways at Sandals St. Lucia. The grass is definitely greener at Sandals.

Call your travel agent or

1-800-SANDALS

JAMAICA • ST. LUCIA
ANTIGUA • BAHAMAS

Unique Vacations, Inc. is the worldwide representative for Sandals Resorts.
.Golf not available in Antigua

QUAIL LODGE
RESORT & GOLF CLUB
CARMEL
CALIFORNIA

THE ONLY MOBIL 5-STAR RESORT BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

Elegant country atmosphere minutes from town. Fine dining in our Covey restaurant. Golf and tennis. Member Preferred Hotels. Write or call Val Bishop for a color brochure. 8205 Valley Greens Dr., Carmel, Ca. 93923. (408) 624-1581. For reservations call (800) 538-9516.

Condé Nast Traveler Readers' Choice Awards 100 1995

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide

Courtesy PerryGolf

Where it all began: the Old Course at St. Andrews in Scotland, one of the high points of a PerryGolf European travel tour.

island, Sandals has a spot or two that any serious hacker could sink his sand wedge into. The Half Moon course in Jamaica is equally lush. Out west, there is little that compares to the Quail Lodge Resort and Golf Club in scenic Carmel, California, winner of the Mobil Travel Guide Five-Star Award for twenty consecutive years. For a trip to the game's birthplace in Scotland, or for playing a round or two in Britain, Ireland, Spain, or Portugal, PerryGolf based in Atlanta, Georgia, will arrange everything down to the tees and scorecards.

To be sure, golf has come a long way since that inventive caveman knocked a pebble into the family stew. The Power Game is upon us. Modern technology has provided new materials such as Titanium, Kevlar, and Boron that offer lightness with incredible strength to clubs. Three-hundred-yard drives are no longer somewhat possible, they're probable. Indeed, these new, oversized drivers with unlikely names such as Big Bertha are beginning to look less like golf clubs than some sort of high-tech weaponry. Just the thing the Scots could have used to even the score centuries before...as a little ball was bandied about by Roman infantry among the heather in the highlands—a curious game that became known as golf.

The crown jewel of Florida's northeast shore.

Since its celebrated opening in 1928, this historic oceanfront resort has proudly served three generations of vacationing families. Featured are 202 oversized rooms and suites, the Atlantic surf, a beautiful beach, pools, golf, tennis, fitness center, luxury spa, children's programs, fine dining and award-winning hospitality.

Just steps from the Atlantic Ocean, the Ponte Vedra Inn & Club offers two picturesque eighteen hole courses, each with its own distinct seaside links flavor.

A dazzling array of water hazards, bunkers, undulating fairways and elevated Bermuda greens combine to create every type of shotmaking challenge imaginable. All fourteen clubs are required here!

Attractive packages are available year round.
Call (800) 234-7842.

ESTABLISHED 1928

Ponte Vedra Inn & Club
Oceanfront Excellence

Maui Room & Car
For Only $525 per person dbl. occ

Package includes five nights in a deluxe ocean view studio with a fully equipped kitchen, tropical flowers and an automatic, air-conditioned compact car with unlimited mileage.

Relax on
10 Secluded Acres.

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-367-5030
NAPILI KAI BEACH CLUB
Maui's Most Hawaiian Resort
Valid to 12/14/96

Half Moon
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
See your travel agent or call
800-626-0592 • 809-953-2211
Member ERI/Heinz E. W. Simonitsch, Dir.

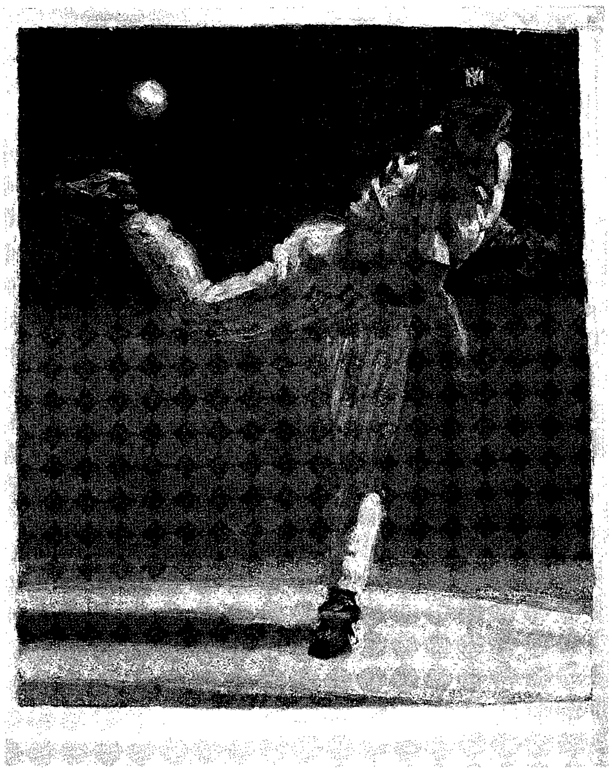
THE SPORTING SCENE

CONIC PROJECTION

The unexpected surgical pause in the career of Yankee ace David Cone might be the moment to appreciate a classic baseball samurai.

BY ROGER ANGELL

LATE last week, David Cone, the leader and prime starter on the Yankees' talented pitching staff, underwent surgery for the repair of a small aneurysm on the front of his right shoulder—on his pitching arm, that is. The operation was successful, but the news, which immediately darkens the Yankees' pennant outlook in the current campaign, came as a shock to his teammates and fans, for whom he has been a rock of certitude and accomplishment in the roiling seas of contemporary baseball. Cone has been exceptionally durable, never spending so much as a day on the disabled list over the past nine years, and if all goes well he might even be pitching again by late summer. Until that moment, there will be hovering doubts about the future of his career. It will also be a while before he knows whether the surgery will take care of the mysterious numbness that began to afflict the fingers of his right hand last month, altering his delivery. As it happened, I had spent many hours with Cone this spring, listening to him talk about his work, and, once I got past my initial flood of sympathy and outrage at this knockdown blow to a new friend, it occurred to me that the sudden sidelining of such a boringly reliable, high-octane performer might cause fans to notice Cone in more specific fashion, and perhaps better appreciate what he's been doing so well for so long.


Batter alert: this Cone-mail delivery will probably alter its flight plan at the last moment.

RICHARD SPARKS

Oddly enough, the presiding image of Cone before his hospitalization had also found him in deep trouble—bent double on the mound, with his head down by his knees, in despair and disbelief over the pitch he had just thrown. Battered with noise, burning with fatigue and combative desire, he had delivered a sinker into the dirt that the batter exultingly accepted for ball four, moving up three base runners and tying the game. It was Cone's last pitch of the 1995 season, and, for the instant, at least, it destroyed his year and his peace of mind. Back home in New York, he went to bed thinking about the moment, and found it waiting for him when he woke up. For the next ten days, he stayed in his apartment, not answering the telephone, slumping on his couch and then rest-

NEW YORK MEETS OLD YORK.

Britain by train... sit back in comfort as the countryside rolls by. Visit York, Chester, Edinburgh – arriving right in the city center.

Choose from a range of BritRail Passes... Classic Pass, FlexiPass... or the new Senior Pass. Ask about our FREE Kid's Pass. Combine your pass with a trip on Eurostar.

Call for our free Vacation Planner: 1-800-893-0060.
(Ask for Dept. TNY5)

BritRail Pass

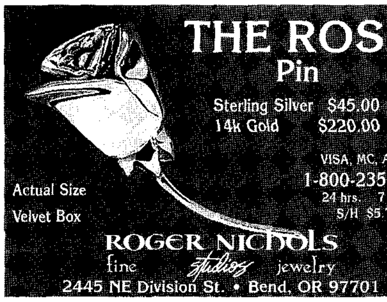
BritRail Travel International Inc.

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.

Diet and Fitness Center

Duke University Medical Center
Durham, North Carolina 27701
HTTP://dmi-www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html
800-362-8446



THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $5.75
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Civil War Generals • Hand Painted Metal Figures 2 1/4" by Tradition of England

Robert E. Lee and his Generals

Also available Lincoln and his Generals, with Mathew Brady the Photographer

$135 for either set

Military Mites • P.O. Box 2324, Rockville, MD 20847-2324. (301-770-1135) Visa or MC. Add 5% Postage. Color Catalog $6.00

1996 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions

"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art..."

The premier annual guide to over 1,500 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad...only $16.
RECOMMENDED BY THE NY TIMES, THE WASH. POST, VOGUE, AND GOURMET

CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC. P.O. BOX 25369,
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

lessly arising, walking and staring, throwing the pitch over and over again.

The pitch and the scene will be recognized, I think, by even the most casual fans in New York and Seattle as the eighth-inning, bases-loaded walk given up by Cone to the Seattle Mariners' Doug Strange, a pinch-hitter, in the fifth and final American League divisional playoff game last October. The walked-in run tied the score, as noted, and brought the surging Mariners even in a series in which they had trailed from the outset; no one was entirely surprised when they rallied for two runs in the eleventh inning to win the thriller and eliminate the imperial Yanks. Never mind that the Mariners went on to lose to the Cleveland Indians in the American League championship, or that the Indians themselves then fell before the Atlanta Braves in the taut, stoutly pitched World Series. The Mariners' brief glory in this, their first post-season effort after nineteen years of relentless mediocrity, was a populist triumph that, in effect, kept the Seattle baseball franchise in town. It was also a huge boost for the new and widely disparaged extra tier of playoff games (which had allowed the Mariners and the Yankees to meet in the first place), and a television godsend for baseball itself at the end of two unhappy, strike-shortened seasons. All this, one could say, from a base on balls.

Game autopsies so often turn out this way that I sometimes think of myself as a coroner of the pastime, with the motto "*Cherchez le loser*" stitched on my bloody gown, and I was gratified to find that Cone himself did not appear to find me ghoulish when I sought him out in spring training this March in Tampa and asked him to talk a little about the pitch. "There's been some second-guessing," he said. "A lot of critics think I should have thrown a fastball to Doug Strange—they said, 'Who is he, anyway?'—but Junior Griffey had hit a home run off a fastball of mine earlier in the inning, and I didn't think I had much velocity left. I ended up throwing a hundred and forty-seven pitches in that game, and I was running on empty. Thinking back, I was more concerned about my ability to finish my pitches than about the selection. I still believe that at any given point I can deliver any pitch in my repertoire. That was a three-and-two split-finger—I thought I could finesse my way through—but I didn't execute."

That Cone was the Yankee pitcher on the mound at this critical point is a vivid illustration of the fluid nature of modern big-time baseball. He had begun the year with the Kansas City Royals, where his 16–5 record in the strike-shortened 1994 season had earned him a Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in his league, but he was traded away to the Toronto Blue Jays just as the delayed spring training at last got under way. With both teams, it was Cone's second time around on the roster. Then, toward the end of July, he was traded to the Yankees, and his strong late-season performance—he went 4–1 in his last five starts—allowed them to squeeze into the playoffs as a wild-card entry. His combined 1995 pitching records placed him, as usual, among the league leaders in several categories—second in wins (he went 18–8 over all), fourth in strikeouts, sixth in earned-run average, and first in innings pitched. Even before the season began, Cone had often been in the headlines or on the late news, as an American League representative of the Players Association. Indeed, his presence at the bitter labor negotiations and his suave post-meeting summaries of the latest deadlocked position before the cameras are surmised—by Cone and many others—as the probable cause of his swift dismissal from the Royals, once baseball resumed.

"Last year was the toughest year I've had, by far," Cone told me in the Yankees' spring clubhouse. "There was a stretch in the winter where we were living day after day in Washington hotel rooms, lobbying Congress, meeting with the President at the White House, on the phones with players and union reps, then going back to New York for more. It was impossible to stay in shape—I didn't pick up a ball—and, with the short spring training, I never did get back to even. I was traded twice, and that wild-card race with the Yankees took the last ounce of effort we had. By the time the playoffs came, I was physically and emotionally drained. The way I ended up in that game brought it all back in a rush."

Doc Gooden, who was sitting close to us at his adjoining locker, now brought his hands up in mock horror, and moaned "Oh, no! Oh, no! Too *much*, man!" and the two old Mets collapsed in laughter at the pity of it all.

Cone, who is thirty-three, has an engagingly youthful air. His bright eyes and pale, faintly Fenian good looks (the name is Irish) have sometimes caused sportswriters to succumb to the "choirboy" epithet in describing him, but out on the mound he exudes a cold malevolence. As I wrote at the time, my wife, Carol, a long-term Mets fan, first noticed this after Cone was traded from the Mets to the Blue Jays, late in the season of 1992. "My God," she said, watching him on the tube in his strange new *habiliments*, "what's happened to David? He looks like an axe murderer out there."

That year, Cone's two hundred and sixty-one strikeouts led all major-league pitchers, and helped take him and Toronto all the way to the World Series; although he received no decisions, the Jays ended up winning both games he started against the Braves, and went on to a World Championship. It was here, I think, that he first picked up the "hired gun" sobriquet that was heard so often again last fall, when his flexible loyalty and habitual courage and efficiency took still another team into the post-season battlegrounds. "He's like a Clint Eastwood character," a fan friend of mine said not long ago. "He comes in and saves the village, but you don't want him to stick around and marry your daughter." Cone became a free agent again at the end of 1995, and late last December, after extended negotiations with the Baltimore Orioles (and, more briefly, with the Mets), he signed a three-year, no-trade contract (with options for two subsequent seasons) with the Yankees, for nineteen and a half million dollars. The samurai was home.

So much about Cone fits the complaints and clichés aimed at modern-day ballplayers—they are overpaid, they have no loyalty, they care too much about their union—that the exceptional accomplishments of his eleven-year career must come to many as an irritating or infuriating paradox. Cone's obdurate work ethic—he is a strikeout pitcher but by no means an imperious one, and a typical inning for him requires a lot of pitches and high counts—also runs counter to the "spoiled babies" rap against today's stars. Nothing about him, in fact, is simple—least of all his pitching. Although his thousand and sixteen whiffs as of the end of last season put him second only to the Mariners' Randy Johnson in major-league strikeouts over the past five years, his fastball, which tops out at ninety-one or ninety-two miles per hour, is distinctly secondary to the subtle and intelligent combinations of pitches he shows the batters—the full range of slider, fastball, curveball (he throws it as a change of pace), and forkball sinker (the split-finger pitch) that he delivers, in and out, to the corners of the plate, at slightly altered speeds and from higher or lower release points. (Sometimes he drops down and goes sidearm to a right-handed hitter.) Cone throws hard, make no mistake, and there has been as much speculation about the source of his heat—he is six feet one but looks smaller out on the mound, perhaps because he is always a bit hunched with concentration—as there has been (until just now) about the amazing resiliency of his arm. Every Conean pitch goes through the strike zone as if on a nefarious errand, and even the fastball gnaws or bores disconcertingly, late in its journey. This spring, Cone was mastering still another pitch—the sinking "two-seam" fastball that the Braves' Greg Maddux used with such devastating effect in the World Series last year. Who thinks the batters are overpaid these days? Not me.

BEAT writers have come to appreciate Cone's versatility as a talker almost as much as his slider. Two hours before his first start with the Yankees last summer, he held a clubhouse press conference to discuss the state of his arm and his hopes for the team he had just joined, thereby breaching a custom of mumbly reticence which the club had inherited from its manager, Buck Showalter. Cone's responses and opinions come out in almost visible finished sentences. When I asked him at one point why high player salaries were turning off the fans in such numbers, he said, "We'd be more popular if we'd won a lottery, instead of being someone who's tried to perfect his craft and put himself in a position to earn an exorbitant amount of money."

He seemed happier when we got back to baseball. What about the axe murderer, I said. Who was he?

"You gotta have an edge," Cone said. "You've got to have something that motivates you. You're taking this thing very seriously, while at the same time you're trying to curtail your emotion, control yourself. There's a balance, and I think I've gotten better at finding that. I used to pitch every game as if it was my last."

Yes. I quickly recalled a Mets game in Atlanta, early in 1990, when the umpire, Charlie Williams, blew the call on a close, second-baseman-to-pitcher (it was Cone) play at first base, and David hilariously lost it out there, screaming at length in the ump's face while two Braves base runners came tiptoeing around, all unnoticed, to score.

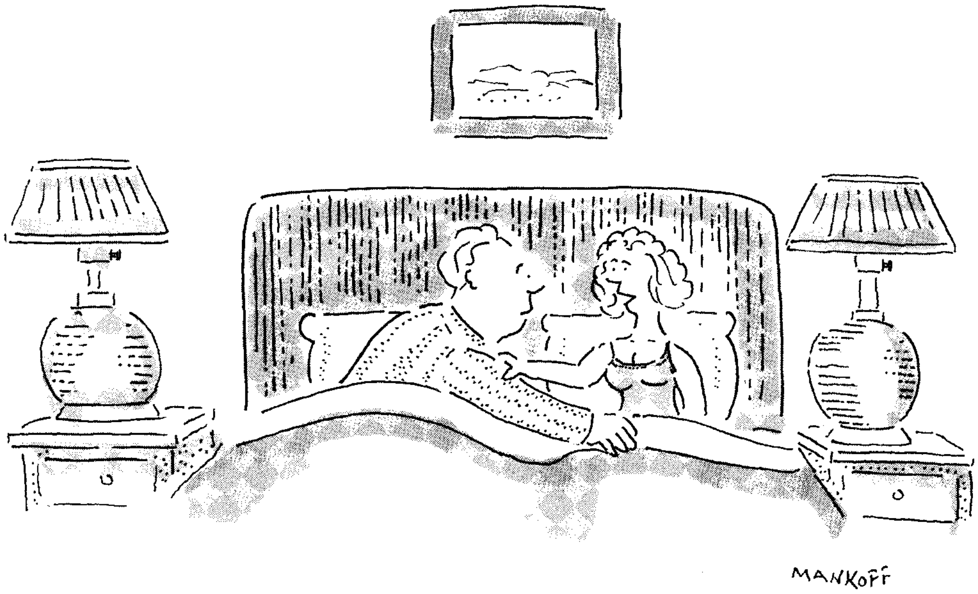
More often, though, his high competitive fever brought a better result, as I noticed later that same summer, when I saw him fan the Pirates' Bobby Bonilla with a fastball for the last out in a critical inning, and then, after rushing in from the field, pound wildly and exuberantly on the dugout wall with his fists. "I was screaming and yelling," he told us later. "I was in the euphoric state of going berserk."

Cone's determination is also evident in his extreme reluctance to come out of games before they are finished. His new Yankee manager, Joe Torre, says, "David is a throwback. He starts a game and expects to finish it, and that's a vanishing American. He's a guy you can't ask to come out of a game. You've got to make that decision for him, and that can get a little scary late in the season."

Cone said that he had been brought up in the old school, with hard-bitten Royals veterans like Vida Blue and Dennis Leonard, and it was understood that when the manager came out for a late visit you always said, "I can get this guy out." He admitted that there was some speculation about the state of his arm this year. "Every time I've been traded or changed teams, I've told myself, 'Now I've got something else to drive me ahead.' This time, people are saying, 'He threw a lot of innings, a lot of pitches. Is his arm going to blow out?' There's also the size of my contract, and there's the age factor. Nothing is new. There've always been doubts about me, and I've always felt I had something to prove."

DAVID was the youngest of four Cone kids, who grew up in the Northeast area of Kansas City; his father was a night-shift master mechanic in the Swift meat-packing plant. "Blue-collar all the way," Cone says. He describes himself as the runty kid hanging around the edges of his two brothers' crowd, hoping to get into the action. He got into Little League, but he couldn't play baseball at Rockhurst High School, because there was no diamond and no team; he made do with the Ban Johnson League, a summer circuit for high-school and college-age kids. He showed up at a tryout camp staged by the Royals, and was noticed. The spring after he turned eighteen, a Royals scout signed him. It took Cone five years to make his way up to the majors (a knee injury disabled him for an entire season), and the next spring, in 1987, he was traded to the Mets.

Again and again in our talks, Cone referred to himself as an "outsider" or an

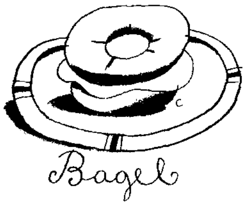


"I love you, but not in that way."

"orphan" in baseball, and the cast of eccentrics and high-wire performers and big-salary egos he found waiting for him in the clubhouse of those World Champion Mets—Lenny Dykstra, Gary Carter, Roger McDowell, Keith Hernandez, Doc and Mookie, Bobby O., Straw, and the rest—must have felt Dickensian, at the least. Cone gave up ten runs in his first career start, and the next day found a softball on his clubhouse chair, along with the note "This is what your fastball looked like yesterday."

"I was devastated," Cone said. "Those were rough times, but they taught me that you had to learn to take a shot. You had to have some substance, develop some character in a hurry." Help, it turned out, was no farther away than first base, where Keith Hernandez was giving his celebrated in-game seminars. "He was the guy who taught me, early on," Cone went on. "I'd look over there, and he'd be with me, pitch to pitch. That look in his eye, that intensity—he was so far into the game, always a pitch or a batter ahead, talking situations. He'd get right in your face, challenge you to get the job done. Watching him, I felt, I want to play like that—that's the style I want to emulate."

Those Mets of the late eighties and early nineties were a powerful presence in the city, a celebrity force majeure, but they were always a little short on the field. Heavily favored to sweep up another World Championship in 1988 (they won a hundred games, as Cone was posting a 20–3 record), they fell before the Dodgers in the league championships—a seismic shock from which they never quite recovered. Cone had become a great strikeout pitcher (he would fan nineteen batters one night down in Philadelphia), another star on a team of stars, but the high salaries and notoriety and a penchant for second place had begun to replace some simpler earlier hopes about the club. Drugs became the main clubhouse news about the Mets for a time, while Cone, a dedicated nighthawk, was named, along with others, in allegations of sexual improprieties. (In the end, no charges were brought.)



"I was pretty wild," Cone says now. "There was some hard living there for a while. I had a girlfriend, Lynn DiGioia, and we had rocky times. We've been together ten years, and, thanks to her, we made it through." He and Lynn, a Connecticut real-estate agent, were married in the fall of 1994, and live in an apartment on the East Side. When David once told me that he had been "just a kid from Kansas City" at the time he and Lynn first met, and that she had taught him everything about New York, I was reminded again how much a child a professional athlete often remains, no matter how suave or experienced he appears within the arena. Kid Cone still lives somewhere inside the cold-eyed mound stopper, and sometimes jumps out. On Cone's very first road trip after rejoining the Royals, he unstrapped his seat belt when their airliner was about to touch down, threw his airline magazine (with its airline plastic cover) on the floor, and surfed the length of the aisle.

Poor performance more than poor image broke up the famous Mets, but management never stopped poking at the team—knocking pieces off, it seemed. Dykstra departed early (the Mets have yet to find his replacement in center field), then Gary Carter and, in 1990, manager Davey Johnson. Cone had already lost his closest friends on the club, Bobby Ojeda and Ron Darling, by the time he himself was traded to the Blue Jays in 1992, but the move still came as a shock. One of his last starts for the Mets had been a 1–0 complete-game shutout win over the Giants. The Mets were said to feel uneasy about Cone's price as a coming free agent, but there were off-the-record murmurings that he was too small to be throwing as many innings and strikeouts as he did, and that his arm could not be expected to stand up much longer. That was seven hundred and forty-eight and a third innings and five hundred and nineteen strikeouts ago.

"We underachieved," Cone says of his old club, "but that team was broken up too soon. New York City belonged to the Mets then, and we were all proud of that. Part of me will always be a Met."

EARLY one morning in Tampa, Cone and I sat alone in the Yankee dugout while he talked pitching and showed me, with a ball, how he held each offering in his celebrated congeries—fastball, slider, his skulky back-door slider (it nips the outside corner to a left-handed batter), split-finger, and curve. Both varieties of slider depart from the norm, he said, because he throws them with his forefinger—rather than his middle finger—pressing hard along a seam. Holding the ball across the seams in the standard fastball grip, he turned his hand over and pointed to his little finger, which was oddly gnarled, twisted away from the ball. "I shattered that pinkie when I was bunting once, years ago," he said. "It changes the way I grab the ball, and that gives me a natural cutting action on the fastball, so it bores away from right-handed batters. Three-Finger Cone. Listen—any advantage you can get."

I quickly realized that I would need morphing capability to make much of this stuff come clear on the page, but Cone's passion for his trade was eloquent. "I learned to throw the slider way back when I was playing Wiffle Ball with my brothers," he said at one point. "If you do it right, your fingers sort of pull across when you finish the pitch. It's like a painter finishing a brushstroke." He made a little de Kooning swash through the air.

Each pitch or pitching concept, I noticed, came with an attribution. Luis Tiant, the old Red Sox fandango artist—observed by twelve-year-old David on television during the 1975 World Series—had first lured him toward the risks and glories of the mound. Playing winter ball in Puerto Rico while still in the minors, Cone picked up the split-finger from an ex-big-leaguer, Diego Segui—and then learned its refinement (a touch of thumb on the side of the ball, which causes the pitch to change its mind, diving back toward a right-handed batter's feet) from the grand theorist of the delivery, Roger Craig. "I've begun to develop a real feel for that pitch," Cone said. He sounded as if he were talking about a faithful hunting dog. He said that the value of changing speeds—"the philosophy of stretching the batters out"—often comes late in a pitcher's development, and here his guru had been Ron Darling. Whenever Cone changed clubs, it seemed, he had used the daunting shift of fortune as a means of consulting new pitching coaches—Bruce Kison, of the Royals; Galen Cisco, of the Blue Jays; Nardi Contreras with last year's Yankees—and new teammates as well. When he first came to the Jays, second baseman Robbie Alomar told him that he had been tipping off his split-finger pitch with a little movement of his glove. Cone thanked him and got rid of it.

The new two-seam fastball was coming slowly, Cone told me. "If you aim it at a left-handed batter's hip, it should be back over the plate at the last minute. If he tries to pull it, best he can do is foul it off, but most times he'll take it for a strike. But it's difficult to throw—you have to keep your hand on top and follow through, as if you were shooting a basket."

Was this a *fifth* pitch? I asked.

"Well, maybe," Cone said. "And then there are the different release points. That's the kicker. Don't let the batter be too sure where the pitch is coming from." He saw my expression and changed his tone. "Listen, the batters are working, too. Everybody tapes now—every pitcher is taped, every game, and the batters are looking. Tony Gwynn has a whole library of pitchers and situations. We can't tape back, because there are too many batters, but you have to do something—keep working, keep adding—just to stay even. It's tough out there, and it never ends."

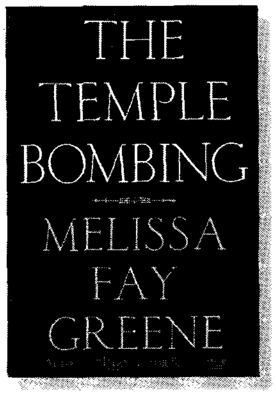
CONE'S new season started scarily, when he experienced increasing numbness in his pitching hand. His problems had begun with a victory on Opening Day, when he shut out the Indians over seven innings but lost feeling for the ball late on a wintry afternoon. After his fourth start, a losing effort against the Milwaukee Brewers, who racked him for nine hits in five innings, his right ring finger was blue and he felt twinges in his forearm. This was a new and distressing experience in his career. He won his next outing, against the Royals, but left the game after five innings, and soon underwent medical probing at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. An angiogram excluded the possibility of a blood clot, and, once the doctors put him on an extended regimen of blood thinners, he began to feel better. No one—least of all David himself—knew what to expect when he walked out to face the White Sox, up at the Stadium, on the fifth Thursday of the season.

I was anxious for him at the outset, when he looked stiff and uncertain in his motion, and only a fortuitous double play took him out of difficulties. In the next stanza, he dropped down to strike out Danny Tartabull with a sudden sidearm delivery, ending the inning, and, just that quickly, the tension and foreboding seemed to drain out of the evening. Cone, set free, began to enjoy himself, unsettling the Chicago batters with first-pitch, off-speed curveballs for called strikes and slipping a cutting fastball under their fists. Before the game, he had said he would omit the split-finger, sparing his arm, but he threw an absolute Vermeer to Harold Baines in the fourth, and then fanned the next man, Robin Ventura, with another beauty. Good pitching, when the man out there is on a roll, always looks unfair. Cone went the full distance, striking out eight and giving up a lone unearned run, while his teammates, joining the party, banged four home runs and won by 5–1. This has been a terrible year for the pitchers, but cool-hand Dave had run his current record to 4–1, with an earned-run mark of 2.03, the best in the league.

Cone was relieved and upbeat in the clubhouse. "It's been a long time since I was that free and easy and effortless," he said. "I've had a lot of anxiety."

But his easy days were over. Later that week, the numbness and chilliness returned to his pitching hand, now afflicting the palm as well. Cone, in typical fashion, wanted to persist by pitching against the Tigers on his appointed day in the rotation, but he was at last persuaded to reënter the hospital for more extensive testing. The decision to operate was made two days later.

That news, and now the beginnings of Cone's anxious, closely watched period of recovery, have made me think back to that last triumphant start and to re-run it, so to speak, in the not-so-instant replay of my mind. Watching him that night from my seat in the press box, I had an intimate view of each slider, fastball, and spinning curve working inside or just outside the invisible seven-sided box of the strike zone, and at moments I sensed both the logic and the exulting pride that linked them together. Cone in mid-windup, staring through the dark slot formed by his cap brim and his upraised left shoulder, looked like a sniper. In talking to him at length, I had sometimes found a blandness, almost an absence of personality, in his affable manner and his ready answers to my questions. Out on the mound, on a hard night, no part of him was missing. ♦


THE TEMPLE BOMBING
MELISSA FAY GREENE

Bigotry. Heroism.

"As illuminating as it is shocking."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

Atlanta, 1958.

"A devastating new exposé [that] proves that American terrorism didn't begin—and may not end—in Oklahoma City."
—Francine Prose, *Elle*

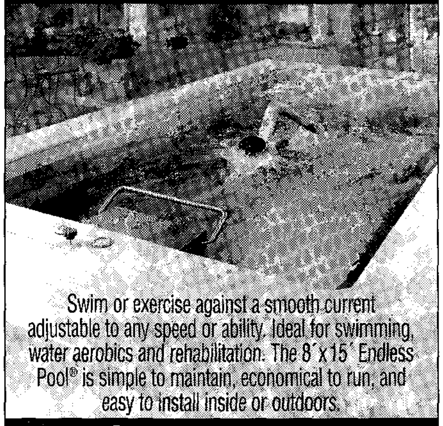
Addison-Wesley

Classical Journeys
Nile Cruising for people who enjoy exotic sights, cameraderie, and the finest 'Death on The Nile' style ship afloat.
Departures aboard the M/S Oberoi Philae from $2185
COX & KINGS
1-800-999-1758

Camden, Maine
In a seacoast village *where the mountains meet the sea*, an authentic summer hotel has been preserving the traditions of Maine hospitality since 1901. 50 rooms, fine dining, wine & spirits
Whitehall Inn
Box 558, Camden, ME 04843 (800) 789-6565

Wolfgang-June 7-15
OK MOZART FESTIVAL
Ransom Wilson, Artistic Director
918.336-9800 Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Swim at Home™



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8′x15′ Endless Pool® is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

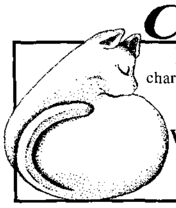
Call (800) 732-8660
or visit www.endlesspools.com

ENDLESS POOLS™
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept N11
Aston, PA 19014

Cape Cod
A Great Vacation Destination - *filled with History & Natural Beauty.*
Enjoy white, sandy beaches, historic sites, cultural activities, and golf on more than 30 courses.
Write for our free Resort Directory, or call (508) 362-3225.
CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
P.O. Box 16, Hyannis 9, MA 02601
hhttp://www.capecod.com
We'd love to show you around.
MASSACHUSETTS

3,200,000 Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
Discontinued & Active. Buy Or Sell.
Call for **FREE** listings of pieces available in your patterns.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029,
Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

CAT BROOCH



Based on a Japanese netsuke, this charming kitty is handcrafted in sterling silver. Designed by Chip deMatteo.
1.5" $40 PPd.Catalog $2.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Dr.
Williamsburg, VA 23185
(800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

ANNALS OF JOURNALISM

HEAR ME PURR

Maureen Dowd and the rise of postfeminist chick lit.

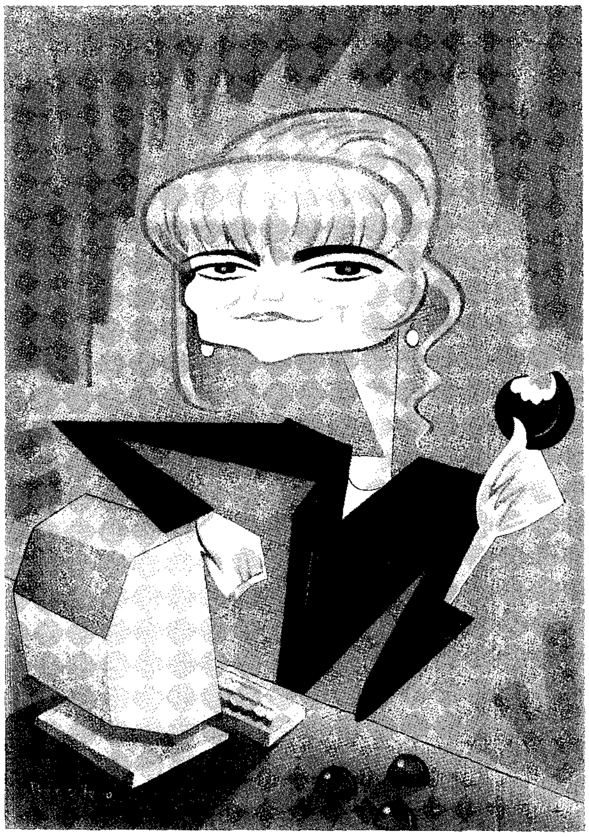
BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Until the nineteen-nineties, the Op-Ed page of the New York *Times* was, with few exceptions, an all-male den. Reading a column by Arthur Krock or James Reston, the Yankee skippers of punditry, was like hearing the reasonable word from on high. News became instant history in their soothing hands, as they shelved each prominent person and event in the March of Time. You could almost hear dead men coughing in the background. In 1973, the *Times* Op-Ed page acquired some rattlesnake juice, with the controversial hiring of William Safire, who, after a shaky start, found his footing by using his experience as a former speechwriter for Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew to perform lively decodings of bureaucratic infighting and mind games. Many of his columns were written in the form of memos, which displayed his knack for giving Machiavellian advice in Mamet-like sound bites. His hardened-newspaperman staccato was a welcome relief from the increasingly attenuated whimsy of Russell Baker and the moral urgency of Anthony Lewis. But Safire was still a guy among guys, inhaling and exhaling the page's stale male air. The biggest change in the local climate came in 1990, with the elevation of Anna Quindlen from popular life-style columnist ("Life in the 30s") to Op-Ed pundit. It wasn't just that Quindlen was a woman entering a mostly male bullpen. Flora Lewis, the page's former foreign-affairs columnist, was also a woman. But when Lewis wrote about foreign affairs she didn't write as a woman; she wrote as a foreign-affairs specialist. Quindlen was all woman—a kind of Liv Ullmann of bountiful empathy. She displaced Ellen Goodman as the thinking person's favorite sensible feminist. To some of her fans, she became a living shrine. To some of her detractors, she was political correctness all tied up in a bow. In 1995, when Quindlen left the Op-Ed page in order to focus on her fiction (she has published two best-selling novels), a spot became available for another female voice. The nod went to Maureen Dowd, which was only fitting. According to "The Girls in the Balcony," Nan Robertson's 1992 book about women at the *Times*, it was Quindlen who discovered Dowd and urged that she be hired as a reporter, plucking Dowd's clips out of a pile and announcing, "This woman writes better than anybody on the paper!" But, as Susan Faludi recently lamented in *The Nation*, Dowd can't be said to have carried on the cause of sisterhood since assuming her Op-Ed duties. Where Quindlen presided like a mother hen in print, Dowd acts like a chick—pun intended. "Chick," a slang term that has made a comeback of late, used to mean Connie Stevens's Cricket on "Hawaiian Eye" or a beatnik girl in a black turtleneck and raccoon mascara. Today, a chick is a postfeminist in a party dress, a bachelorette too smart to be a bimbo, too refined to be a babe, too boojy to be a bohemian. Dowd's column is called "Liberties," which sounds aptly freewheeling.

Dowd became popular as a political reporter because she had a camera eye for quirky details that gave her descriptions of the Beltway real texture, and she put into her copy the sort of wisecracks that most reporters reserved for one another's amusement. She said what others were thinking or muttering but kept hidden under the lid of objectivity. The *Times'* first female chief White House correspondent, she emphasized personality over process. Edwin Diamond writes of Dowd in "Behind the Times" (1993), "A newsroom colleague remembered her reaction when, finishing her tour of the New York office, her ticket punched, she learned she was going back to Washington. She would write big-time features, and eventually cover the

Reagan-Bush White House, Dowd told her co-worker, in that way she had of leaning intimately into the conversation. 'I know one thing,' she said. 'I'm not going to be covering any of those dreary regulatory agencies.' "

Dowd was by far the liveliest chronicler of the Reagan and Bush White Houses; she saw through the absurdity of much of the playacting that comes with being President. But her desire and ability to dish sometimes created queasiness at the *Times*, whose editors wanted the paper to be livelier without becoming tackily tabloid. One such flareup was the result of the paper's front-page scoop on Kitty Kelley's biography of Nancy Reagan, in which Dowd trumpeted the book's juicier bits and factoids without taking what some thought was sufficient note of Kelley's history as a celebrity hackette. The paper was accused—from within and without—of aiding and abetting a trash job on Mrs. Reagan. (Mike Wallace of "60 Minutes" was among the critics.) At a staff meeting, the paper's then executive editor, Max Frankel, seemed to agree with the complainants, saying that the article was "not up to *Times* standards." According to Diamond's account, "The protest meeting was relayed via speakerphone to Washington, where several bureau people, including Dowd, were listening. When Frankel's comments came over the line, Dowd, flushed and angered, rushed out of the room. She had to be persuaded not to resign. She had done what she was asked to do—turned the story around in two days, in a lively manner, and for her efforts she was put down." This incident proved to be a minor wobble in her star ascendancy. Her humor and her rabbit punch remained intact. She would describe a Clinton-Yeltsin summit in terms of a "bad hair day." Her most frequently cited zinger appeared in the opening paragraph of a front-page report on President Clinton's visit to Oxford: "President Clinton returned today for a sentimental journey to the university where he didn't inhale, didn't get drafted and didn't get a degree."



ROBERT RISKO

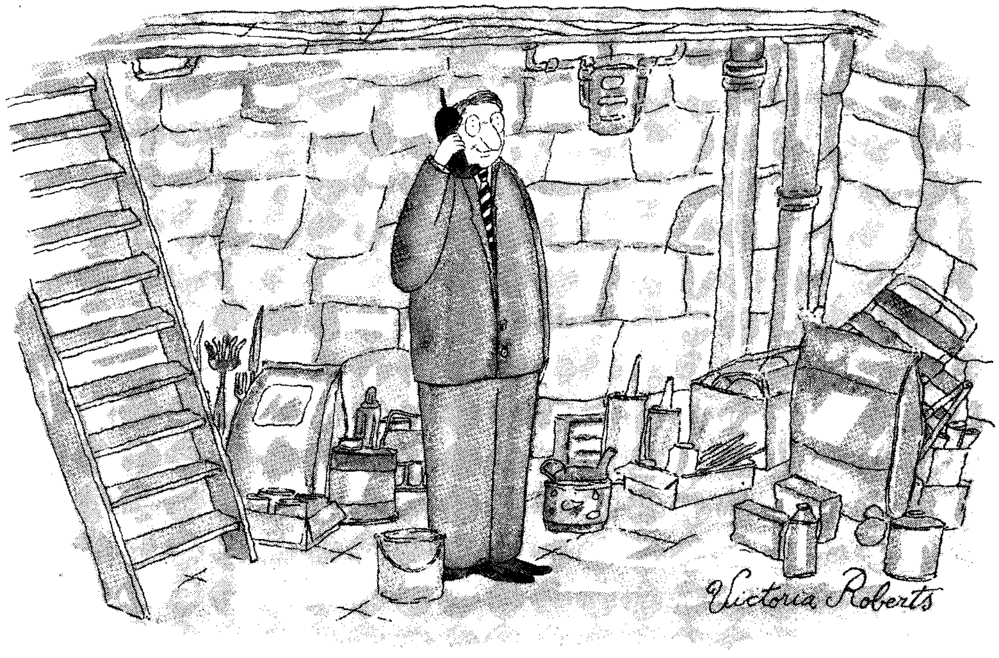
Rather than a window on the world, Dowd's column is becoming a full-length mirror.

James Fallows observes in his new book, "Breaking the News," that Dowd's sassy tone became the hip model for the mediacracy. He cites the reporter Matthew Cooper, now of *The New Republic*, who contended that if the "iconic figure of the press in the eighties was Sam Donaldson shouting his question at Reagan over the helicopter blades," the "It" girl of the Clinton era was Maureen Dowd. Fallows also quotes Dowd's defense of her emperor-has-no-clothes approach:

> During the Bush years, Democrats continued to want tough, vigilant coverage of the White House—and they loved it when I did irreverent stories that tweaked George Bush for being out-of-touch or inarticulate.
>
> But when reporters gave the same scrutiny to President Clinton, Democrats acted betrayed. The Clinton crowd assumed that most reporters were liberals who would help them succeed, and they never really accepted the idea of a skeptical press as a legitimate part of the democratic process.
>
> Attacking the press is a cheap way to throw the spotlight off a politician who is stumbling. The vigilance demanded by Democrats in the coverage of Reagan and Bush is the "cynicism" they complain of now.

A reasonable defense, except that, as Katherine Boo noted in *The Washington Monthly* a few years ago, the skepticism practiced by Dowd and her imitators isn't trained so much on the policies of elected officials or their financial backing as on their personal foibles and lapses in appearance. As Jay Leno has often wisecracked, politics is show business for ugly people.

DOWD hasn't always worked as a solo act. In 1992, she and the paper's drama critic Frank Rich covered the Democratic and Republican National Conventions for the *Times*. They made a good comedy team, peeping behind the photo ops and dispensing anecdotes like canapés. Their best pieces read as if Jerry and Elaine from "Seinfeld" had been issued press passes. Like Dowd, Rich was rewarded with an Op-Ed column; as "the Butcher of Broadway," he'd already done about all the damage to theatre in New York that he could do. ("Drama critics are an interesting breed: they like Show Biz and manifest a destructive hatred for genuine theater"—Paul Goodman, 1964.) Together, Rich and Dowd, who are both in their forties, represent the *Times'* middle-aged youth movement. In his "Journal," as his column is called, Rich covers politics and pop culture as overlapping spectacles in the Big Top of contemporary life. Yet his approach to column-writing has been very different from Dowd's. Although Rich sometimes lets plop with what he fancies to be a "fun" column (such as his parody of the Jackie O. auction), he has tended to treat his space as a serious base of operations. He's a classic Upper West Side worrywart, ready to defend Zabar's against all comers (a recent piece on him in the Washington *Post* states, "Frank Rich still remembers his Grandma Lillian's view of the world: Things were either good for the Jews or bad for the Jews"), and he has turned his soapbox into a pillbox, spraying ammo at the Christian Coalition and the Contract-with-America advocates. He has also used his column as a platform for other writers' alarms about the dark gruntings on the right. He touted Michael Lind's



"Oh, just cellaring. You?"

• •

exposé of the anti-Semitic soil in Pat Robertson's book "The New World Order" and hyped Tanya Melich's book on the Republican war against women. The steady heat from Rich's column has raised his visibility and has given him a distinct role as William Bennett's sparring partner in the culture-wars debates about trash TV and gangsta rap. He has begun to pop up on Sunday-morning talking-heads shows like "Meet the Press" and in the mosh pit of Don Imus's radio program. Yet, despite all the hubbub Rich has created, all the horsefly annoyance he has managed to cause the right, senior editors at the *Times* are said to be unhappy with his column.

Those same editors are pleased with Maureen Dowd. She's their darling. (The word inside the *Times* is that they put her up for a Pulitzer this past year.) Why? It can't be the quality of the columns themselves. Dowd had a good streak when she began, in the summer of 1995, doing a hilarious decoding of Calvin Klein's apology for his kiddie-porn ads; a nifty takeoff on the Democrats' auctioning off access ("For $50,000, Al Gore will come over and help you choose your long-distance service"); and a personal reminiscence on Pat Buchanan's roughneck upbringing which had a snap-tight ending: "That night, my mother called me. She's in the Sodality with Pat's mom and she wanted me to be nice to him. I told her I couldn't abide the politics of exclusion and resentment. 'What's he going to say when you call him a bully?' she worried. 'He'll say I'm a nice Catholic girl who didn't mean it.' But I do." Last fall, Dowd's censure of this magazine for rubbing shoulders with the "Rabelaisian backlot brat" Roseanne had enough hip inflections not to come across as a stuffy pronouncement. She has mastered the art of moralizing along the inseams. But where Frank Rich proudly wears his heart on his forehead, Dowd pockets hers, relying less on throbbing opinions than on flippant put-downs.

Although she sports a reputation as an iconoclast, she's no contrarian when it comes to pop culture. She snickers at easy targets most of us are sick of anyway, like Oliver Stone's overexposed ego ("Nixon") or Woody Allen's weaselly ethics ("Mighty Aphrodite"). She rarely risks an unpopular stand against a major phenomenon, playing instead to an "in"-group snideness that retreats from any uncool show of enjoyment or passion. No surprise, then, that Dowd's antihero is the irascible and ever ironic David Letterman, about whom she wrote in a column regarding the late-night-talk-show battles, "You've got to love a guy who makes $14 million a year but is miserable because he isn't sure we like him." (We got to? Why do we got to?)

As a reporter, Dowd was witty. As a columnist, she works at being witty. That slight degree of extra effort results in a squeaky effect. A reader becomes aware of how much tinkering is needed to keep the laugh machine producing clever gags. No one begrudges her the obligatory column on Martha Stewart or Helen Gurley Brown, for example—it's unavoidable. More strain is evident in the gimmicky columns that are the journalistic equivalent of a "gadget" play in football—flea-flickers such as using a lie detector on Washington spin doctors, or asking the new breed of anchor hunks if they're androids. Recent reports of falling sperm counts led her to ponder the fertility war between men and women, which she couched in supermarket-checkout-line happy chat: "And consider the anecdotal evidence. Michael Jackson can't make Lisa Marie Presley happy. Kenneth Branagh can't make Emma Thompson happy. David Letterman can't make himself happy. Clint Eastwood is exploring his inner woman. And Madonna, the author of that respected study 'Sex,' is so dissatisfied with the male specimens she meets that she is talking about advertising to find a father for her child." (The Material Girl has since found a donor.)

Dowd has even resorted to that old columnist's standby—peering into the crystal ball to make political forecasts. The budget debate prompted the following fantasy on November 19th:

> Nov. 23, 1995: The President tries to make peace by inviting the Speaker to the White House for Thanksgiving. All goes well *until* Mr. Gingrich spies a demitasse spoon above his plate. Jumping up and throwing down his linen napkin, he cries: "Don't you know that a teaspoon has no place at a formal table? What kind of a rube do you take me for?"
>
> Dec. 20, 1995: Under pressure to end the impasse by Christmas, Mr. Gingrich invites the Clintons to a holiday cocktail party at the

> Capitol. The merriment ends abruptly when the Speaker confronts the President at the hors d'oeuvre table. "You pathetic vulgarian! Asparagus may be taken in the fingers, but you never take a long drooping stalk, hold it up in the air and catch the end of it in your mouth like a fish. Marianne, get our guests their coats."

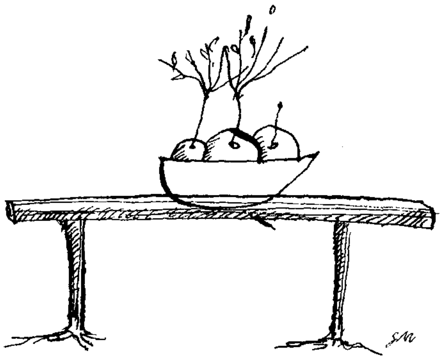
Those funny-crystal-ball pieces never do work.

Since it took a titan like Safire a year or so to hit his stride, Dowd may simply need more time to sharpen her act. But she seems to be heading in the wrong direction. She has become increasingly kittenish in her columns. She rubs up against the reader's leg. Her work lacks any sense of social dimension: everything is about her, her, her. She leans heavily on her Catholic upbringing, doing one column about the dotty folklore passed down by dotty nuns, another about school uniforms. Rather than a window on the world, her column is a full-length mirror. One column had her analyzing the pre-Christmas catalogues cramming her mailbox. Another featured her spoofing the concept of Voluntary Simplicity as she rummaged through her record collection and other mementos. "It was a time for tough choices. The original motion picture soundtracks of 'Flashdance' and 'Thunderball' and Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass had to go." Still another found her "snowbound" with her " 'emergency shelf' of Mallomars and Ben & Jerry's Chubby Hubby." A few days later, when the snow had been cleared, Dowd was able to visit the clothing store Barneys, which had just declared bankruptcy: "I had always been a little intimidated by Barneys' imperious manner. But emboldened by the news that it handles money with less skill than I do, I headed to Madison Avenue to gloat." Her gloating resulted in three columns about Barneys, the last addressing a report in the New York *Post* that she'd thrown a hissy-fit when the store refused her a discount on a Prada handbag. Preposterous, she claimed. She wasn't even in the city on the day in question and, besides, "I wouldn't be caught dead in Prada":

> I decided to investigate my own whereabouts on April 2. I came up with good news and bad news. The good news was that I had an alibi. The bad news was that my alibi was Strom Thurmond.
>
> "My records show that you were here and you do have pretty red hair," the 93-year-old Senator said.

The Barneys columns were attention-getters—a social comedy in three acts. But Dowd's coy impersonation of a slyboots is a constricted role. One of the odd aftereffects of feminism is that it seems to have softened and juvenilized so much of women's journalistic swagger. (Not a phenomenon confined to journalism: Parker Posey in "Party Girl" epitomizes the *Cosmo* girl as downtown chick; in pop music, a kooky singer-songwriter chick seems to surface every six months to be photographed barefoot for *Spin.*) When the women's-liberation movement got cranking, in the late sixties and early seventies, polemicists such as Ti-Grace Atkinson, Germaine Greer, and Valerie Solanas (the author of the "S.C.U.M. Manifesto") spurned the steady brushstrokes of belletristic prose to spray-paint ideological graffiti worthy of the lavatory wall. Their underground spiels owed as much to Jean Genet as to any feminist godmother. They wrote, as Norman Mailer observed in "The Prisoner of Sex," like "very tough faggots": "It was a good style. At its best, it read with the tension of an anger profound enough to be kept under the skin." Such impacted anger can't be bottled forever. It either has to blow, as in Solanas's assassination attempt on Andy Warhol, or has to dissipate into a more general satisfaction. It's difficult to keep up a sneer, unless you're Kathy Acker and/or have had your head shaved.

The butch sensibility that imbued so much female writing in the seventies didn't moderate or modulate into maturity. Instead, too much feminist and postfeminist writing has reverted in the nineties to a popularity-contest coquetry. I'm not sure there has ever been more sheer *girlishness* in journalistic writing than there is today. (The male parallel is the P. J. O'Rourke-style "guy" posturing: booze, cigars, babes.) One can spot this Noxzema gleam in the first-person exploits of Lynn Snowden; in the sex chat of Cynthia Heimel, *Details'* Anka Radakovich, and E. Jean Carroll (whose latest book is called "A Dog in Heat Is a Hot Dog"); in pop-fiction anthologies like "Chick-Lit," where the concerns of the female characters seem fairly divided between getting laid and not getting laid. Zoe Heller's weekly column in the London *Sunday Times* magazine is a chick's journal. Candace Bushnell's column in the New York *Observer* eavesdrops on chicks in pursuit of rich roosters. In England, Julie Burchill straddles the cusp between Chrissie Hynde chick and Germaine Greer hag. Political-reporter chick: Ruth Shalit. (Coming up fast at Washington's *Weekly Standard:* Shalit's kid sister, Wendy.) Conservative-spokesmodel chick: Laura Ingraham. Humor chick: Merrill Markoe. Prozac chick: Elizabeth Wurtzel. Backup Elizabeth Wurtzel chick: Mim Udovitch. Some of these writers are gifted and amusing, but all cling to and fluff up an image of themselves that seems flirty and confrontational at the same time: flirtational. (Tell me I'm cute—or else.)

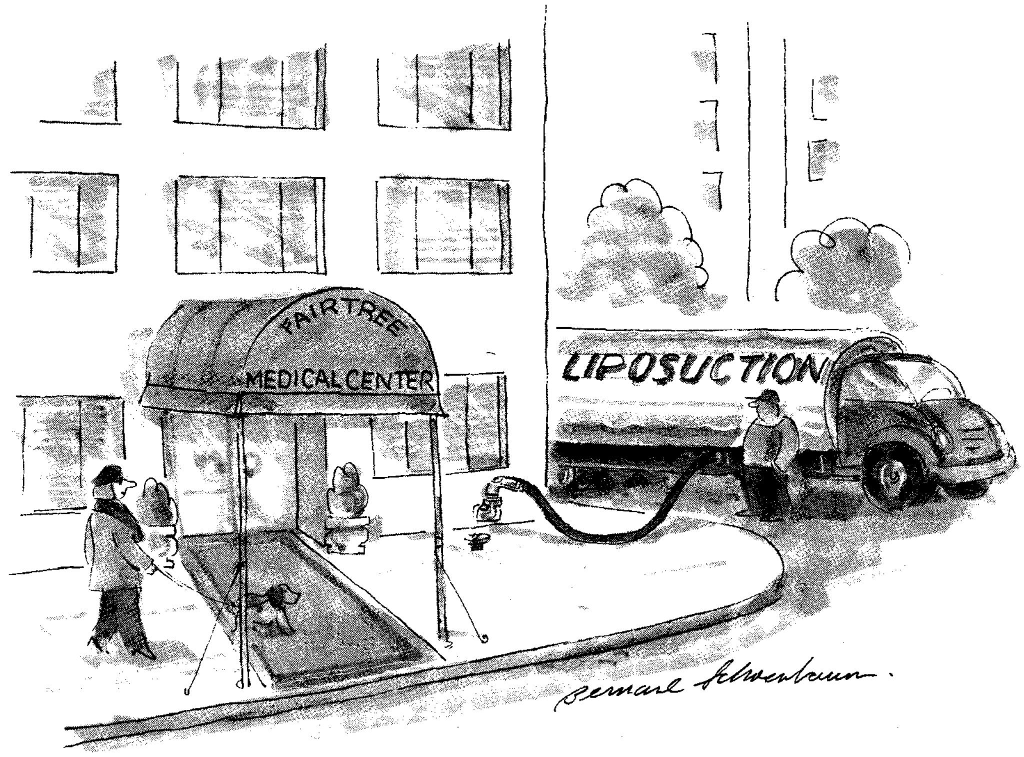


What makes chick writers so marketable? It isn't just the bonhomous attitude, the trail of cigarette smoke in their style. In large part, it's because chicks are so unthreatening to men—to male editors and readers alike. Unlike the grownup female opinion writers—Ellen Willis, Barbara Ehrenreich, and Katha Pollitt on the left, who attack issues with the contentious spirit and idea-crunching machinery of the old *Partisan Review*, or Florence King on the right, who is quite happy to let the world go its own damned way—Maureen Dowd comes across as a cool insider to the (mostly male) cognitive élite, a guy's kinda gal. She is much more likely to quote male-reporter pals in her column than other women writers. She often sounds like the only dame dealt into the poker game. This persona still "plays," because it appeals to our sense of sporty individuality. And it allows the writer to pit herself against pieties of every persuasion. To a writer like Dowd, feminism can be just another form of policy wonkery. Who needs all that mental heavy lifting? Late-term abortion is not a topic that inspires many wisecracks.

PERHAPS the key to Dowd's success with the *Times* politburo is her persistent razzing of the Clintons. Where Rich functions as a part-time Clinton defender (a sometimes lonely post), Dowd harmonizes with the anti-Clinton hostility of the editorial-page editor, Howell Raines. (After Raines published a querulous Editorial Notebook attacking James Fallows and his do-gooder approach to journalism, Dowd chimed in with a column tweaking Fallows and defending the "raffish" press in its hound-dog pursuit of official malfeasance.) She has Clinton's psychological profile down cold. Time and again, she has portrayed him as a ball of Silly Putty, bearing the imprint of the last person he hugged. "It's the same old Clinton affliction: serial sincerity." He is immature: "We gave up a long time ago on President Clinton as father figure. He is President as gifted teen-ager, elevating his undisciplined, incomplete, searching personality to a management style." Later, she updated her take: "The President-as-Teen-Ager has been trying to morph into the Good Father." Either way, he can't win with her. If Clinton brought more slash and dash to his unstable momentum, sprinkled more glints of irony into his words and expressions, his "incomplete, searching personality" might be considered not a defect but a quicksilver asset, akin to the existential flair that made J.F.K. the movie-star hero of Norman Mailer's famous essay "Superman Comes to the Supermarket." Clinton is ridiculed for the very drives that enabled him to break from the pack and continue to this day to shake off tacklers. His appetites are belittled as nothing more than overgrown-boy Elvis binges. But it's his appetites that humanize him and make him more than just another politician on autopilot. As Camille Paglia wrote in the on-line magazine *Salon*, "with his hamburgers, horse laughs, flirtations, schmoozing, and easy tears, Bill symbolizes emotional openness and enjoyment of life—principles sorely needed in our politics."

If Dowd isn't in the mood to heckle the President, she passes the mike to other discontents. When Clinton visited Ireland in 1995, he was greeted by jubilant admirers for his efforts on behalf of peace in Northern Ireland, efforts Dowd herself applauded, albeit clumsily: "Mr. Clinton often does the right things for the wrong reasons, or the wrong things for the wrong reasons. But this time, whatever his reasons, he is doing the right thing. There is an old Gaelic maxim: 'Never bolt the door with a boiled carrot.' Mr. Clinton has unbolted a door. Maybe he has even left boiled carrots behind." Ah, those old Gaelic maxims. Of course, the good will couldn't last. When Clinton left Ireland and landed at an Army barracks in Germany to address soldiers who were being posted to Bosnia and their families, he faced a stonier audience:

> As he explained why America must send troops to that muddy, snowy, murderous terrain, Melissa Gammage, the 21-year-old wife of a soldier who clears land mines, offered a mordant running commentary.
>
> When the President said the division had trained long and hard, she objected, "Not for this." When he said the mission would be clearly defined, she called softly, "Boo." When he said that the task force was ready to roll, she muttered, "That's a bald-faced lie." When he said that the soldiers were about to do "something very important for the world," she snapped, "I don't want to be a 21-year-old widow with two kids."
>
> Her friend Alicia Gloss, a 19-year-old sergeant's wife toting 2-year-old Kelsey, said: "Morale is very, very low here. My husband is all hoo-ha to go. But he just got back, and now he has to leave again before Christmas? He hasn't even had a chance to drive his new Dodge yet."
>
> Chris, a 23-year-old soldier, didn't want to use his last name when he stopped to talk near a row of armored tanks about a conflict he does not understand and a city named Sarajevo he can't pronounce.
>
> "To tell you the truth, it just seems that every time an election is coming up, all the Presidents decide to do something big," he said. "I feel real bad for the women and children in Bosnia, but why can't they settle it their own selves? I have a 1-year-old daughter I might never see again."



Nowhere in the piece does Dowd offer substantive objections to Clinton's Bosnia policy, probably because she's as befuddled as everybody else except David Rieff about what remedy to apply. Nor does she explain how Clinton or any President is supposed to conduct foreign policy and deploy troops if he's expected to wait for every soldier to have the opportunity to drive his new Dodge or learn how to pronounce the names of foreign capitals. (Given American ignorance of geography, our troops would never leave their bunks.) Dowd doesn't give Clinton credit for attempting to halt further genocide in Bosnia (a responsibility he could have shirked; it's hardly been a popular move in the polls), because giving him credit would mean acknowledging that he is a political leader of some marrow and conviction rather than a Jules Feiffer cartoon with jumpy nerves. She never comes out and argues that Clinton has been a *bad* President, or that anyone on the current scene would be any better. (She did entertain a brief flutter for Colin Powell, whom she swooned over in a "Bridges of Madison County" parody as a "graceful, hard male animal," loping out of the Presidential race "like a fine leopard on the veld." Mandingo!) Clinton's sin seems to be not that he is a failed President but that he is an erratic performer. He doesn't quite satisfy her.

Dowd's depiction of Hillary Rodham Clinton is no less derogatory. In a column dated August 10th, she took an easy poke at Mrs. Clinton's syndicated column—"To read Hillary Rodham Clinton's new column, you would think everything was peachy keen"—before embarking on a detailed recap of Mrs. Clinton's alleged chicanery. Shortly after William Safire delivered his "congenital liar" insult, Dowd tried to top him by comparing the First Lady to—unless I misread her—a dead fish. The column begins by recounting a dinner she had with Mrs. Clinton in 1992 (the Journalist's Credo: Let no anecdote go to waste), during which Mrs. Clinton

> told a story about the summer during law school when she went to Alaska and got a job in a fish-processing plant. She was supposed to scoop out the entrails, but she began to get worried about the state of the fish.
>
> "They were purple and black and yucky looking," she recalled. She questioned the owner about how long the fish had been dead. He told her to stop asking questions. She didn't and was fired. "I found another job," she said coolly.

A less tendentious spirit might think that this anecdote reflects admirable pluck on the part of young Hillary—her not wanting to pass on bad fish and her willingness to confront the boss. To Dowd it demonstrates the moralistic side of the future First Lady: "She reminded me of Sister Sarah, the mission doll from 'Guys and Dolls.' " A pious do-gooder, and a hypocritical do-gooder at that: "Now Mrs. Clinton is the authority, and she doesn't take kindly to being prodded. If anybody notices something yucky about her financial and political entrails they are supposed to trust that she is working for the greater good." To Dowd, H.R.C.'s bossy ambition ("Her much vaunted idealism has a way of riding roughshod over those around her") reeks of hubris. And "reeks" is the word. Her entire column is funnelled toward the big payoff of the final sentence: "As she must remember, the fish rots from the head down." (In a more recent column, she relished the fall from grace of the Clinton adviser Susan Thomases, who was part of the rot: "I miss her rabid maneuvering on behalf of the First Lady." I've no doubt.)

Reading Dowd's rotting-fish column, I recalled a throwaway remark by Nora Ephron in "Scribble Scribble," which said, "The anecdote is a particularly dehumanizing sort of descriptive narrative." I didn't grasp the comment at the time (the book was published in 1978), but now I understand what Ephron meant: the anecdote has become an all-purpose put-down device, which boxes complicated issues and individuals into a single caption. Maureen Dowd's columns have become a series of cutie-pie captions. Her pieces on Bob Dole—mocking his name, his backroom expertise, his attempt to project vigor—are almost Dadaist in their free-form dither. Lacking the underdog fight of her colleague Bob Herbert, the brass-knuckled know-how of William Safire, the newfound purpose of Frank Rich, the "Network"-anchorman evangelism of A. M. Rosenthal (who writes as if he were shouting from the fire escape), she trots out a tricky line of patter that pins her targets to the page without ever betraying a particular point of view. Dowd is making mischief on the Op-Ed page, but that's all she's making. Her columns are so light they're beginning to levitate. Like the Cheshire cat, she leaves only her grin behind. ♦

HOMES & ESTATES

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY

Beautiful homes for rent in Tuscany, Umbria, Veneto, Lake Como, the Italian Riviera, Campania, Calabria & Sicily. All at affordable weekly rates.
THE PARKER COMPANY
800 280 2811

LONDON FLATS
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

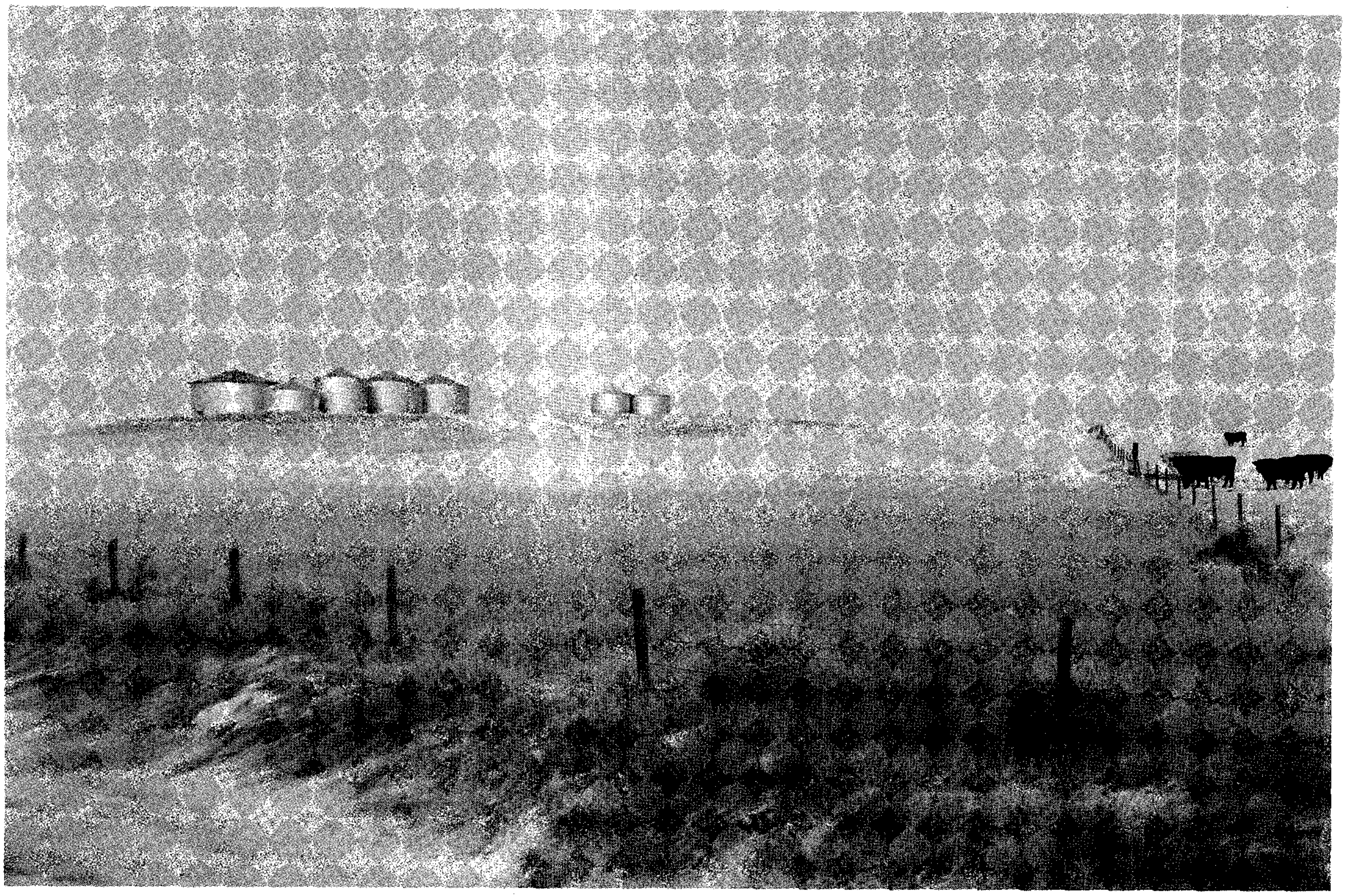
HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 171 823 8433

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly advertising feature in
THE NEW YORKER
Please call Cristina Thais at
(212) 536-5883 for information
on advertising in this section.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
INTERNET: http://www.ditell.com/~london/

Kiawah
Island's 10 Mile Beach
Free 24-Page Resort Guide
1-800-845-3911 Ad #582
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Ravenel Associates, Kiawah Island, SC 29455



A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNLAMENTED WEST

Militias, Freemen, mad bombers—why do so many extreme and dangerous individualists seem to come from one place?

BY JONATHAN RABAN

Most mornings at this time of year, I gut the skinny national edition of the New York *Times* on my third-floor deck—looking east, over the green Seattle suburbs, to the spindrift snowcaps of the Cascade Range. Past the Cascades, sagebrush takes hold, in the dry coulees and lumpy prairie country of eastern Washington. The land turns green again in Idaho, in the fir-clad foothills of the Rocky Mountains. And after the Rockies, it's back to dust and sagebrush on the arid plains of eastern Montana and the Dakotas. I've driven that route so often that the intervening mountains offer no serious impediment to the thousand-mile view from the deck: on a good day, I can see clear to the North Dakota badlands—to Dickinson, Minot, Bismarck, and the coffee-colored gleam of the Missouri River, where the Midwest begins.

For people on this fertile coast, most of "The West" is, as people like to say, Back East. It belongs to the past. It is where parents and grandparents lived and—mostly—failed, leaving a forlorn trail of abandoned homesteads, bankrupt businesses, exhausted mines, and empty logging camps behind them. Serial failure is the driving theme in the family narratives of a great many of my immediate neighbors: high hopes dashed, rekindled, dashed again, as families crawled westward, in meagre increments of a hundred miles or so, until at last they found a modestly secure anchorage somewhere between the Cascades and the Pacific.

It is an unquiet past. The news from the Back-East West that finds its way into the *Times* reads like a string of bubbles of bad gas, rising from the depths of the grandfather era and bursting noxiously into the present. Angry disputes over land use, grazing rights, logging, mineral royalties. . . . The strangely antique figures of James (Bo) Gritz, Randall Weaver, the Freemen of Justus Township, the Trochmann brothers and their homemade army, Ted Kaczynski reading Thackeray and the Bible in his red plywood cabin. Photographs of these charac-

STUART KLIPPER

ters should be printed in sepia. They belong to that sad and unlamented West where bitterness and fury were the natural offspring of impossibly great expectations.

* * *

FROM the spring of 1907 through the fall of 1908, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad lumbered through the Dakotas and into Montana. From the top of any butte, one could have seen its course through the badlands: the lines of horse-drawn wagons, the heaps of broken rock for the roadbed, the gangs of laborers, engineers, surveyors. From a distance, the construction of the new line looked like a disaster of war.

As the Milwaukee Road advanced, it flung infant cities into being at intervals of a dozen miles or so. Trains needed to be loaded with freight and passengers, and it was the essential business of the railroad company to create instant communities of people whose lives would be dependent on the umbilical of the line. So the company built skeletal market centers on company-owned land. Its creations were as arbitrary as those described in Genesis. The company said, "Let there be a city": and there was a city.

Each was a duplicate of the last. Main Street was a line of boxes, wood and brick, laid out on the prairie, transverse to the railroad line. The boxes housed a post office, a hotel, a saloon, a general store, a saddlery, a barbershop, a church, a bank, a schoolhouse, and a jail. Beside the line, sites were earmarked for the grain elevator and the stockyard. A few shacks, and the city was done. Photographed from the proper angle, with railroad workers for citizens, it could be promoted as the coming place in the New West.

The railroad moved into Montana like Caesar marching through Gaul, freely inventing the land it occupied as it went along. Like Gaul, this part of Montana had been named long ago—by the Indians, by the United States Army, and by ranchers, who had raised cattle, sheep, and horses there for the last forty years. But the railroad ignored the existing names, preferring to adorn the landscape with bright new coinages of its own. It canvassed directors and senior managers for the names they had given their daughters. The president of the railroad, Albert J. Earling, had two daughters, Isabel and May. The girls' names were fused to produce Ismay, which sounded modern and tripping on the tongue, although someone might have warned the company that it could, sometime in the far future, be vulnerable to the addition of a spray-painted initial "D." The recent offspring of other Milwaukee Road officials seem to have included a Lorraine, an Edina, and a Mildred.

At Lorraine, the first of the Montana towns, the company dammed a creek to create a lake and a reliable source of water for the locomotives. Lorraine's father must have fallen out of favor with the board, for Lorraine was Lorraine for only an eye-blink before it was renamed Baker, in recognition of A. G. Baker, the chief construction engineer on the project. Edina, thirteen miles down the line, went the same way as Lorraine. There, a crew of Bulgarian workers lobbied to have the city named Plevna instead: 1908 was the year of the declaration of Bulgarian independence from Turkey, and Plevna, liberated by Russian troops from its Turkish occupiers in 1877, was a city dear to Bulgarian nationalists.

The West was still thought of as a great blank page on which almost anything might be inscribed. Its history could be erased, its future redrafted, on the strength of a bad breakfast or a passing fancy. The half-built new towns, in which the typical business was a shed with a two-story trompe-l'oeil façade tacked on its front end, were architectural fictions, more appearance than reality; their creators, the railroad magnates, doodling a society into existence, were like novelists.

Nothing in the geography prepares one for the arbitrary suddenness of these prairie railroad towns. They simply occur—as accidents do—when you're least expecting them. For mile after mile, the sagebrush rolls and breaks. The bare outcrops of rock and gumbo clay monotonously repeat themselves. Then you catch a glint of sun on a distant grain elevator. And then you're *here:* in a bar on Main, with Rexall's next door and, across the street, a used-furniture showroom in the remains of what was once the opera house. The bartender is lost in the sports section of the Billings *Gazette.* The essential coördinates of place are here. This is a distinct local habitation with a name. Yet something's wrong. Why is here *here*? Why isn't it somewhere else?

Nearly a century after they were born, these towns are still haunted by the accidental nature of their conception. Their brickwork has grown old, the advertisements painted on the sides of their buildings have faded pleasantly into antiques, yet the towns seem insufficiently attached to the earth. Such lightness is unsettling. It makes one feel too keenly one's own contingency in the order of things.

As the railroads pushed farther west, into open rangeland that grew steadily drier and steadily emptier, the rival companies clubbed together to sponsor an extraordinary body of popular literature. In school atlases just a few years earlier, the area had been called the Great American Desert—an imaginative vacancy, without any flora or fauna. Railroad writers and illustrators were assigned to come up with a new picture of free, rich farmland—a picture so attractive that readers would commit their families and their life savings to it, sight unseen.

The pamphlets were distributed by railroad agents all over the United States and Europe. They were translated into German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, Italian. They turned up in bars and barbershops, in doctors' waiting rooms, in the carriages of the London tube and the New York subway. Newspapers carried advertisements for them: by filling in and returning a coupon, you could receive a free copy by post.

When a pamphlet arrived, it was bigger than one had expected. What slid from the manila envelope had the glamorous, bang-up-to-date look of a best-seller. Its cover was dominated by a warm golden yellow—the color of sunshine, ripe wheat, money. The land from the Dakotas to the Pacific was drawn as a single, enormous field, and across it ran the straight line of the Milwaukee Road. The main body of the picture showed a fresh-faced young man steering a plow drawn by two horses. As the virgin earth peeled away from the blade of the plow, it turned into a breaking wave of gold coins.

One would have to be a fool to take the cover seriously. Yet, the more you looked at the text inside, the less fantastic the claim made by the cover came to seem. It was in black-and-white—facts and figures, and testimonies of experts and of new settlers already coining money from their homesteads. At the Great New York Land Show, held in Madison Square Garden, Montana had carried off the prizes for the best wheat, best oats, best barley, and best alfalfa in the United States. In print, these crops took on a solid, succulent weight. "Oats grow to perfection. There is something about the climate that favors them and produces a bright, plump, heavy berry that averages forty pounds to the bushel." As for alfalfa, the "noted alfalfa grower" I. D. O'Donnell turned in a lyrical prose poem:

> Alfalfa is the best mortgage lifter ever known. It is better than a bank account, for it never fails or goes into the hands of a receiver. It is weather proof, for cold does not injure it and heat makes it grow all the better. A winter flood does not drown it and a fire does not kill it. . . . Cattle love it, hogs fatten upon it, and a hungry horse wants nothing else.

Some pamphlets were aimed at readers with firsthand experience of farming: Southern sharecroppers; tenants and paid hands in rural Iowa and Minnesota; Scandinavian wheat farmers bankrupted by the devastating success of the American grain belt. But many were addressed to the wider audience of urban daydreamers—people who, cut off from nature, yearned for a draught of country air and the daily intimacies of village life. The pamphlets sought out the haggard schoolteacher, the bored machinist, the clerk, the telegrapher, the short-order cook, and

---

PASTELS BY DEGAS

Those shoulders. An erotic thing submerged in duration.
Her hands are entangled in undone red plaits
So dense that, combed, they pull her head down.
A thigh, and under it the foot of another leg—
For she is sitting, her bent knees open,
And the movement of arms reveals the shape of a breast.
Here undoubtedly. In a century, a year
That are gone, and how to reach her?
How to reach the other, in the yellow robe?
She puts on mascara, humming a tune.
The third lies on the bed, smokes a cigarette
And looks through a fashion journal. Her muslin shirt
Shows a white roundness and pinkish nipples.
The painter's hat hangs on the entresol
With their dresses. He liked it there, to gossip, sketch.
Our human communion has an acrid taste
Because of familiar touch, avid lips,
The shape of loins, talk of immortal soul.
It flows in and recedes. A wave, a hissing surf.
And only a red mane flickered in the abyss.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

the printer, and promised to turn each of them into the prosperous squire of his or her own rolling acres.

"Uncle Sam gives you a cordial invitation . . ." The terms of the Enlarged Homestead Act, passed by Congress in 1909, after a great deal of lobbying by the railroad companies, were generous. The size of a government homestead on "semi-arid land" was doubled, from a quarter section to a half section; from a hundred and sixty acres to three hundred and twenty. One did not have to be an American citizen to stake a claim—though it was necessary to become one within five years, when the homestead was "proved up." The proving-up was a formality that entailed the payment of a small fee and an inspection of the property to verify that it had been kept under cultivation. That done, the full title to the land was granted to the homesteader.

Three hundred and twenty acres. In such a space one could imagine a dozen big fields, filled with rippling crops of wheat, oats, alfalfa, barley; ample pastureland for sheep and cattle to wander over; a tree-shaded house, a red barn, a walled kitchen garden for vegetables. There would be poultry scratching in the yard, beehives in the clover, a winding gravel drive. . . . It wouldn't be a farm, it would be an estate. It was an astounding free offer by any reckoning.

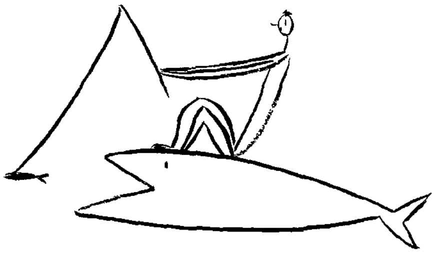
IN 1909, the roadbed was still soft, and when the emigrant train pulled out of Marmarth, North Dakota, its speed didn't rise above that of a reasonably agile man on foot. With the temperature outside close to ninety degrees, the oppressive breadth of America was brought painfully home to every passenger. The stations—Selby, McLaughlin, Haynes, Reeder, Bowman, Rhame—slowly came and slowly went, their names empty of any meaningful association. At close to noon, the Missouri River was crossed, at Mobridge, South Dakota; after that, there was nothing in the geography to engage the eye. The badland formations—mushrooms of sandstone on stalks of pale-gray clay—arrived as a welcome break; they gave one something to look at, provided a talking point in their queer resemblance to animals, human faces, architecture.

In one of the coaches, sitting alone above a spreading pool of tobacco juice on the floor, I see Worsell. In the informal society of the prairie, where everyone was on first-name terms with everyone else, Worsell would always be remembered only as Worsell, or Mr. Worsell, or That Englishman. He was not a man who inspired affection. A prevailing distaste colors the recollections of Worsell that now survive. He was clearly one of those unfortunates whom no one ever credited with an interior life, with secret hopes, with romantic affections. The carapace of Worsell, that unlovely shell, is part of the official history of the prairie; but in exploring Worsell's crepuscular history, I have had to light my way with guesswork and some imagination—a fact which in itself tells one something of Worsell's isolation in an otherwise gregarious and neighborly society.

Worsell was a Londoner and, at thirty-four, an old soldier. He'd been invalided out of the South African War because of his leg, and had blued his discharge pay on a ticket to America, the land of big helpings and easy pickings. He had no luck in New York and, following the talk in the hostel where he'd put up, made his way to Minneapolis. He tried his hand at a number of things—working in a hardware store, housepainting, and hauling logs with a timber outfit in northern Minnesota.

In Minneapolis, he met a Swedish girl named Kirsten Torup, who had recently arrived in America with her family; in her company, Worsell felt positively talented. His fluent English made him the custodian of all things American. He was a welcome guest in the tenement building where the Torups had an apartment. He corrected everyone's pronunciation. He grew a mustache and bought a phonograph.

Worsell and Kirsten married, and their son, Arthur, was born in August of 1902. But when Arthur was four Kirsten died of the flu, and Worsell's world, never robust, went to pieces. Utterly unequipped for single parenthood, he farmed the child out to his wife's relatives. He paid irregular visits to Arthur—strained occasions, on which he was usually slightly drunk.



In 1909, he was following the drift of the talk in the bars in Minneapolis, just as earlier he had followed the drift of the talk in the New York hostel. Free land was free land, and Worsell wanted a piece of it for himself.

Across the aisle of the coach, a woman was feeding her family sandwiches—thin slices of bread smeared with ketchup. She offered one to Worsell. He wasn't hungry, but he never passed up a free offer. The scrape of ketchup was so faint as to barely color the bread, but food was food, and You eat what you can get was Worsell's motto.

More than forty hours after leaving Chicago, the train arrived in Ismay, where a crowd of husbands had been waiting for it since early afternoon, a good number of them in "Nigger Bob" 's saloon. The dazed and travel-stained emigrants lifted their bags and boxes down onto the track. They had been expecting a city, with street lamps, signs, illuminated storefronts. They stood under a clear night sky, looking in perplexity at a bare scattering of buildings, their blocky shapes silvered by starlight.

Many spent their first night in Montana at the Milwaukee Hotel, a honeycomb of closet-size rooms, each just large enough to hold a bed, a chair, and a nightstand with a chamber pot below. The curtains—so thin that the new residents could see the stars through them—stirred in the drafts that wormed their way through the poorly carpentered window frames. Some of the emigrants heard for the first time the intense contralto sobbing of coyotes, and wondered apprehensively if they were wolves.

II

MIKE WOLLASTON and I have been wrangling all morning. Mike is the grandson of a homesteader, and we've just spent an hour in the wrong township. We are now, we think, in the right one: Township 9, north of Range 53 East, southern half of Section 2, eleven miles northwest of Ismay. The land was proved up by Mike's grandfather, Ned Wollaston, on April 27, 1917, and granted to him, and to his heirs and assigns forever, under the Presidential seal of Woodrow Wilson. We are definitely on the Wollaston place, but the homestead has gone missing. A photograph was taken by Mike's father, Percy Wollaston, in the late nineteen-thirties. In the chemical gloaming of underexposure stands a trim two-story farmhouse with barns and outbuildings.

We expected to find the place in ruins, but there isn't so much as the ruin of a ruin in sight. The open range, green now, in May, and splashed with yellow and purple wildflowers, is empty except for a herd of cattle two or three miles off. As we try to match the topography to the photograph, bump for bump, the missing homestead slides about over the prairie like an egg on hot oil. Maybe the swale has changed its course. Maybe grass has grown over the exposed rock of the ridge. Mike and I, both fifty-something, shiver at the discovery that a mere half century is sufficient to consign his grandfather's farm to the realm of archeology.

Killdeer wheel overhead, the most miserable-sounding of all Peterson's Western Birds. The wind keens in the long grass. Cigars clenched between our teeth, we follow the zigzag line of the swale, searching for landmarks.

And then, suddenly, we have a perfect fit. The ridge, the notch, the swale, and a low hill in the distance are aligned exactly as they are in the photograph. A barbed-wire fence is close to where Mike's father must have stood with his Brownie—and here, at our feet, is the rotted stub of a juniper post. A coil of rusty wire lies on the rock behind us. A patch of emerald, over to the right, must have been the pigpen. The shit from Ned's pigs—years older than either of us—must still be doing a useful job. And there, where the original topsoil lay undisturbed beneath the floor of the house, is the Wollaston homestead.

Crossing the swale, Mike dislodges a ragged metal hoop. "Top of a milking pail," he says. A little farther on, he eases from the earth a cobweb of rust and pronounces it to be a component of a threshing machine.

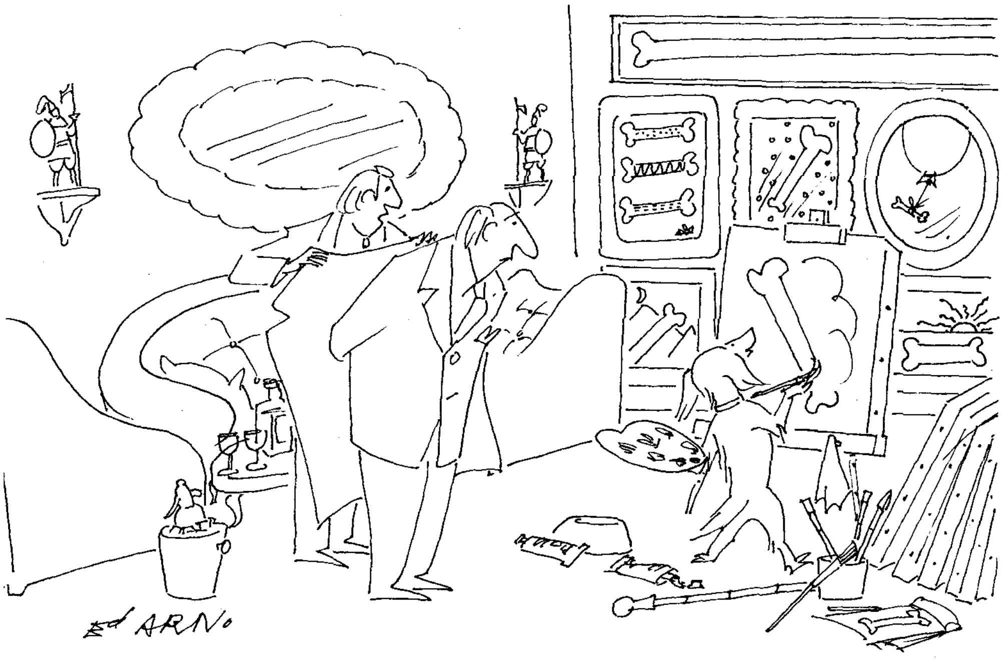
"If you say so . . ."

When he was a small child, shortly after Pearl Harbor, Mike was evacuated from Great Falls to Ismay, along with his elder brother and two sisters, and they all lived there with their maternal grandmother for the duration of the war. Though the homestead was only a short ride away, they were never taken to see it, nor was it spoken of.

"Look." Mike has found a small rusted metal frame on which a single plank dangles loosely from a bolt. "My father's sled."

"Rosebud," I say, and wish I hadn't.

For a full minute, he stands silent, cradling his father's sled. Then he lays it back in the grass as carefully as one might lay down a sleeping child. "It's better where it is." He affects a hardboiled grin. "My father only talked once about the homestead. We were sitting up late over a glass of whiskey. There was a silence. Then he said he hoped he'd never again have to see anything like his mother down on her knees day after day praying for rain. That was it."



"All he does is eat, sleep, and paint."

Maybe his father's taciturnity was meant to protect his memory of the homestead, for in the early seventies he wrote a memoir of his prairie childhood. Percy Wollaston wanted his grandchildren—born in the nineteen-sixties—to understand how close they were to the kind of pioneer life that by the time of Watergate had come to seem merely part of the quaint costume drama of the remote American past. Mike's father was then living in a handsome log house near Eureka, Montana, on the wet, green western slope of the Rockies. Elk and deer trampled his lawn; a trout stream chuckled over granite boulders thirty yards from his living-room window. In this forest clearing, he sat, listening to the water, at a manual Smith-Corona and re-created on the page the dry and treeless country around Ismay between 1910 and 1927.

He wrote in well-carpentered sentences. He was a practical man, whose life had been spent attending to details, and the habit of patient craftsmanship showed in his writing. As the story took hold, he found himself able to look out at the world through the promiscuous, relentlessly observant eyes of his six-year-old self. He illustrated his work with pen-and-ink drawings that showed how to build a claim shack or make a "stoneboat" to clear the land of rocks.

He sketched the homestead as it had been in 1912. A photocopy of this drawing is pegged out with stones on the ground between Mike and me. We are sitting on one of the remaining ruins we've discovered, the wall of the dug-out barn, built in a hurry to shelter the horses in the fall of 1910. Its flat roof was shaggily thatched with hay bought from a neighbor. Its pine-log beams were cut from a stand of timber in hills ten miles away.

The air is thick with heat. In sweat-sodden shirts, we walk down a path to what would have been the front door of the house. A shallow, winding valley enfolds the farm on all sides. The fenced lawn would have extended almost as far as the creek. Close to the house, the flower beds, watered each evening with kitchen slops, would have been tight-packed with clematis, chrysanthemum, aster, and larkspur.

It is a view to be proud of, and "homestead" seems too cramped a word for a spread so grandly conceived as this. The Wollaston place was built to be a family empire, handed down to grandchildren who would grow up on it and farm it in their turn.

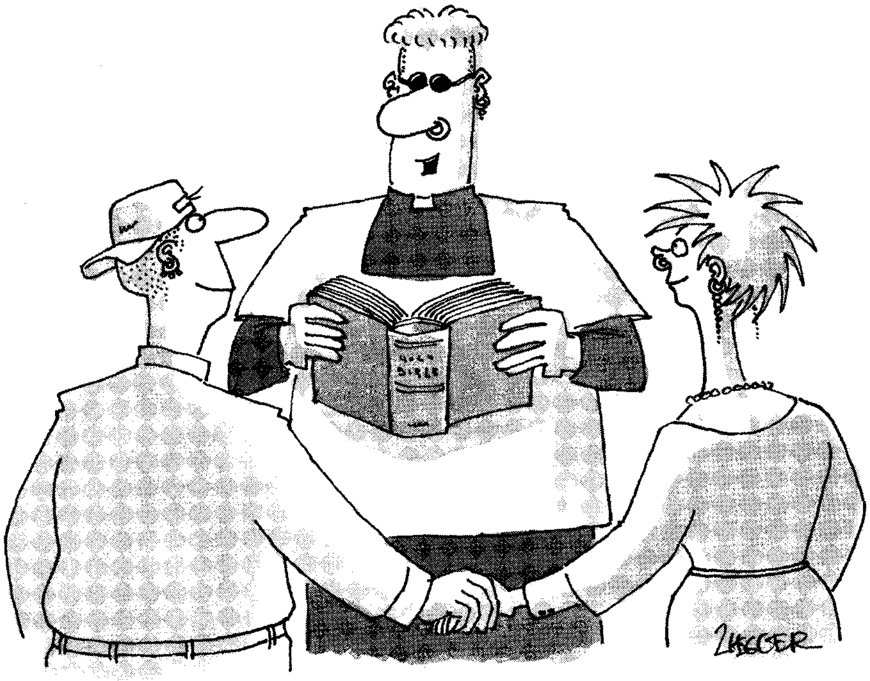
Ned's grandson makes a sharp turn around the corner of the farmhouse kitchen, as if the walls still stood, and finds the flagstone path to the henhouse.

Past the henhouse is the bonfire site. Sagebrush has grown over the ashes, but we dig out the remains of a car seat, some charred timber, a lawnmower wheel, the broken half of a toy pistol—Percy's six-shooter. A tarnished coin at my feet turns out to be a paper-thin stamped medallion of a woman's head, her hair flying, Art Nouveau style, with a projecting metal tab. I hand it to Mike.

"What I think?" he says. "It's the clasp to an old-timey photograph album."

We search for its other half. No luck.

"They must have burned the family photos when they left."



"Congratulations, dude, and you may now play tonsil hockey with the bride."

• •

A MILE southeast of Mike's grandfather's place, Worsell held down his claim.

His land was rough—three hundred and twenty acres of lumps and bald patches, with a southerly tilt that would expose it to the full, broiling heat of the summer sun. It had no creekbed, but did have one great advantage: on its northern and eastern sides, it was already fenced.

Worsell had grown up in East London, in a tenement block off Bethnal Green Road, where the view had been of a brick wall and of the windows of rooms that were bleak mirrors of the Worsells' own. Worsell, a small man with a pinched and beaky face, could grow big in the plains of Montana. His Army days had set Worsell up with at least one useful skill: he was expert at wangling things out of people—leave, rations, whatever was going. On the prairie, he wangled tools, rides into town, wagon space for lumber from the store in Ismay, and "advice."

He frequently sought "advice" from his neighbors around noon or six o'clock, and would cast a hopeful eye at the pan of soup on the stove or wrinkle his nose appreciatively at the smell of baking bread. "Don't mind me" and "If you're sure it wouldn't be a trouble" were his catchphrases.

It took Worsell a week to build his house—a flimsy contraption that bulged and twisted. A nail driven in at one corner caused the opposite corner to spring apart. The house swayed in the lightest breeze. He stiffened it with planks, ten feet long and an inch thick, fastened at odd angles to the frame. Then he wrapped his creation in jade-green tarpaper. Tarpaper was a wonderfully forgiving material. It could hide almost any lapse in craftsmanship. It was pliable and easily cut, and when it was impregnated with asphalt could keep out the worst of the weather, and was the salvation of every hasty, lazy, cheeseparing, or ham-fisted person who came to homestead on the prairie. Tarpaper was as important in its way as barbed wire, and Worsell's shack was a classic piece of Great Plains vernacular architecture.

The better sort of claim shack had a raised floor with pine boards. Worsell's was bare earth. But it was his own earth, and Worsell, man of property, found comfort in the dusty soil under his feet, with its tufts of grass, flattened and dying, and its spicy, clovelike smell.

His one big investment was a stove. Claw-footed and squat, the stove, the cheapest model on offer, was built like its owner. Buffalo turds were its best fuel, but they were rare finds. Sunbaked over some thirty years to the consistency of building bricks, these ancient stools needed to be chopped up with an axe to fit the firebox, where they burned as slowly as seasoned oak.

In front of the stove was a dark stain in the earth. The stain grew bigger and matured into a pond of brown tobacco juice. Worsell, a man of soldierly habits, spat accurately and always at the same target. His rare visitors left the house with a single image of his domestic arrangements: the gleaming pool of Red Man juice, which Worsell topped up in conversation whenever he wanted to add emphasis to a point.

Worsell's shack was a blot on the neighborhood. His neighbors the Wollastons were shocked by its squalor. The Londoner had brought into their hopeful country the taint of the Bethnal Green slums. His reputation for dirtiness and cadging soon spread, and his name became a byword. It was a noun, a verb, an adjective. A lost tool was "worselled." Dishes left unwashed overnight were "worsells." Anything poorly made was a "worsell" job.

In the summer of 1910, Worsell summoned his son, Art, then seven years old, to join him on the claim. The child became an object of widespread social concern on the prairie, befriended by the Wollastons and others, who fed him regular square meals. Nearly seventy years later, Art, dying in a Seattle flophouse, recalled his father's shack with shame.

III

MIKE and I tack east, then south, then east again as the road makes ninety-degree turns along the section lines. One can no longer get really lost on the prairie: these roads, with their slavish devotion to the cardinal points of the compass, have converted the land into a full-scale map of itself.

Our course converges with a drab-green rift of cottonwoods along O'Fallon Creek. We cross a bridge—the creek is now a river, swollen and turbid from recent rains—then jolt over the one-track line of the old Milwaukee Road, and we are in Ismay, or what was Ismay but is Ismay no longer. The name on the sign has been painted out and replaced with "Joe. Population 28."

Easy come, easy go. When it first came into the world, Ismay was idly, capriciously named, as if it were a goldfish or a hamster. It nearly jettisoned its name in 1912, when the Titanic went down and Bruce Ismay, the chairman of the shipping line, allegedly elbowed his way ahead of women and children in the race for the lifeboats. Then the town voted to remain Ismay and tough out the jokes at its name's expense. Ismay even made it into the gazetteer of the "Times Atlas of the World," sandwiched between Ismaning, Germany, and İsmetpaşa, Turkey. But the glue on the name lost its sticking power, and Ismay is now Joe.

In 1993, when the Kansas City Chiefs acquired the quarterback Joe Montana from the San Francisco 49ers, three Kansas City disk jockeys came up with the idea of turning Joe Montana—or, rather, a Joe, Montana—into a place on the map. What was needed was an ailing townlet, just big enough to have a United States post office, for souvenir-mail frankings. It could become the object of tourist pilgrimages. It could build a museum of Joe Montana memorabilia. It could make a killing with Joe, Montana, T-shirts. This was an offer that no ailing townlet could afford to turn down. The station called one-stoplight towns and then no-stoplight towns, and met with gruff refusals. People are attached to the names that had served their parents and grandparents, even when the names are of the kind that you might think anyone would have been glad to be rid of: Molt, Iron, Straw, Yaak, Stumptown, Twodot, Agency, Crackerville. Zero, Montana, might have been a likely taker, but it had lost its post office in 1957. Finally, they got through to Ismay, the smallest incorporated city in the state, six miles from the nearest blacktop road, and largely in ruins. Ismay bought the pitch and in July, 1993, changed its name.

THE remains of Ismay are haunted by a dust devil, whose shifting, angular track keeps pace with our own as we drive through town. At a street end, the dust devil reveals its source: a curly-haired woman in glasses and stretch pants, astride a bright-red garden tractor with balloon tires. The postmaster. She wears her government name tag on her blouse—Loreen Nemitz.

Mrs. Nemitz is the genius loci of the town. The Nemitzes, newcomers by local standards (they arrived in Ismay from the Midwest in the nineteen-seventies), pretty much run the place. Her husband runs the trucking business; a son runs the grain elevator; he is also the mayor; a daughter-in-law is the treasurer of the Joe, Montana, business.

The family headquarters is a double-wide trailer, set among trucks, cars, and assorted machine and auto parts.

"Nice place you have here," Mike says warmly. Mrs. Nemitz, scenting sarcasm, puts his face on trial for a split second, but finds it not guilty.

I think that perhaps Mike and I are being mistaken for plainclothes investigators from some federal agency. In my bland, know-nothing English voice, I say that I am interested in Ismay's transformation into Joe.

"You a reporter?" Mrs. Nemitz asks.

"No—" But she has my number.

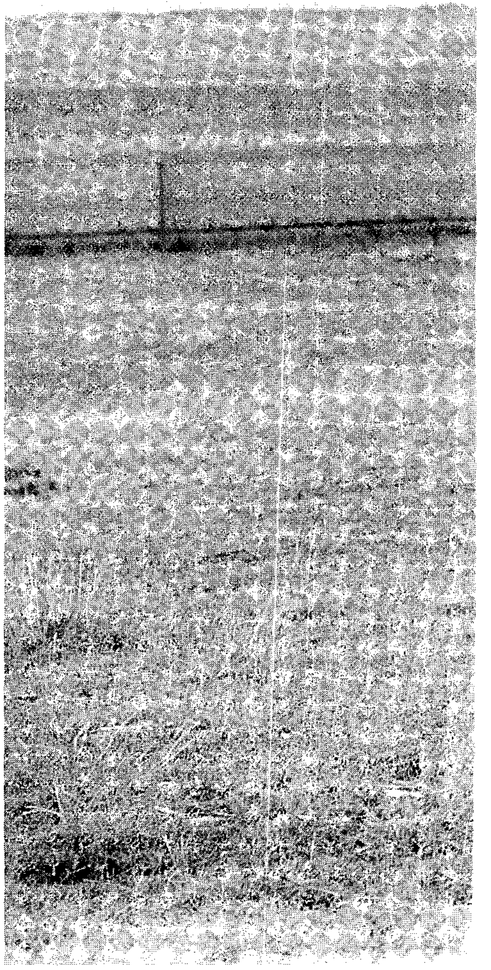
"They did an article about us in *Sports Illustrated*."

A copy is produced. The smiling Nemitzes are center stage. The text, about the little town that changed its name, is predictably larksome.

"We've been in the Washington *Post*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Los Angeles *Times*, *Newsweek*, *USA Today*. We've been in all the newspapers."

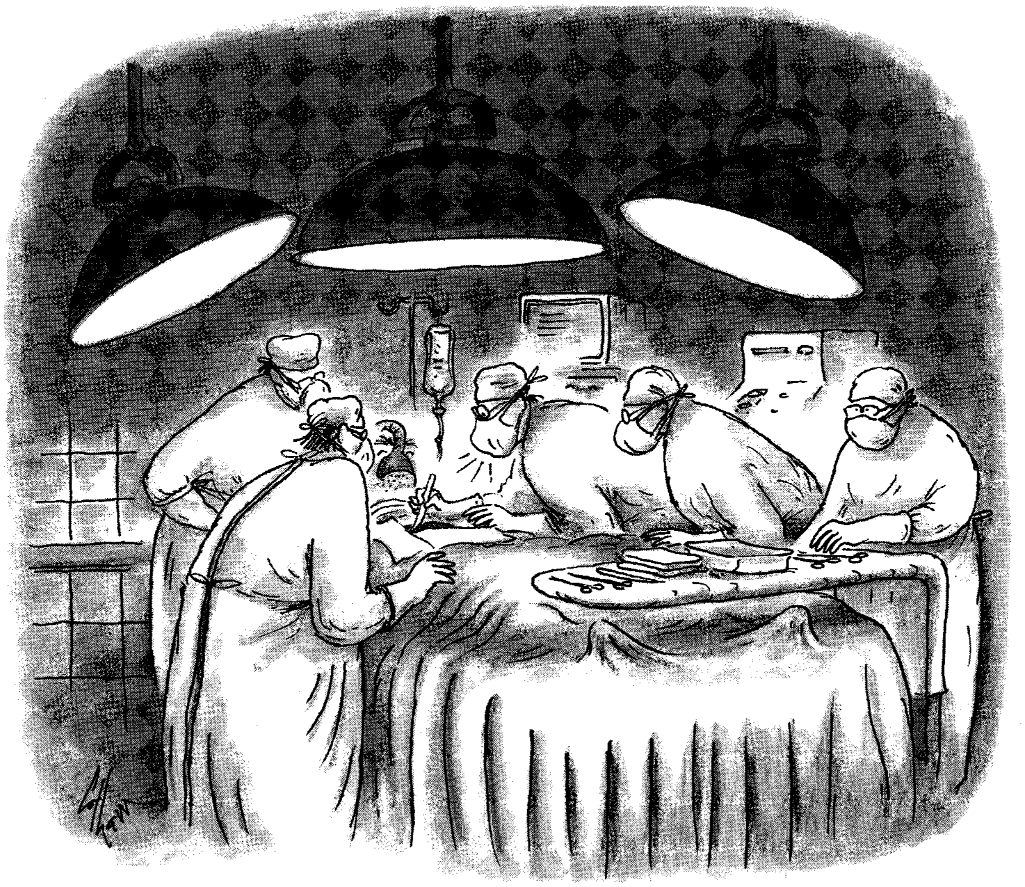
The town now has an agent—a man in Billings. Not since 1910 has Ismay been the focus of such publicity.

The whole town was flown to Kansas City, where it watched the Chiefs play,



EVELYN CAMERON/COURTESY OF DONNA M. LUCEY, FROM "PHOTOGRAPHING MONTANA 1894-1928" (KNOPF).

The homesteaders had to learn that evaporation was their great enemy: Give in to it, and you are on the road to ruin.



"Hey, I've operated on this guy before—there are my initials."

• •

had an audience with Joe Montana, and returned home with a clutch of autographed footballs. A San Francisco TV station made a film. Next month, the town is going to be on David Letterman.

"All twenty-eight of you?"

"They're flying us out to New York, all expenses paid."

"The date's not quite fixed yet, but they're talking about June 23rd."

"Dave himself is real eager to have us on the show."

"That's going to be a big boost for Joe Montana Day."

This year's Joe Montana Day is July 3rd. The first Joe Montana Day, held in 1993, drew some two thousand visitors; even though it was advertised only locally, the town sold boxes and boxes of T-shirts, sweatshirts, bumper stickers, baseball caps, and souvenir mugs. The town did a fine trade in commemorative cards and letters franked "Joe, Montana."

This year, the Nemitzes are forecasting something more on the scale of the Normandy landings. After the Letterman show, the tourists could be piling into Joe from every corner of the United States and Canada. Retired couples in Winnebagos, roaming the country in search of novelties and "attractions," are already on their way.

"Joe Montana is coming?"

"Maybe. We hope."

"Our agent is talking to his agent."

"You want to see the film the San Francisco people made about us?"

The tape is already lodged in the VCR.

It begins in happy comedy. In a rented car, on the deserted ribbon of U.S. Highway 12, a TV crew is trying to find Joe, Montana. That we are way back in the back of beyond is established when the presenter turns on the car radio and sets the scan button to march up and down the airwaves on the FM band. From 76 MHz to 108 MHz, the radio, empty of voices, holds only static, like the sound of wind in dry grass. The car stops. The crew seeks directions from a trucker. She's never heard of Ismay. The name rings a faint bell, however, and she gestures vaguely southward. And so it goes—with people racking their brains, shaking their heads, and gazing unconfidently in the wrong direction. The blacktop gives way to dirt; the crew—a merry bunch of prairie sailors—sights "Joe, MT," painted on a plank nailed to a fence post, and eventually discovers the Ismayites, living, as it were, in Ultima Thule.

The crew is next seen riding down Main Street while the mayor points out the major buildings in the town.

"What is this building over here?"

"The Masonic lodge," says the mayor. "It's kinda condemned now."

"Kinda condemned?"

"Kinda condemned," says the mayor. "This is Pringles Real Estate Office."

"Condemned?"

"Condemned."

THAT the town now has an agent and a busy round of newspaper interviews and TV engagements is consistent with the character of its landscape. This isn't the territory of cautious, spendthrift realism: it cries out for one to build castles in the air, and then to add half a dozen more battlements just because there is ample space for them.

When Mike's grandfather, Ned Wollaston, arrived here with his family, in September, 1910, he had more reason than most of his neighbors to be thinking big.

Ned was born in England, the thirteenth child of a Liverpool shipping agent and son of the cloth. Ned was aged four in 1876, when his father, aged fifty-one, brought his family to the United States. Hawk-nosed, tombstone-bearded, and with plenty of capital, Ned's father arrived in the brand-new town of Fairmont, Minnesota, and took the place by storm.

He began by building a house the size of a palace, with sixteen rooms and a wraparound porch supported by elaborately ornamented timber columns. He then started a bank, founded the Episcopal church of St. Martin's, opened a general store, and farmed four hundred and sixty acres of wheat and barley. But what people would remember best was his windmill—a Norfolk-style saltshaker with thirty-foot sails. The tireless Englishman, a whirligig of businesses and projects, was a Minnesota landmark.

To be a child of such a father must have been a tough assignment. None of the sons bore much resemblance to a windmill. One became a grocer, one a surveyor, one a Colorado miner. And so it went. When Ned was sixteen, he enlisted in the Minnesota National Guard, and in five years he climbed to the rank of sergeant. After his discharge, in 1893, he knocked about the Dakotas working as a cook, a carpenter, and a cowhand on ranches there. And then, in 1900, responsibility settled on Ned all of a sudden, when, at twenty-eight, he married a Fairmont widow, Mrs. Dora Marietta, and found himself the stepfather of her three children. Dora was keen to have more. For a year, the Wollastons ran a store in Madison, South Dakota, and then they rented a small mixed farm a couple of miles south of the town. Percy, Mike's father, was born in that farmhouse, in September, 1904.

Ned must have felt that he was still living in the shadow of his father. His land was not his, and it was a handkerchief-size scrap compared with the Wollaston holdings in Minnesota. By 1908, he would have been following the newspaper reports on the proposed Enlarged Homestead Act. The bill endured a rough passage through Congress, with the big ranchers and their Washington lobbyists opposing it at every stage. The railroad interests needed the bill, and feared bankruptcy if it failed to pass; the ranching interests saw in it the ruination of the West.

When Theodore Roosevelt, himself a onetime Dakota Territory rancher, finally signed the bill into law, on February 19, 1909, Ned Wollaston was euphoric to get the news—but it was shortly followed by his father's death. Ned had always seen himself showing his father around his own acres.

Mike's father tells of hearing Ned and Dora talk in the evenings at the time of the Homestead Act:

> I remember my parents discussing something about "taking up a claim." The imagination and curiosity of a four- or five-year-old boy began to conjure up pictures of some vague object being taken up bodily. . . . On another evening Mother said, "Percy and I could hold down the claim if you had to go somewhere to find work," and I envisioned Mother and myself trying to hold down a huge tarp or canvas in a terrific wind.

Unlike the schoolteachers and clerks, barbers and bottle washers who were jumping aboard the emigrant trains, Ned was an experienced farmer, and he could see the difficulties ahead. Although eastern Montana was only four hundred miles northwest of Madison, its climate was a lot drier, and he would have to make do with, on average, five or six inches less rainfall a year. With twenty inches or more, you'd be in clover. With fifteen or less, you could be in trouble. The latest rainfall figures for Miles City, Montana, were: 1907, 14.75 inches; 1908, 19.08 inches; 1909, 13.31 inches. Right on the margin. But nearly all this rain had fallen in the growing season—and Mildred and Ismay generally did better, by as much as an inch, than Miles City. There should be enough. Just.

In the spring of 1910 Ned rode the train alone to Mildred, where he scouted out the land, now crowding with homeseekers. The lobby of the Mildred hotel was a polyglot din of Russian, Swedish, German, Irish, English, Greek, and American voices. Ned found a glorious site for a farm, ten miles out of town. Old buffalo trails and newer cattle tracks converged on a spring that was shaded by a gnarly cottonwood tree. A coulee bisected the half section, making a green valley where the cornflowers were in bloom. He hired a locator to check the property, filed his claim at the Miles City Land Office, and rode back in an exultant mood to Madison, and saw his crops through to harvest. When the harvest was done, Ned and Dora put most of their goods and livestock up for auction, keeping only the animals, tools, and furniture that would fit into a single emigrant car.

Building his own house on his own land that fall, Ned thought often of his father. Among the first crops raised in the virgin soil of the homestead were some freakishly big turnips. One weighed twenty-one pounds. In 1912, Ned took the train back to Minnesota, to buy more cattle at the South St. Paul stockyards. He made a detour to Fairmont, to present one of these amazing vegetables, scrubbed clean and sliced in half to prove its integrity, to the new president of the bank founded by his father. For several weeks, the turnip stood on exhibition in the window of his father's old place of business, an emblem of the bounty of the Western plains. You could raise a four-figure loan on the surety of such a turnip.

THE yards of the hardware stores in Ismay and Mildred were packed with bales of fencing wire. Freight cars laden with wire stood in the railroad sidings. The wire, double-stranded, with barbs twisted on one strand, was shipped from the Glidden factory, in Illinois. Its trade name was The Winner.

Each homestead needed between five and seven miles of fences. For every mile of fence, one needed to cut and haul some eleven hundred posts—in a country where timber grew in isolated pockets, often many miles from any homestead. The new arrivals lived and breathed fencing. It was hard, cold, tedious labor—a much bigger job than the building of a house and barns. But in the course of it this ill-assorted bunch of dazed railroad passengers was slowly transformed into a coherent society.

The fences are still a wonder. You can sight along a surviving line of posts, and not a single one is out of true, though the ground on which they're set dips, rolls, and breaks, and the unwavering vertical of the fence keeps on being lost to sight, then pops up again, exactly—but *exactly*—on its marks. People were proud of their fences. The fences were not merely functional. They were a statement of the belief that this unruly land could be subdued and civilized.

The ranchers watched with affected disdain as the newcomers stole the range from under their noses. They'd lost the political battle against the Enlarged Homestead Act. They were outnumbered by the homesteaders. In the eighteen-eighties, "fence wars" in Texas and elsewhere had only rallied public opinion to the homesteaders' side. The ranchers were cast as villains long before they reached for their wirecutters. So in 1910 the Montana ranchers' best hope was that the homesteaders would quickly fail, pack their bags, and take the damnable train back to wherever it was they had come from. The ranchers fought mostly on the morale front, losing no opportunity to broadcast the view that the prairie soil was far too dry to farm, that even a small herd of cows would starve on a miserable half section of land, and that the homesteaders were poor fools—unwitting dupes of a bunch of conniving politicians and railroad barons—whose only hope was to get out as fast as possible, before they were overtaken by inevitable ruin.

Some eight decades later, at a rodeo in Marmarth, North Dakota, just over the border from Montana, I sat next to a rancher in his eighties, Bud Brown, who said that he'd grown up on a three-hundred-section ranch in Custer County.

"That's a hell of a big ranch, isn't it?"

"Not then, it wasn't."

Mr. Brown's voice told one something about the grand isolation of a ranch upbringing. Although his grandparents had emigrated from England to the United States in the nineteenth century, Mr. Brown himself had not yet learned to speak with an American accent. He spoke a queer, fossilized version of Broad Norfolk. In the nineteen-forties, when I was a small child in a Norfolk village, I used to hear voices exactly like Bud Brown's, and it came as a jolt to hear this accent in the mouth of an old man in a white Stetson.

"So from your three hundred sections how did it look to see these guys farming a half section apiece?"

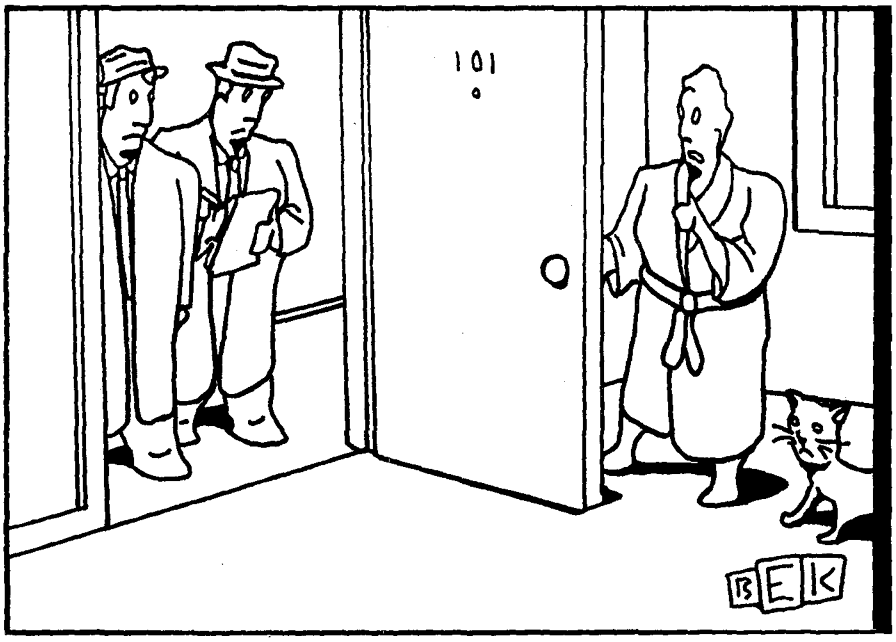
"Honyockers!" Mr. Brown laughed. "They couldn't do it. They'd just starve out." *Thoi'd joist stoorve oit*, with the last word delivered on a rising, querulous note, in the Norfolk way.

"Honyockers!" I don't know where the word comes from. The Dictionary of American Regional English says that it may be a blend of "Hunk" (for "Hungarian") and "Polack," but that sounds like a grope in the dark. What it effectively does is to travesty the word "homesteader" syllable by syllable, and render the homesteaders themselves as ridiculous oafs, saps, dimwits. It gathers up all the anger and contempt that the ranchers felt for the newcomers, and squeezes them together into a single utterance, like the sound a man might make when delivering a gob into a spittoon. "Honyockers!"

The fence builders took much of the sting out of the word by adapting it for themselves. The hostility of the ranchers helped to sharpen the honyockers' sense of community. They were in this together, and they would prove the ranchers wrong. The straighter and tighter the fence, the more defiantly it talked back to the scoffing ranchers.

IV

THE first week of June, 1995, brings perfect spring weather to the prairie. The weather is a stroke of luck for me, for I'm seeing the prairie as the homesteaders saw it during their first Montana spring. They arrived in a run of moist years—1910, 1911, 1912—and the land was living up to its descriptions. The old hands—the ranchers and the early, quarter-section honyockers—couldn't remember a time when it had been so wet and green, and the newly arrived settlers were able to look at the brimming creeks and fenced squares of tender wheat, and see them as a prophecy come to pass. It was *as it was written*—a conclusive rebuttal of all those jaundiced critics who had argued, in Congress and elsewhere, that this country was unsuitable for the small farmer.



"Oh, sure, I remember him. He was quiet, mostly kept to himself, paid the rent on time. You know, we were only married for sixteen years."

In this age of belief in the efficacy of Science and the march of Progress, the homesteaders' bible was an eccentric, self-published little book entitled "Campbell's 1907 Soil Culture Manual," by Hardy Webster Campbell. The "Campbell Method" of dry-farming urged on its adherents a mystical faith in the power of capillary attraction and an abhorrence of the devilish works of evaporation.

Immediately following a shower of rain, you were to harness your horses to a disk harrow and pulverize and loosen the surface of the soil. This was to prevent the loss of precious moisture, to open the soil to the nitrogen in the air, and to prepare the ground for the next shower. Rain falling on loosened earth would percolate faster into the subsoil, where it would top up the building "reservoir" of stored water. Give in to evaporation, and you are on the road to ruin.

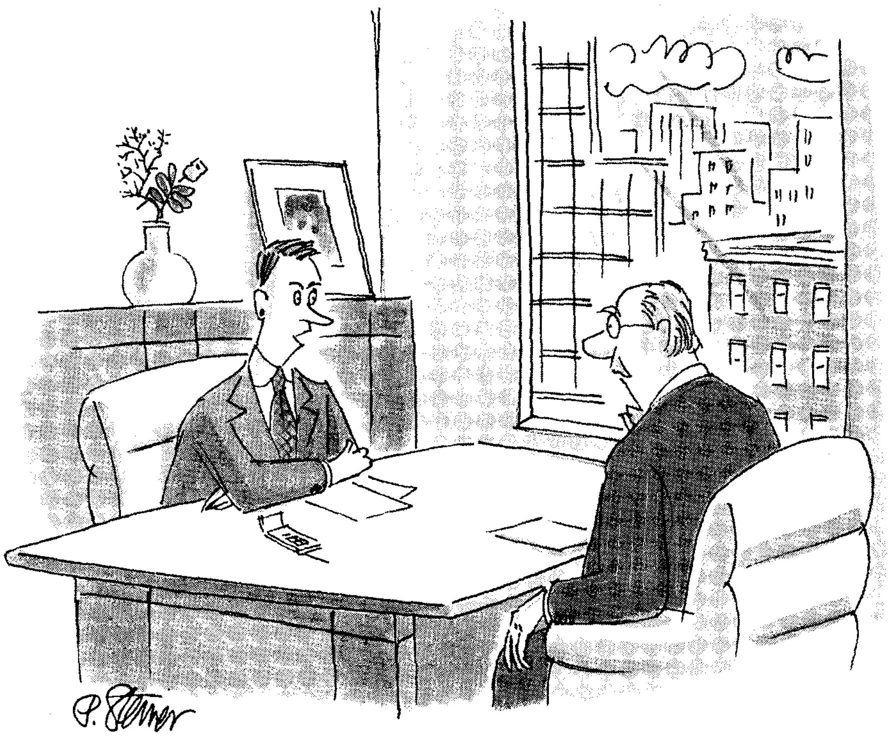
PERCY, remembering the Wollaston family's first year on their claim, came up with image after image of the wonderful fertility of the virgin soil.

When the cows that Ned had brought from Madison were let loose on the new pasture, they nibbled at the grass for a short while, then sank to their knees and lay about like so many overstuffed sofas. "They had grazed almost continuously in Dakota," Percy wrote, "and at first we thought there was something wrong with them, but then realized that there was more nutrition in the grass so that they were quickly satisfied."

Plowing began in the spring of 1911. "Dad started the first furrow. That was a ceremony in itself." The first of the strips of sod turned like a wave away from the blade of the plow.

> Much of the grass was what we called niggerwool and I don't know any other name for it. It was a very short, curly grass, highly nutritious and nature's own answer to soil conservation. The roots matted together so that the sod would turn in strips several feet long before breaking. Just under the grass there was a black layer of fine rich soil from half to three-quarters of an inch thick. I realize now that this was the accumulation of centuries of fertilization and the only really good soil there was.

Looking back on the Plains from his Rocky Mountain home in the nineteen-



"I'll have someone from my generation get in touch with someone from your generation."

• •

seventies, Percy saw that the whole civilization of his childhood had been erected, perilously, on a finger-thick crust of decomposed vegetable matter and dead beetles. From the moment the first plow blade bit into the crust, the homesteaders began unwittingly destroying the foundations of their new life, and in a very few years the crust was gone—used up, scattered, blown away by the dry summer winds.

The idea of that treacherous half-inch seam of good soil haunts Percy Wollaston's memoir and shapes its rueful tone. It came to haunt me, too. I went hunting for "niggerwool," and found clumps of it still growing on patches of land too rough, angular, and inaccessible (so I thought) to have ever been injured by a plow. Digging with a penknife, I eased out fist-size lumps of sod. The tight, curly grass, with its matted root system, was exactly as Percy described it, but the layer of soft black soil had disappeared.

I talked to two people who still farmed on land close to the Wollaston place. Both were children of homesteaders; they doubted his account. "Niggerwool" is threadleaf sedge, and got its common name as much for its densely tangled jet-black roots as for its curly tops. Percy must have mistaken the roots for soil, the farmers said.

"It wasn't the soil. It was the rain," one of them, Wynona Breen, told me. "When the rain came again, in '39, '40, the old people said that everything came up just the way it did in the beginning."

THAT initial, exceptional spell of fair weather came close to living up to its glowing description by the Milwaukee Road's in-house pamphleteer ("The clear, dry air is extremely invigorating and, combined with the large percentage of bright days, makes the climate one of the most healthful and pleasant in the world"), and people built their houses for Montana's "pleasant" climate. From 1910 to 1915, they spread themselves over the land, started their repayments, and generally felt their adventure to be turning into a success. It was the winter of 1916 that gave the settlers their first taste of the pitiless, extreme character of the Montana climate. When stable, high-pressure Arctic air settled in over the prairie, it brought blue-sky days without a cloud to insulate the earth at night. There was almost no precipitation. And the north wind, with no shelter belts of trees to divert it, raked the homesteads, keening and whistling through every crack in their amateur carpentry, prying off their tarpaper siding. The temperature dropped, and went on dropping: past zero, into the tens, twenties, thirties, forties.

The Wollastons, bred to the big-minus-number winters of the northwestern interior, took the bitter weather in their stride. Their neighbors from the eastern states and from Britain, southern Sweden and Norway, and Germany had never known that cold could be so cold. They had expected snow, ice, the pitcher frozen in the morning, earth standing as hard as iron, water like a stone. But the cold of Montana, when it finally came, was an insult and a shock.

Lynn Householder, whose Log Cabin Ranch had begun as a half section, homesteaded by his father in 1911, told me how people used to keep going. "The wind blew for three days. Thirty below, and night and day it never changed. They had newspapers and cardboard glued up on the inside walls of the houses, but that cold keeps coming through. In those winter blizzards, you feel very much alone. You listen to the walls move—and that's in a modern house. The potbellied stoves would run out of fuel, and people would have to tear down the fences that they'd put up in the summer."

But the cold was the least destructive element in Montana's repertoire of violent weather. Lightning-strikes set the prairie ablaze, cyclones whirled away farm buildings, and hailstorms, coming out of nowhere in the sweetest, moistest summers, took just a few minutes to put an end to a family's dreams.

Hail is *personal.* It falls in narrow swaths. It ruins one farmer's crop and leaves his neighbor's standing. It has a habit of visiting itself on the people who can least afford to bear the losses caused by its devastation. It prefers the uninsured field to the insured one.

I heard a lot about hail. Like tumors, hailstones come in standard sizes: the size of a pea, a walnut, a golf ball, a pool ball, a baseball, a grapefruit. There was talk of cars totalled by hailstones; of light aircraft on the Baker airfield, their fabric torn to rags; of cattle killed on the open range, leaking their bespattered brains into the ground. The talk gave a new slant to the phrase "heavy weather": among the larger hailstones that have fallen in the United States, according to official records and not bar legends, are the grapefruit-size ice bombs that hit Potter, Nebraska, and Coffeyville, Kansas. These measured five and a half inches in diameter; one weighed a pound and three-quarters.

Hail is a product of turbulence—of spinning updrafts and downdrafts within a local storm. A droplet of water is whisked aloft to the freezing level, and turns into a pellet of ice. The downdraft returns it to the soggy regions of the cloud, and there it gains a coating of moisture before its next ascent. And so it goes. The hailstone bounces up and down like popcorn in a roaster, growing layer upon layer of alternate snow and ice, until its accumulated weight causes it to crash.

The hail that annually wrecked the hopes of many homesteaders was usually of the pea or walnut variety. It battered the flimsy houses on the prairie, forcing their occupants to go underground for shelter. Falling, as it did, in June and July, the middle of the growing season, it crushed the tender wheat, leaving acres of splayed and broken stalks to wither under the sun.

WIND, fire, lightning, ice . . . At first, Montana's fierce and capricious climate was seen to come with the territory. People battened down for these assaults, and came to accept them as part of the annealing process. Urban types took pride in coming through each new calamity. They were learning to be farmers. It was exhilarating just to find that one could cope. Facing up to the wrecked wheat field after a hailstorm, burning the fence to keep warm in winter, digging a fire trench to keep off the flames in summer were emblems of the homesteaders' growing know-how.

Until 1917. That year, barely five inches of rain fell between May and August, and the harvest was disappointingly thin. The arid summer was then followed by another winter of shocking cold. Percy Wollaston recalled, "One night our thermometer registered sixty-three degrees below zero." When the thaw eventually came, the spring wheat was planted, and on several successive mornings a thin drizzle, more mist than rain, colored the soil before the sun emerged and baked it dry. In late May, the midday temperature was already in the nineties. On the Wollaston place, the iron windmills that served the cattle troughs creaked monotonously overhead but produced an alarmingly feeble dribble of yellow-tinged alkaline water.

Everybody searched the sky for signs of coming rain. Percy Wollaston again:

> The most threatening clouds would build up, promising utter deluges of rain. Lightning would flash and the thunder rumble but nothing happened, and the storm, if any, seemed to follow the course of Powder River or Fallon Creek. Many is the night I can remember Dad and Mother sitting hopefully and finally despairingly watching the course of these storms.

Like a cruel parody of rain clouds, dark swarms of grasshoppers rolled in from the west, and settled on the sparse and stunted wheat. Every shoot crawled with the insects. One could count up to two hundred and fifty 'hoppers on a square foot of soil. The homesteaders tried to poison them with ingenious recipes of horse dung, molasses, crushed fruit, salt, and Paris green, but, as one farmer put it, "for each 'hopper killed, it seemed as though an entire family came to the funeral."

The cattle grazed on the dry range until it was bald. Their ribs showed through their hides as they lay immobile in the heat. The afternoon winds lifted the topsoil into a drift of fine dust, through which the sun appeared swollen and pockmarked, like an enormous, overripe blood orange.

MOST people were baffled and frightened by the disastrous turn in the weather. They had been encouraged to believe—by the government, by scientists, by the railroad literature—that this couldn't happen, that, in Campbell's words, "the semi-arid region is destined to be in a few years the richest portion of the United States."

But some viewed the weather in a more constructive light.

Wynona Breen's father, Henry Zehm, along with her uncles and grandparents, had filed on claims near the Wollaston place. Like the Wollastons, the Zehms had come to Montana from Fairmont, Minnesota. The Zehms, devout Seventh-Day Adventists, were, at least by the Episcopalian Wollastons' standards, religious cranks. Back East, in Fairmont, the Zehms might have been considered funny peculiar. When the rain stopped and the grasshoppers descended on the earth, Wynona Breen's grandfather quietly rejoiced. A plague of locusts ate the miserable remains of the spring wheat. Lightning bolts set fire to the dry buffalo grass. Hailstones pounded the buildings. The papers carried reports of the carnage of the First World War. Everything was set fair for the sounding of the last trump, the rending of the sky, the great shout of the descending Lord, come to whisk the righteous off to their eternal home. The Second Coming was at hand.

"THE righteous will rise up and live for a thousand years—I never knew exactly where, but not on this earth—and the earth will be cleansed by fire and made new," Wynona Breen said. "It's all in the Bible."

We were talking in the bare but cozy living room of the original house on the Zehm homestead—old stove, old rocker, old table, old prints on the walls. Only a pile of rental videos, ready for return to the store in Terry, gave away the fact that we were in 1995. Mrs. Breen herself, nut brown, with big, capable hands, had put a distance between herself and her Adventist upbringing; she, alone among her siblings, had drifted from the Church. Her independence of mind and her humor showed in her broad face, which was weathered in the style of the local landscape, fissured with gullies and dry coulees. With her round glasses and curly gray hair, she was still the even-toned schoolmistress, weighing each sentence carefully as she spoke it.

"So the worse the weather got, the happier it made your parents?" I said.

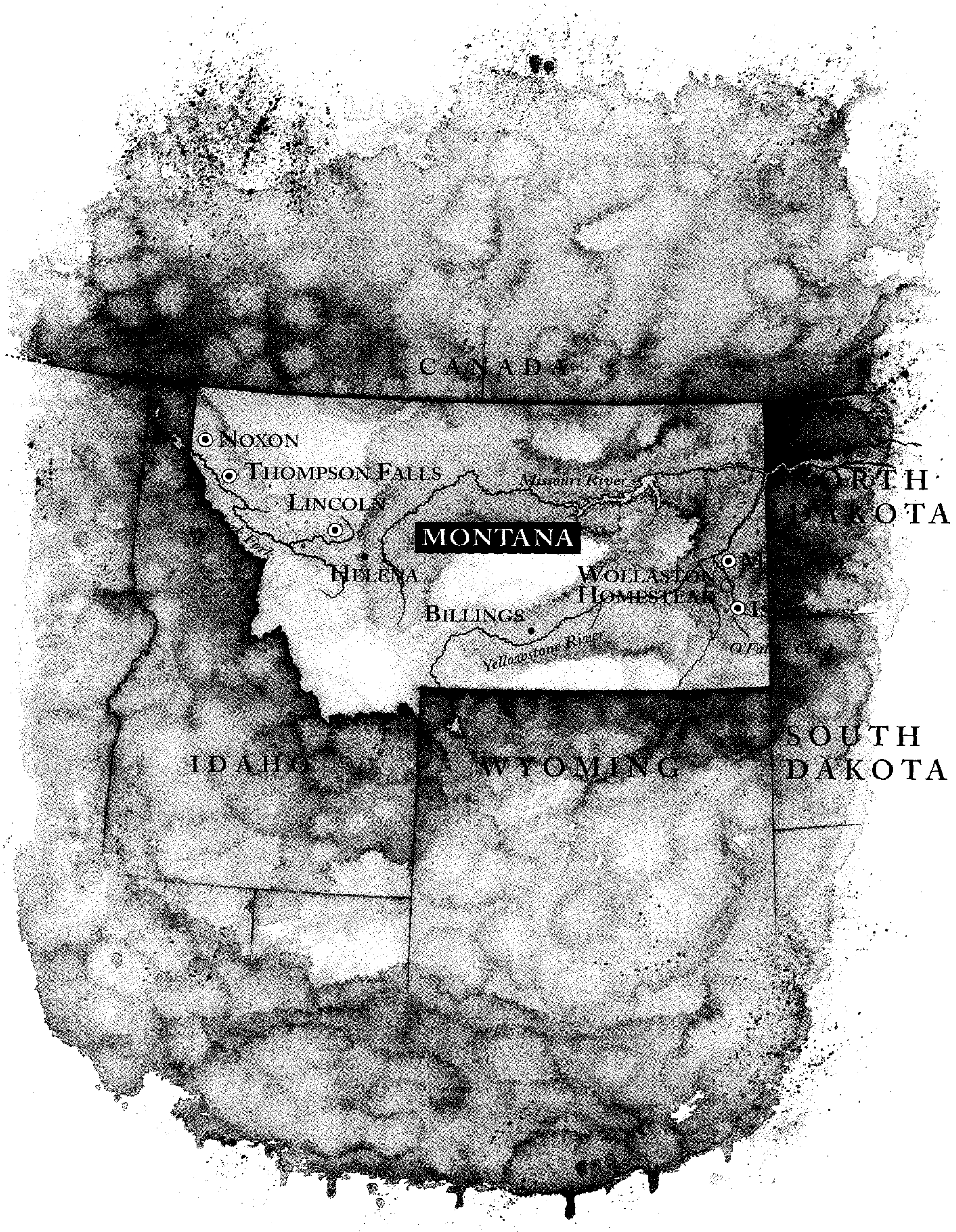
"Well, there was certainly a good deal of satisfaction at things like the grasshoppers. My folks never hesitated to mention those things, and quote the texts."

"But the Zehms would be saved on Judgment Day?"

"Oh, yes. We were the saved, among the righteous."

In 1993, during "the Waco deal," Wynona felt a spasm of sympathy for David Koresh and his flock.

"My husband, Charlie, and I were in Dallas at the time, staying with our daughter, who is a lawyer there. And she, of course, would have gone out with her little gun and shot Koresh herself. But Charlie and I couldn't help telling her, 'Now, that man has the right to live there any way he pleases. He built that place, and paid for it.' So far as we know, he wasn't doing anything terrible. He was on his own property, and was trying to keep anybody else from coming on, even if the people trying to come on it were officials."

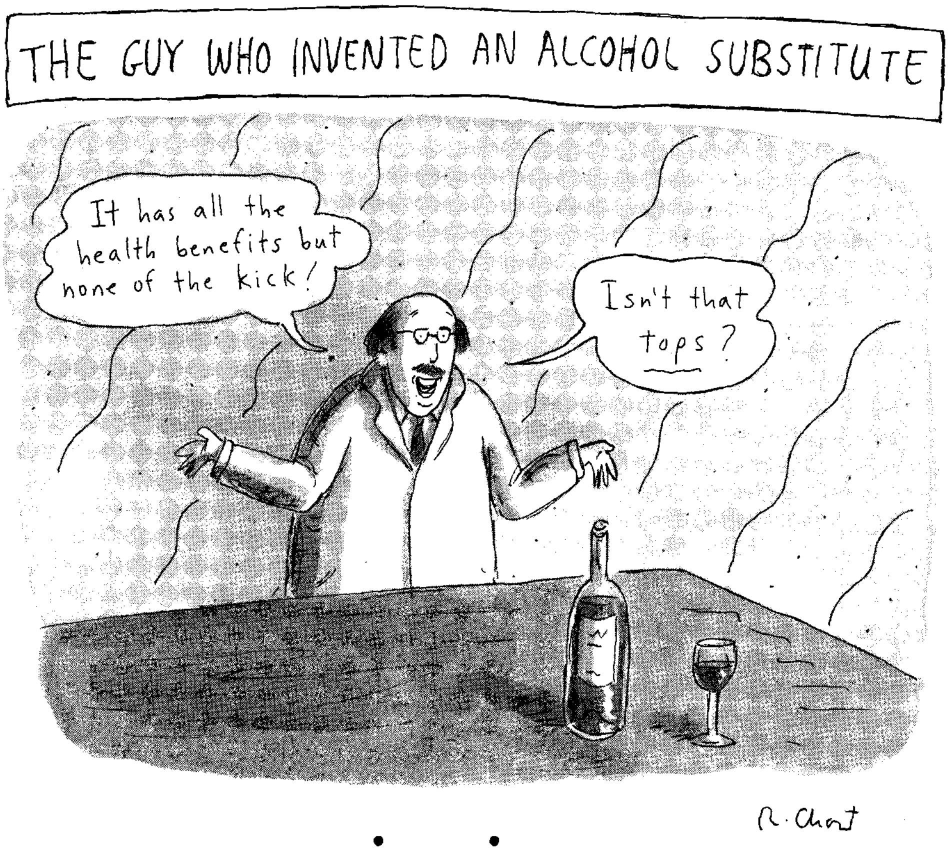

CANADA
NOXON
THOMPSON FALLS
LINCOLN
Missouri River
MONTANA
HELENA
WOLLASTON HOMESTEAD
BILLINGS
Yellowstone River
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
IDAHO
WYOMING

The railroad moved into Montana like Caesar marching through Gaul, freely inventing the land it occupied as it went along.

MIKE REAGAN

I realized that I had missed something very obvious in the furor over the Waco siege. The Branch Davidian "compound" was in essence a homestead. "It was built and paid for": the labor that Koresh's followers had put into its construction entitled them to enjoy freedom on their own land; and, like so many homesteads—like the house in which Wynona and I were sitting—it was a sanctuary for unconventional religious beliefs and social attitudes. People like the Zehms chose to come to the West at least partly because they felt themselves to be outsiders back East, and the isolated homestead set them free from the conformist values of the small town. When Westerners watched the confrontation near Waco on CNN, they could see their own family histories reflected in the Koresh place in the Texas prairie, and when the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms and the F.B.I. moved in it was as if the family homestead were being violated. People felt tenderness for the Branch Davidians—not merely out of some Neanderthal dogma about property rights but because their sense of themselves as Westerners was under siege.

That Koresh had chosen to await Armageddon in what looked like a badly


THE GUY WHO INVENTED AN ALCOHOL SUBSTITUTE
It has all the health benefits but none of the kick!
Isn't that tops?
R. Chast

constructed motel in the wilderness was for most non-Westerners an alienating image: it was a feature of the Branch Davidians' general dangerous craziness. But it wouldn't look like that to a Westerner with a homestead on the Plains in his or her family background: it would look like Grandpa's farm—where, perhaps, Armageddon had been as eagerly awaited as it was in Waco.

PERCY WOLLASTON had confided to his son, close to midnight and over whiskey, that his memory was haunted by the sight of his mother, on her knees every day praying for rain. Writing his memoir for the grandchildren, he didn't disclose that scene. He wanted his readers to enjoy the homestead as an adventure, and in his writing the faces of Ned and Dora are sometimes colored by anxiety and disappointment but never by despair. Perhaps he needed to rescue from his boyhood something wholesome and of heritable value precisely because his keenest memories of homestead life were too bleak to bear.

Percy turned thirteen in 1917. He was young when the world was young. His narrative, which has been moving confidently forward, abruptly loses its momentum around the time the war began in Europe. It loops back to 1910, skips ahead into the nineteen-twenties, drifts sidewise through assorted reminiscences about neighbors, coyotes, well-digging, cowboys, an old rifle, a pet monkey. In the process, it adumbrates a large, sad space that Percy couldn't bring himself to write about.

In 1917, less than twelve inches of rain fell. Though the numbers fluctuate slightly, each subsequent year (1918, 1919, 1920) was worse than the last one, with too little rain falling on ground already parched beyond hope. Fifteen inches of rainfall was the make-or-break rule of thumb. Much less than that, and the topsoil turned to dust.

Worsell's son, Art, was among the first to escape. He was just seventeen when, in August of 1919, he jumped a freight train and rode the rails to Butte. Others had left before him. W. J. Faus, one of the Wollastons' neighbors, had left in 1917. The Fauses, along with their eight children, gave up farming and moved to Ismay, and, later, to Terry, where William Faus opened a store, Faus Groceries.

Emil Ebeling also gave up farming. In 1919, the spring wheat failed to germinate. The dry seeds baked in fields of hot dust. Ebeling moved to Terry as well, and there became a barber.

Emanuel Falkenstern, one of the many German-speaking refugees, had been a blacksmith. A strong churchman with a famous singing voice, he, his wife, and their family of eight children (the prairie swarmed with the young children of these optimistic emigrants) lived on a homestead near Duck Creek, hoping against hope for a break in the weather. In 1922, the family moved to Terry, where Emanuel set up shop as a blacksmith again.

At the end of 1919, three years into the drought, the county agent at Glendive, in nearby Dawson County, sent out a communiqué. It reads like a message in a bottle:

> A very small amount of fall seeding was done this year, as the rainfall was very small, less than 10 inches for the entire season. Our farmers raise few hogs, and are not going into the pig business very fast. A two-foot snow in October and a long continued cold spell has put the stockman square up against a feeding problem, the most serious this country has ever experienced. The farmers are selling off everything they possibly can. It is impossible here to have social meetings, as we have few buildings suitable and the roads are impassable. No farm improvements are being made—most people are thinking about food and clothing. . . . We are facing a very severe winter.

RAIN suddenly chose to come back to the prairie in 1927. The Wollastons were tired. Ned was fifty-four, Dora sixty-two. They were grizzled, lonely, and undeceived by this show of kindly weather. With the copious spring rains, eastern Montana was again promoted as the new Eden, and it was painful to watch new people move in, as guileless as the homesteaders of 1910. Although Ned's attachment to his land was as strong as ever, he could not subject Dora to another evil winter, and he hardly had the stomach for it himself. But he could not sell. When he talked of moving, strangers called at the house and made offers, which rankled in his soul. Eight thousand dollars for his valley, his home, his fields, his hives on the hill, for the best years of his and Dora's life? From the moment he set foot on the claim, Ned had seen the homestead as the estate that he would pass on to his son.

He agreed to rent the farm on a year-by-year basis to a young couple named Shumaker. He sold them his stock, horses, and implements. He would keep the bees. Three wagonloads of books and furniture went to Mildred, to be loaded on a boxcar. Then Ned packed the Ford until it resembled a toppling haystack of assorted household goods, and in March, 1927, he and Dora drove sadly west.

Those homesteaders who clung on were faced with a hard reckoning. In every sense of the phrase, the railroads had taken them for a ride. They remembered the misleading pictures in the brochures. Vanity had led them to read too much into the glossy descriptions. Humbled now, and wiser, they reproached themselves more than they did the railroads or the federal government. The homesteaders now saw themselves as contrite realists. They understood, at last, how dry the land really was, and how it needed to be gentled back to health. They resolved to save for the bad years, not splurge in the good ones. From now on, they would use the plow lightly, let the soil lie fallow, and feed it with nutrients. This land might not be much, but it was theirs. They had abused it. Now they would atone for that abuse. The homesteaders who survived into the nineteen-twenties found that their attachment to the land had grown beyond reason, as love does.

V

I am watching "Late Show with David Letterman," hoping for news of Ismay and its reinvented self—Joe, Montana. I learn the top-ten least favorite flavors of the beverage Snapple. I see the usual string of actors trying to plug (in the new, wry, unpluggy, postmodern way) their current movies. I see a football player, but he isn't Joe Montana. I see a performing dog who gets stagefright and fails—to everyone's satisfaction—to do his tricks. Letterman himself, with jaded eyes and contrived farm-boy grin, presides over the nightly parade of foolery like a babysitter with a bag of poisoned candy in his pocket.

The audience roars when Letterman throws simple folks to the lions, and there is a clear space for the Nemitz family and the Joe, Montana, story. But each night this space is filled by other eager victims.

If Ismay could get its four minutes, the prairie roads would be packed with tourist cars, and tourist dollars, on Joe Montana Day. I badly want it to happen, if only because it would produce a queer, distorted echo of the past, with a swarm of novelty-seekers descending on the town, much as the credulous homesteaders had descended on it in 1910.

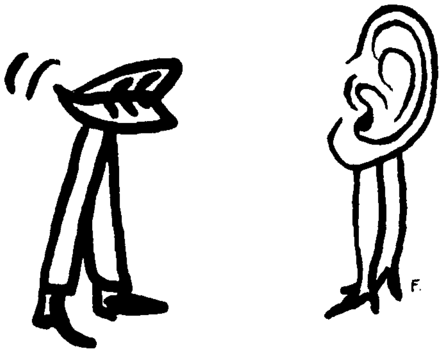
On June 10th, I receive a press release from Linda Dozoretz Communications, of Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles:

> STATEMENT REGARDING JOE MONTANA
> Despite published reports, Joe Montana never agreed to appearances this month in Joe and/or Billings, Montana. He hopes to be able to visit Montana in the future.

At the end of the month, I drive to Montana, and arrive in Ismay to find three big Winnebagos already camped by the bridge over O'Fallon Creek. Their owners are retirees who have come to pay homage to the half sections of land on which their parents had come to grief. Prosperous, in summer pastels, they are representatives of the great homesteading diaspora, and are hardly less conspicuous here than a party of American Jewish tourists on the ancestral Russian shtetl.

In the town, ruined houses are being cordoned off with plastic tape, as if they were a crime scene. Prohibitive notices are everywhere: "Private," "Keep Out," "No Entry." Ismay now sees itself as famous, and is affecting the surly manners of a besieged celebrity. Across from the post office, people are unloading Porta Potties from a truck; I count twenty-eight yellow plastic cabins in the town so far, and there are more to come.

On the morning of July 3rd, there are roadblocks on the three approaches to town, and a five-dollar-a-head entry fee. My car is consigned to a lonely spot of prairie; the spot is fenced off, with white tape, for the first time in sixty years. I walk through the streets of collapsed houses, which are pleasantly uncrowded; say hello to the O'Fallon Creek Cow Belles, who are setting up their Bossy Bingo stall (you win if the cow poops on your number); and make my way toward the far end of the town, where the parade is billed to start.



It is led, on horseback, by Gene Garber, a rancher with thirty sections to the west of Ismay. Families ride by in creaky wagons; six disabled veterans from Miles City are jammed into a Model T; Ric Holden drives a late-model Thunderbird advertising "Ric Holden for State Senate"; and, from a Chevy pickup adorned with the slogan "Forsyth—Goosehunting Capital of Montana," a man with a black box and a six-foot antenna is radioing instructions to a lifelike mechanical goose, which pads along a little way behind the truck.

The postmaster predicted four thousand visitors "minimum" (some people predicted from six to eight thousand). At noon, I reckon that there are three hundred and sixty people, including everyone involved in the parade. It is a fine, good-neighborly turnout, but it is several thousand short of the number required to bounce Ismay, or Joe, back into the mainstream. Up at the fire hall, where the boxes of Joe, Montana, T-shirts, caps, coffee mugs, sweatshirts, bumper stickers, and coozies are stacked from floor to ceiling, there are no signs of active trading.

So another promotional idea bites the prairie dust. By nine the next morning, the Porta Potties, several in mint condition, are back aboard their truck. A crew of volunteers has been at work since dawn, and many of its members have the blanched and jittery look of people nursing an unaccustomed hangover. There was a fireworks display followed by a dance in the fire hall. Drink was taken. Some of the revellers have fallen asleep in the dirt among the ruins. The prevailing mood is one of crapulous melancholy.

VI

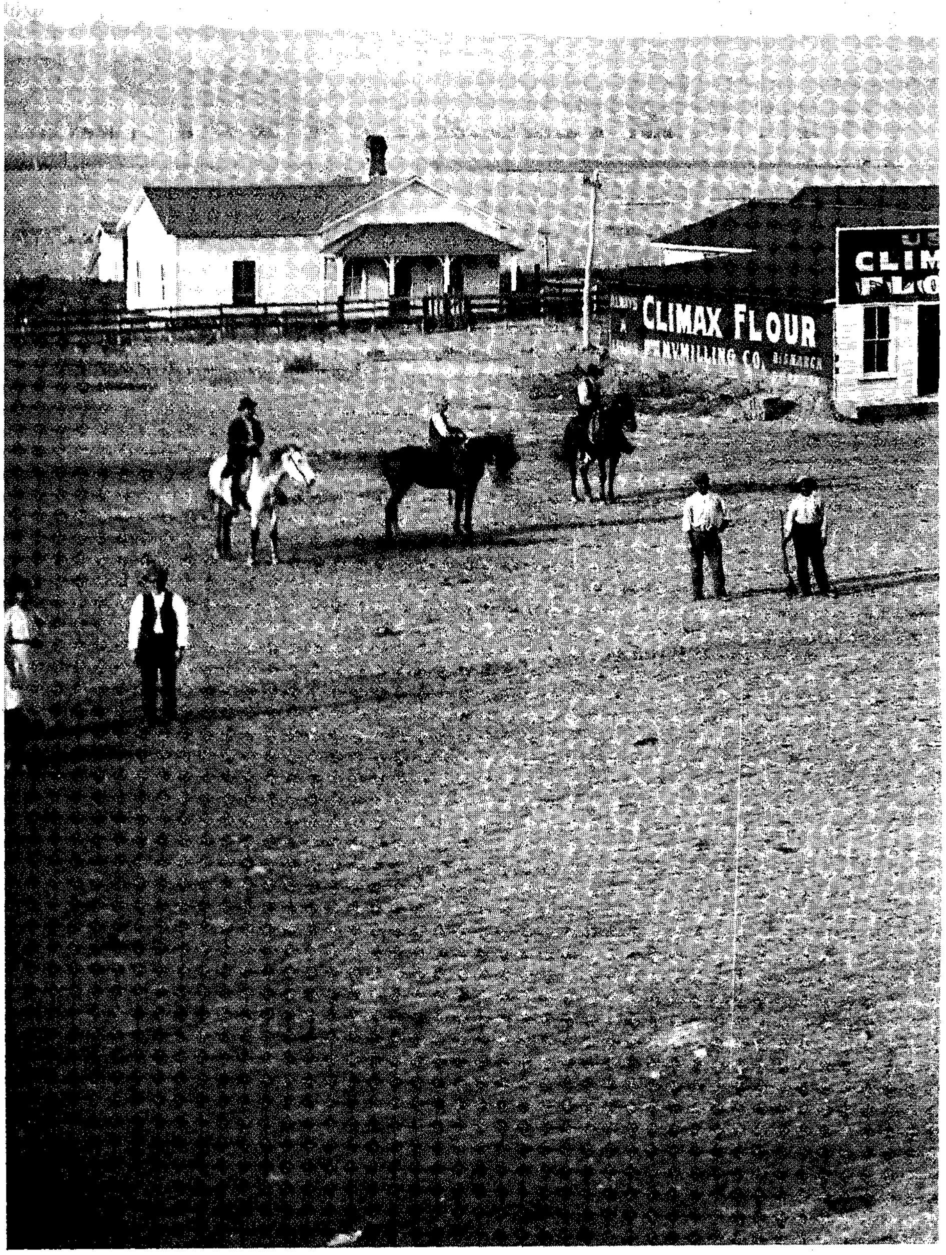
Following the route taken by Ned and Dora Wollaston as they drove west in their Model T in 1927, I sped through the hardtack landscape of failure and abandonment—the wrecked houses, boarded-up schools, junked farm machinery—that marks the line of the Milwaukee Road on its ill-fated passage through eastern Montana. More than four hundred miles west of Ismay by road, the Continental Divide is crossed at Rogers Pass on Highway 200, and for the Wollastons, as for me, the Divide was the boundary between two worlds: the dry and the wet, the poor and the rich.

Beside the highway, the Blackfoot River began as a thin trickle over mossy boulders in the firs. Every few yards, another creeklet joined the flow, and the river quickly gained a rapid, purposeful, Pacific-bound appearance as it rumbled within earshot of the car. At forty-five hundred feet, the road levelled, the river slowed and widened, and a high valley, moist, green, and prosperous, opened up around the highway. Between the stands of pine and aspen lay alpine meadows with grazing herds of cattle. The country here was riddled with trouty streams, named with gruff Montana humor: Sucker Creek, Humbug Creek, Sauerkraut Creek, Keep Cool Creek, Poorman Creek. New log cabins, varnished like boats, dotted the landscape. Here was the beginning of summer-home, recreational Montana, where the woods were loud with the *pop-pop* of hunting rifles, and, in season, the unfolding parabola of a fly line would glint in the sun above every creek.

The town of Lincoln, the capital of this happy valley, was a mile-long avenue of motels ("Hunters Welcome!"), R.V. courts, bars, eateries, crafts shops, and sporting-goods stores. My attention must have been failing, for I did not notice an unkempt bearded man, just three weeks older than I am, pedalling away from the Lincoln Community Library with a sackful of books on sociology and Chinese philosophy. I would like to have spotted Theodore Kaczynski, the Unabomber suspect, a full five months before his arrest by the F.B.I., but, as I later found, it would have been nearly impossible to single him out from all the other bearded loners on bicycles, with self-inflicted haircuts, who are part of the Lincoln landscape.

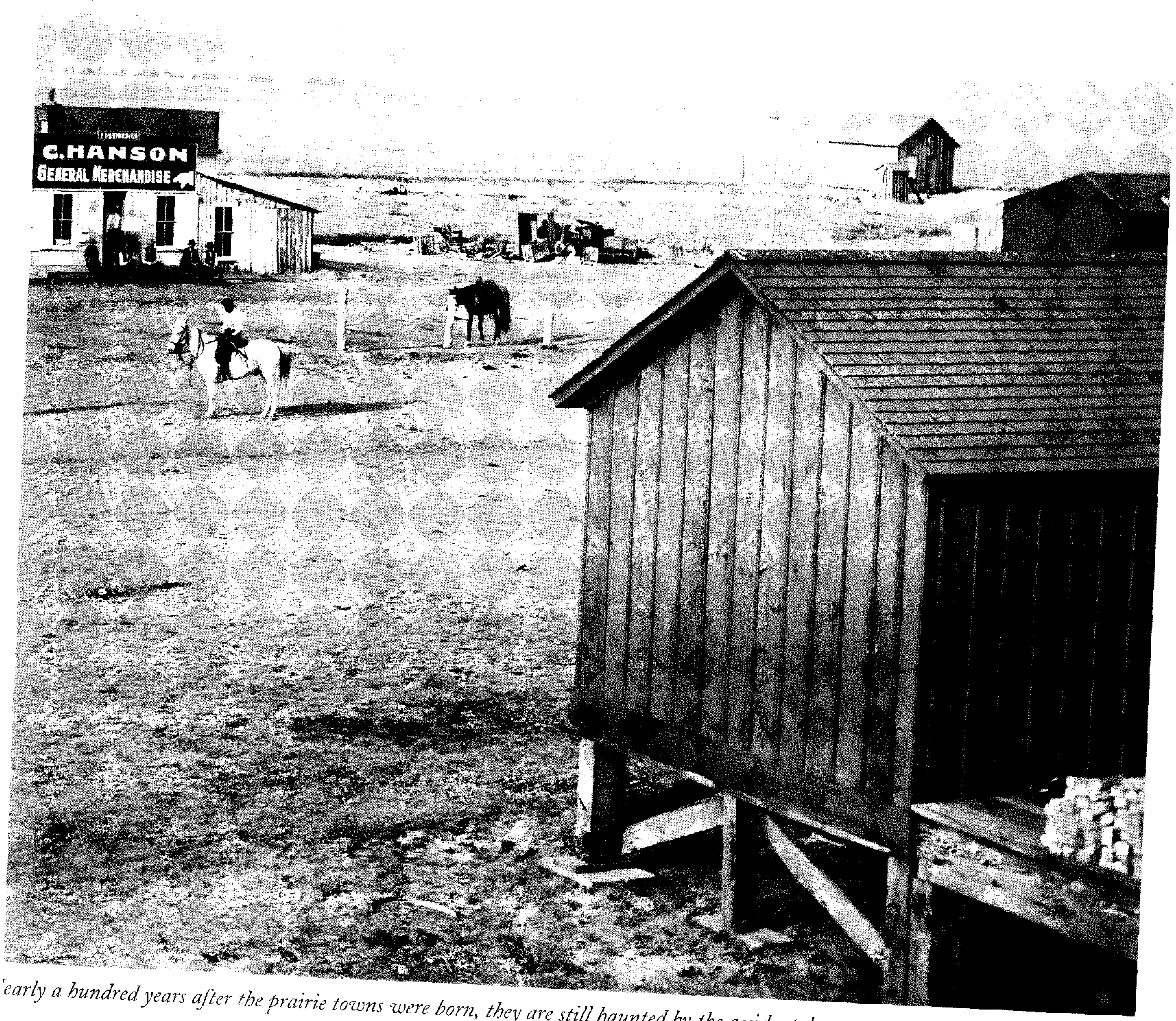
I drove on west, with water, lots of it now, always at my elbow. I followed the Blackfoot to its confluence with the Clark Fork, switched to the Jocko, ran down to the Flathead, and caught up again with the Clark Fork at Paradise.

A light rain was falling. There were weeping-willow trees in people's yards, and brown bulrushes in the ditches at the roadside. The Clark Fork was full of cigar-shaped wooded islands. As the rain cleared and sunlight caught the edges of the clouds, the water turned soapstone green—reflecting the conifers on the high slopes above. Small farms were crowded into the narrow space of the valley floor. A few acres could support a family here: a dozen dairy cattle, an orchard, a plowed



Downtown Fallon, Montana, photographed from the top of a railroad car in 19

EVELYN CAMERON/COURTESY OF DONNA M. LUCEY, FROM "PHOTOGRAPHING MONTANA 1894-1928" (KNOPF).


C. HANSON
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

early a hundred years after the prairie towns were born, they are still haunted by the accidental nature of their conception.

field sown with winter wheat, two ponies on a wood-fenced pasture—all this within the compass of a handkerchief, by prairie standards. To Ned it must have looked as green as his idea of England. Anything would grow here, if you could find a patch of soil to call your own.

At Thompson Falls, Ned and Dora took a room in the Black Bear Hotel, on Main. Land-hungry, Ned scouted around town for an affordable chunk of the place. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1927, he paid Orrie K. Goodwin a total of five hundred and fifty dollars for eight lots on the block bounded by Clay and Church Streets and by Third and Fourth Avenues. They amounted to a little less than two-thirds of an acre.

Ned's small new world was on a wooded slope with a clear view over the town and the river. The house he built is still there, snugged in among add-ons by later owners, and I saw immediately the plan that he had in mind. The front of the house looks south, as the homestead had looked south over the swale. At the back, as at Ismay, a stone path leads north from the kitchen to the henhouse. The new house was the old house, transplanted to a Rocky Mountain Eden.

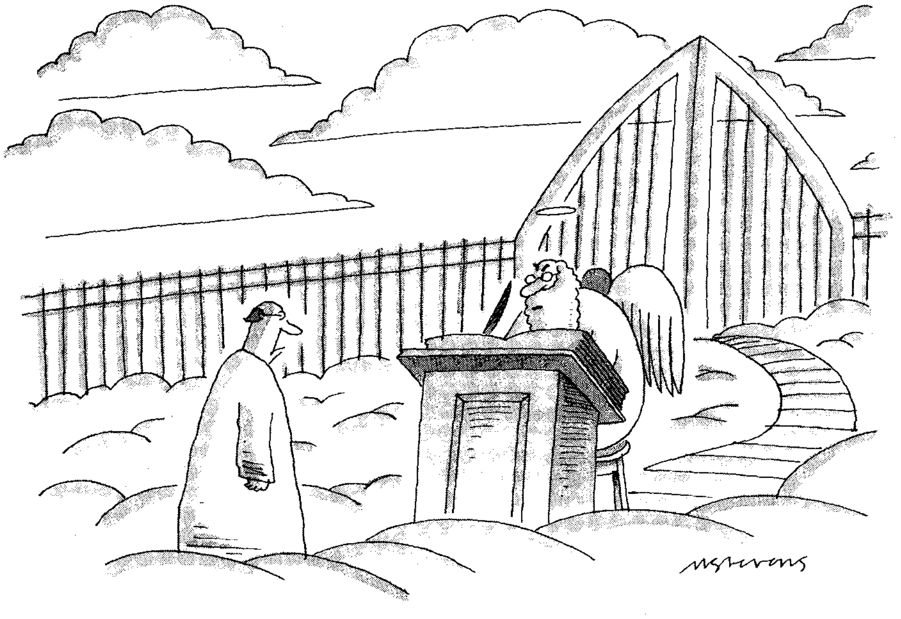
MOST of the homesteaders went on farther west, and I didn't want to lose sight of their continuing trail.

Nearly forty miles on from Thompson Falls, there was a sign for a town named Noxon, on the far bank of the river, and I crossed a bridge over the Clark Fork in search of a late lunch. In closeup, Noxon was less attractive than it should have been—a rambling string of bungalows and trailers, with a general store, a gunshop, and the Landmark Café.

I opened the café door on an amiable buzz of talk between the owner and three men seated around a table. The talk stopped dead. I hoisted myself onto a stool at the bar and asked for coffee and a hamburger. The owner took my order but didn't make eye contact.

The four men of Noxon closely resembled each other. All had black spade beards. All were around forty. The three at the table were dressed in camouflage caps, plaid flannel shirts, suspenders, work pants, and big black lace-up boots. I made an inventory of my own clothes: an olive-green shirt, a gray herringbone-tweed jacket from Brooks Brothers, corduroy slacks from Eddie Bauer, and a pair of blue leather deck shoes. In the Landmark Café, Noxon, I might as well have been wearing a ball gown, high heels, and a wig.

The silence behind me became an inaudible muttering, as conversation resumed in strict sotto voce. My food came. It was good, and I said so, but still the owner wouldn't catch my eye. I then remembered where I had seen the name Noxon: in the New York *Times* a few months before. Noxon was the headquarters of the Militia of Montana, which had come to sudden public attention in the aftermath of the Oklahoma City bombing. The Landmark Café was evidently the regimental mess.



"You had more money than God. That's a big no-no."

When I thanked the owner for a fine lunch, he turned his back on me and busied himself with the coffee machine. To give him and his café their full due, the place was more grimly unwelcoming than any other restaurant I have eaten in in my life, but the hamburger—and the coffee, too—were beyond reproach.

I spent a short while prowling along a mountain road behind the town. At regular intervals, there were mailboxes by muddy tracks leading deep into the trees. It was prime survivalist real estate. As the homesteaders had been drawn to this valley for its easy pickings, so a later generation of surly romantics found in it the perfect site for a life in the woods. With a hunting rifle and a pair of dogs, you could sally forth from your cabin like Natty Bumppo, snacking on huckleberries. When the dogs growled in the dark, you'd go out to the stockade with night-vision binoculars, searching the forest shadows for lurking federal agents.

That version of the West, half Boy Scout playacting, half paranoia, with some queer Bible-reading thrown into the mixture, seemed to bear directly on my own theme. Its leading figures were like bad-blood descendants of the homesteaders. In their resentment of government, their notion of property rights, their harping on self-sufficiency and self-defense, as in their sense of enraged Scriptural entitlement, one could see the perverse legacy of the homesteading experience and its failure on the Plains.

When, earlier in the year, a bomb destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, killing a hundred and sixty-eight people, the gist of every editorial I saw was "Terror in the Heartland: How Could It Happen Here?"

In private, and closer to the so-called heartland, I heard a quite different response: "Any farm kid could have done it. You'd think it would happen more often than it does." Farmers in the West regularly make bombs. They use them to blast stumps, blow up walls of rock, and make quick work of ditchdigging. The sound of distant explosions is an everyday part of country life. "If I were to start on it now, this morning, I could have it ready to blow up a federal building by two o'clock this afternoon. So could you." Fertilizer saturated with diesel fuel and packed into a confined space (like that of a rental van) is more stable and more economical than dynamite, and needs only a detonator to set it off.

My informant fished a suitable detonator out of a drawer. "Like this." An Atlas blasting cap, the size of a refill cartridge for a fountain pen. Blasting caps could be got—against a purchaser's signature—from a rural hardware store. You push the blasting cap into the explosive mixture and complete the circuit with a battery and a doctored clock.

In fact, the heartland folk were not only already heavily armed but had virtually unlimited access to deadly explosive matériel. Given the political tensions between the country and the city, especially in the West, it seemed likely that there would be another farm-bomb horror. If it ever came to war, the country was in a position to blow the city clean out of the ground.

VII

Shortly after Ted Kaczynski was seized at his cabin, on the afternoon of April 3rd of this year, I drove back to Lincoln, to find out why this taciturn refugee from big-city life in Salt Lake, Berkeley, Ann Arbor, Cambridge, and Chicago had chosen the high valley as his sanctuary from the urban industrial world. Newspaper reports had described Lincoln as the heart of the heart of the backwoods—which didn't chime with my fleeting memory. Journalists from the world's press were still quartered in the town's half-dozen lodgings, so I packed my fly rod and went to Lincoln as an uncredentialled fisherman, scoping out the Blackfoot River.

I stayed at the Lincoln Lodge Hotel, a fine log pile, built as a dude ranch in the nineteen-twenties, when Lincoln was beginning to make itself known as a hunting-and-fishing resort. It was now owned by Diana Holliday and a partner. Diana turned out to be from Ismay and we traded gossip from the far east of the state. She'd never gone back to the homestead on which she grew up. Her memories of Ismay were of penury ("There were five of us children, and the family lived on ninety dollars a month. For clothes, my mother used to go to the dump at Terry"), dust, and bitter cold. She had longed to escape to a greener world. She'd lived in Great Falls—"and that was so green to me, after Ismay," she said. Last summer, she and a partner had bought the old hotel in Lincoln, and they were in love with the town—its wateriness, its woods, its air of unpretentious prosperity.

"When I heard on the TV that they'd caught the Unabomber in a 'remote' part of Montana, I thought they must mean some place like Jordan. I couldn't believe it when they said Lincoln. This isn't 'remote'!"

"To a reporter from New York, I suppose, Lincoln might look like the wilderness. Maybe that's how it looked to Ted Kaczynski, too."

I took an evening stroll through town. Novelty windmills creaked in front yards. Antique wagon wheels were propped against the sides of houses. Most of the year-rounders had some cottage industry to support them; they were taxidermists, woodcarvers, flytiers, or the makers of painted plywood butterflies. I peered through the window of the Lost Woodsman Gallery—Sculptures by Rowley. His rough-cut bears, Indians, and frontiersmen, hewn from pine logs, were masterworks of Easter Island kitsch. The ornamental wagon wheels came, I guessed, from Roly-Poly Land Antiques.

Deer wandered from cabin to cabin, scrounging for leftovers. People put out bowls of oats, and restaurants fed them on the wilted remains of their salad bars.

Kaczynski, mooning around Montana in '71, had lit on this idyllic family-vacation spot, with its friendly animals and tinkling streams. To the Chicagoan, the docile student, raised on the high-school American classics, Lincoln must have looked like Thoreau's pond, Twain's river, and Cooper's forest conveniently rolled into one.

I sent myself to sleep reading the Unabomber's tangled thesis, "Industrial Society and Its Future." The author, who identified himself only as "FC," was a very urban nature lover. "The positive ideal that we propose is Nature," he wrote, but his idea of Nature was infuriatingly hazy and sentimental. He doted on the early settlers of the West for eating "wild meat" and living in such isolation that "they belonged to no community at all." With characteristic bathos, he opined that "Nature makes a perfect counter-ideal to technology for several reasons" and that "most people will agree that nature is beautiful." The word "natural" cropped up in sentence after sentence as a synonym for "good."

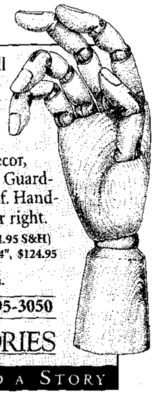
In the dead center of the thesis—paragraph 115 out of two hundred and thirty-

INSIGHT GUIDES
SCOTLAND
See the world with Insight!

The world's leading full-color travel guides are now available in three information-packed formats: **Insight Guides, Insight Pocket Guides** (with pull-out maps) and the new **Insight Compact Guides.**

300 different titles available at bookstores nationwide

Houghton Mifflin



CAN HANDS TALK?

They were used by Michelangelo as well as by fortune tellers and magicians. Able to express love and welcome, they may provoke, mediate. Their habitat is sign language. Age old objets d'art, they are still the artist's model, home decor, subtle communicators, whimsical gifts. Guarding the wedding ring, or holding a scarf. Handcrafted of selected wood. Choose left or right.

Artist's Model Hand 10" $39.95 (+4.95 S&H)

Also: Mannequin 7", $10.00 and 14", $19.95, Horse 14", $124.95

Giftpackaged. We ship in 24 hours.

Brochure or Order: **1-800-895-3050**

TRADING STORIES

THOUGHTFUL GIFTS NEED A STORY

OFFICIAL SWISS RR WATCH **$125+S/H**

HANS HIFLIKER SWISS FEDERAL
RAILWAY STATION CLOCK
RENDERED WRIST SIZE.
SWISS QUARTZ (AUTOMATIC $225)

PHONE **800-897-0151**

CLARK'S REGISTER 150 CHESTNUT, PROV. RI 02903

The Claremont Hotel

For over 100 summers, upholding the traditions of hospitality and leisure on the coast of Maine.

Brochure P.O. 137
SW Harbor, ME 04679
1-800-244-5036

two paragraphs—was a fragment of miserable autobiography, an unmistakable cry from the Unabomber's heart.

> The system HAS TO force people to behave in ways that are increasingly remote from the natural pattern of human behavior. For example, the system needs scientists, mathematicians and engineers. It can't function without them. So heavy pressure is put on children to excel in these fields. It isn't natural for an adolescent human being to spend the bulk of his time sitting at a desk absorbed in study. A normal adolescent wants to spend his time in active contact with the real world. Among primitive peoples the things that children are trained to do tend to be in reasonable harmony with natural human impulses. Among the American Indians, for example, boys were trained in active outdoor pursuits—just the sort of thing that boys like.

I never camped in the woods! I never went fishing! I never had an air gun! They never let me be a boy!

Ted Kaczynski was nearing thirty when he arrived in Lincoln. Was it his lost boyhood of "active outdoor pursuits" that he found here?

THE next morning, Bill Holliday, Diana's husband, said, "He wasn't too different from a lot of folks round here. Vets, mostly. They make do without electricity. They hunt and fish—live off the fat of the land. They keep themselves to themselves."

"They ride bicycles?"

"A lot of people get around on bicycles," Mrs. Holliday said. "It's so flat."

I went out to the river. The Blackfoot swirled greenly under the road bridge, but was too swollen with snowmelt to be fishable. As it was, I followed Stemple Pass Road over toward the Kaczynski place, with Humbug and Poorman Creeks chattering within earshot. It was a pleasant forty-minute walk, past summer homes and pastureland, to the schoolbus stop beside Gehring's Lumber, where the F.B.I. had pinned its search warrant to a post and officiously blocked the logging trail that led to Kaczynski's cabin. The cabin was just out of sight, but I could see the satellite dish of its immediate neighbor, like a creamy giant mushroom in an aspen glade.

It was woodsy, but it was not "the woods." When the spirit of Emersonian self-reliance failed him, Kaczynski could ride his bike to the Blackfoot Market and pick up Del Monte food, whose cans, meticulously labelled, figure prominently in the F.B.I. inventory. But this proximity to town must have had its disadvantages. Snowmobiling is Lincoln's economic mainstay in the winter months, and when Kaczynski was laboring on his life story (Item MB28 in the inventory is a "Brown Clasp Envelope Marked 'Autobiography' ") he must have been plagued by the din of the rainbow-striped machines whizzing past the cabin, for the logging road, which takes a zigzag path through a shallow canyon, is perfect for snowmobilers. FC was similarly troubled: his thesis complains of "noise-making devices" intruding on his autonomy.

Yet here were deer, elk, bears, rabbits, and fish. The F.B.I. inventory, with its fishhooks, bows and arrows, and guns (one of them homemade), alongside the chemistry set, the peanut-butter jars, the Hershey's-cocoa cans, the Raspberry Super Sip bottles, suggests the life not of a man but of a dangerous boy.

Item L9 interested me: "A Plastic Bottle Labeled 'Strychnine Oats.' " I mentioned it to Diana Holliday. "You feed oats to the deer, don't you?"

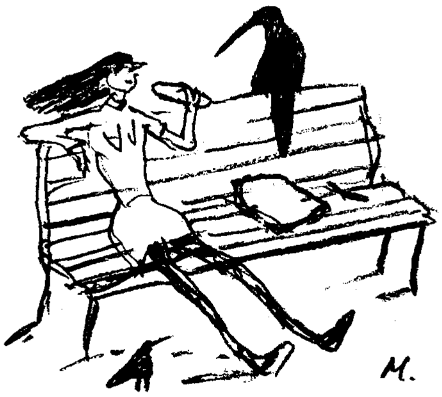
"Oh," she said, "that makes me *really* angry at him. He hated the deer. They used to eat his garden."

The positive ideal that we propose is Nature.

LAMBKIN'S BAR & CASINO, at the center of Lincoln, was loud with talk, and welcoming.

"You're from Seattle?" the bartender said. "That's where all the serial murderers come from. Ted Bundy. The Green River Killer. . . . This guy is our first. We're kind of inexperienced."

She was down to her last six "Lincoln, Home of the Unabomber—The Last Best Place to Hide" T-shirts. The first edition had arrived at nine the previous evening; fifteen hours later, I bought the last T-shirt but one. A rush reorder had been sent out to the factory.



Profits on the T-shirt sales were going to Lincoln's volunteer fire department, which had set its sights on a defibrillator. By Saturday morning, the defibrillator was in the bag, and the volunteers were looking at the next item on their shopping list—a compressor for filling air cylinders. After that, they needed new jackets.

"It's split this town right down the middle," according to Jay Verdi, a bearded firefighter who is also the fire department's P.R. man. "Some folks are mad as hell at us for doing it."

I thought of the fire hall in Ismay, stacked from floor to ceiling with Joe, Montana, shirts. Lincoln's sudden blaze of notoriety and fortune seemed more securely rooted.

"Did you pay any attention to Kaczynski before he became famous?" I asked Jay Verdi.

"I rode with him to Helena once. In 1978. I was buying a new Blazer. Sat with Ted on the stage."

"What did you talk about?"

"He said, 'Hello.' "

"And that was all he said, all the way to Helena?"

"At the end, he said, 'I won't be riding back with you.' That was a long sentence for Ted."

As I was leaving, Verdi said, "The two guys who made the arrest—I heard that when they grabbed him, he didn't struggle, or anything like that. The wind just went right out of him. Total relief."

VIII

THE story of the homesteaders and their flight from the land is so American that some Americans will hardly see it as a story. These people came over, went broke, quit their homes, and moved elsewhere. So? In this country, everybody has the right to fail—it's in the Constitution.

The homesteading experience was more than that: it scorched people too deeply to be forgotten in a mere generation. It still rankles. The abandoned homesteads of eastern Montana and the Dakotas stand as a warning to the credulous. Here, on these three-hundred-and-twenty-acre plots of dust, the Western forefathers were suckered.

In 1994, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Apollo moon landing, the Washington *Post* concluded from the results of a poll it had recently conducted that twenty million Americans give credence to the idea that the moon walk was a hoax, perpetrated in the Arizona desert by the federal government, for the financial benefit of the powerful corporations who were the NASA contractors. In my experience, almost every bar in the West has its resident skeptic, who will expound this theory at tediously detailed length.

After all, in 1909 the government really did drop people onto an expanse of land that closely resembles the dusty surface of the moon. The homestead scheme was, indeed, pushed through Congress largely for the benefit of the great railroad companies. The corporation bosses, like Albert Earling and James J. Hill, ran their lines to the coast at—as it turned out—the expense of hundreds of thousands of innocent would-be farmers, who bought the government pitch and saw their families "starve out" on their claims.

Around the time of the first catastrophic drought, in the late 'teens of the century, Montana children were taught to vilify James J. Hill in the schoolyards, where they chanted:

> Twixt Hill and Hell, there's just one letter;
> Were Hill in Hell, we'd feel much better.

Those children, educated into cynicism, have not been slow in passing on their knowledge to their children and their children's children. No matter what the federal government did to make amends to the homesteaders (and the New Deal Administration, through Rexford Tugwell's resettlement program, did much), the federal government would be remembered by many in the West as a trickster, never to be trusted again. The fresh-faced young farmer plowing gold coins out of the prairie, near Ismay, would be remembered, too, as an exemplar of the enormous, treacherous power of the advertising industry.

In places like Justus Township, where people are inclined to believe in black helicopters, and in unholy conspiracies among government, big business, and the media, the bleak and haunted landscape offers its own nourishment to the paranoid political imagination. With its broken fences and splayed houses (many still furnished, with rotting clothes in the closet, and dirty dishes in the sink), it looks like a landscape in an allegory—the site of Everyman's betrayal by the giants Government and Industry, which is where, or so they say, the decline of the West began. ♦

Discover why over 5,000 American doctors & medical professionals prescribe this Swedish mattress.

Imagine a mattress that can literally change the way you sleep for the rest of your life—relieving back, neck, joint and muscle pain—leaving you feeling miraculously refreshed and restored in the morning.

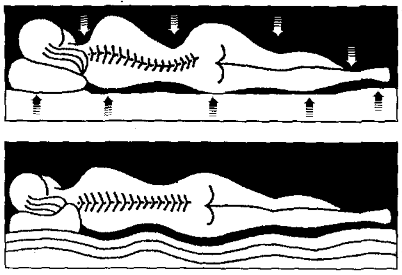
After being tested in hospitals and sleep clinics, Tempur-Pedic was proven to relieve pressure which can cause pain.

From NASA to Sleep clinics
Tempur-Pedic was originally developed for NASA, which needed a material that would help keep astronauts and pilots comfortably supported during long flights. The result was a revolutionary heat- and pressure-sensitive substance that forms a soft yet precise mold around the body, while offering firm support at a deeper level.

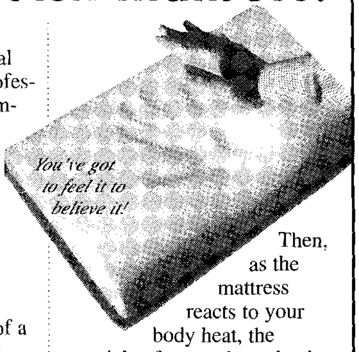
After years of research, designed to improve the quality and durability, Tempur-Pedic was introduced to hospitals in Sweden, with reports of instant relief from arthritis, back and muscle pain after sleeping on mattresses of this unique substance. Similar results were reported in hospitals and sleep clinics throughout the United States.

Today, over 5,000 American doctors, physical therapists and medical professionals have already recommended Tempur-Pedic to their patients with back, neck, joint and muscle pain, with outstanding results.

Superior to premium spring, water or air mattresses.
Tempur-Pedic is made of a high-density, visco-elastic, open-cell material that responds not only to pressure but also to your body temperature. When you first come in contact with a Tempur-Pedic mattress, it feels quite firm.



A conventional mattress (top) forces your body into an unnatural position, while Tempur-Pedic (bottom) keeps your spine in perfect alignment.



Then, as the mattress reacts to your body heat, the material softens and you begin to gently sink in. Pressure is removed from your neck, shoulders, back, hips and legs as the mattress forms an incredibly comfortable, yet supportive cushion around your body. You feel completely cradled from head to toe. No other mattress adapts itself to your shape so precisely, while offering you such deep support.

Call for your FREE Tempur-Pedic video now!
Simply call Tempur-Pedic's toll-free number or send in the completed coupon to receive your complete product information kit. **Ask about our NO RISK 60 Night Trial.**

TEMPUR-PEDIC
PRESSURE RELIEVING SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW
1-800-886-6466
Tempur-Pedic, Inc.
848G Nandino Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511

☐ **Yes!** Send me a free video and complete information about Tempur-Pedic, send to:
Name__________
Address__________
City, St, Zip__________

LONDON THEATRE NEWS
Stylish monthly newsletter features reviews, recommendations, theatre and restaurant listings, and a ticket booking service. $49 - 1 yr; $29.95 - 6 months. Please send check to:
London Theatre News
Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.
Or call: 1-800-779-0077.

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

The REAL CARIBBEAN
New, free, 64 page catalog of small family owned & operated hotels, inns, villas, beach cottages. Bargain to deluxe. Money saving American Airlines fares from 200 U.S. cities. Best deal ever to the islands from $260 per person double including airfare from Miami!
1-800-333-0392
http://www.smallhotels.com
AA

Stretching Your limits from 40 On!
Outdoor adventures for women 40 and over, to delight, challenge and affirm, amidst some of the most beautiful vistas in Northern New England.
Call/write for color brochure.
40
RR#1, Box 910
Craftsbury Common, VT 05827
1-800-488-5629

A CRITIC AT LARGE

DR. SPOCK'S BABY

Fifty years in the life of a book and the American family.

BY ANN HULBERT

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK, who is ninety-three, has been the pediatrician on perpetual house call for millions of American families over the past half century. His "Baby and Child Care" was published in May of 1946, has been revised five times, and has sold more than forty-three million copies. Today, Dr. Spock's own house is a twenty-two-foot cream-colored Winnebago named the Tortoise, parked in the yard of friends in Miami, where Spock and his second wife, Mary Morgan, spend half the year. Until 1992, they lived on the Carapace, a thirty-five-foot sailboat, but they sold it when Spock's footing became less sure on deck, and because they wanted to be in closer touch with his doctors. Spock, who has worn a pacemaker since he had a heart attack nine years ago and who suffered a brief stroke-like episode six years ago, has also taken his health into his own hands. Or, rather, Mary Morgan, who is fifty-two, has taken it into hers. Every day, she devotes many hours to preparing macrobiotic meals for the two of them in their tiny kitchen. On the refrigerator door hangs a child's drawing with the caption "Dr Spk is a vare anyoosurl dkr."

One evening recently, the Doctor and Morgan entertained a female acupuncturist named Sachi at a restaurant in Coconut Grove. Dr. Spock had a cold, and Sachi had spent that afternoon pounding his back, applying needles, and practicing yoga with him. During dinner, Dr. Spock, the friendly New Englander (his "mahvellous" is full of patrician folksiness), left the New Age talk mostly to the women, and hungrily turned to the meal that Morgan had ordered specially for him. His wife extolled the curative powers of the arugula, the sea vegetable, and the kale. Sachi serenely said that she could see all the food sparkling with energy, and that she had prayed to her swordfish before biting into him. "I could just tell somehow it was a he," she commented, and Morgan agreed, saying, "I saw him in the kitchen and he had a very masculine eye." Dr. Spock, teasing in a slightly tense-jawed way, remarked that the two of them could be taken for nuts, and kept on eating.

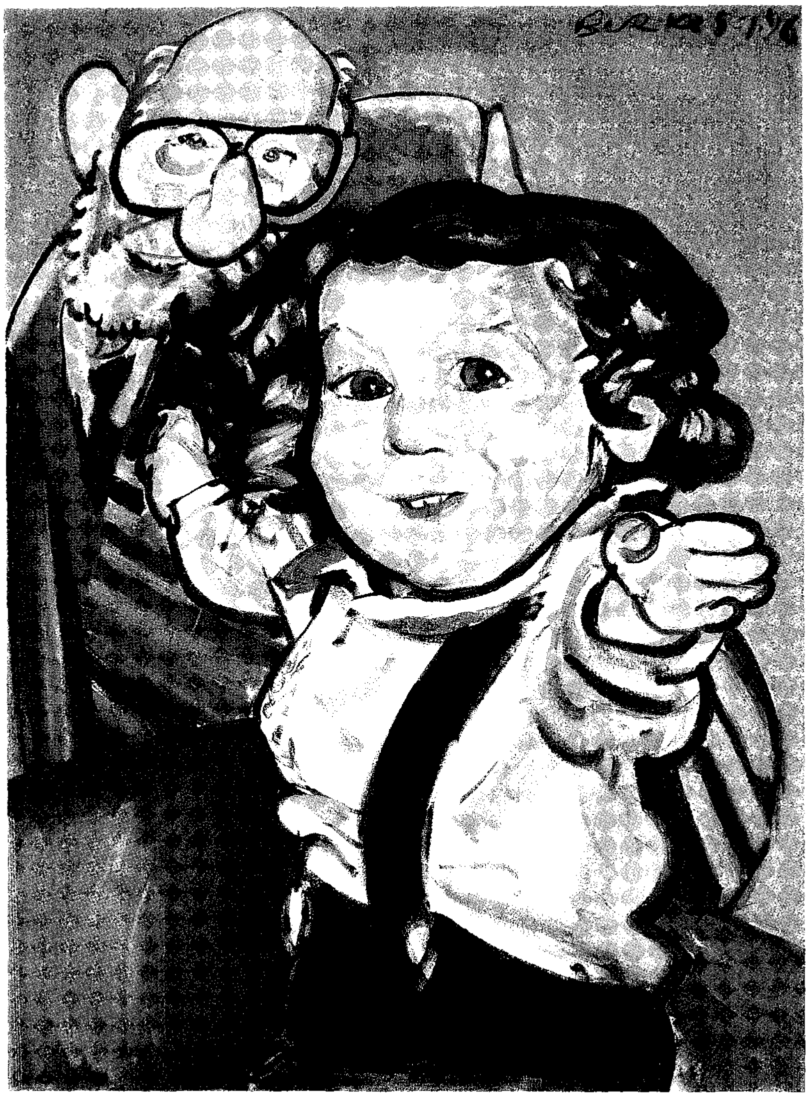
Dr. Spock's wry equanimity hardly seems a revolutionary trait, but fifty years ago it made him the spokesman for and the symbol of a radical departure from dogmatic rigidity in American attitudes toward child rearing. Scientific-minded pediatricians in the first half of what progressives anointed "the century of the child" issued patronizing directions to mothers about their children's physical care, especially their feeding. The doctors insisted above all on "regularity," for healthy intestines and for good character. Save the baby from "summer complaint" (severe diarrhea), they instructed, and make him a solid citizen fit for an industrial society. By the nineteen-twenties, bullying behaviorists had taken over. John B. Watson, whose "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" reigned throughout the thirties, informed parents that their children were theirs to shape, and ridiculed mothers as emotionally overwrought cuddlers and clingers, rather than cool trainers with the capacity to treat children "as though they were young adults." Love, Watson was convinced, bred unwholesome dependence. (With rising disgust, he monitored a cozy family car ride during which one poor small passenger was kissed thirty-two times—"four by his mother, eight by the nurse and twenty times by the grandmother.")

Dr. Spock offered children and parents a welcome end to scolding and strictures. "Trust yourself. You know more than you think you do," he told parents in the now famous opening paragraphs of his book. "Don't take too seriously all that the neighbors say. Don't be overawed by what the experts say. Don't be afraid to trust your own common sense." Trust your children, he went on to urge young middle-class mothers and fathers, and show them plenty of affection. The response was an outpouring of trust in him, as a warmly nonauthoritarian authority for an age of prosperity. "I feel as if you were talking just to me," one of his early followers wrote him. "You make me feel as if you thought I was a sensible person."

His book sold three-quarters of a million copies in its first year, without advertising. The *American Journal of Public Health* judged "Baby and Child Care" to "typify the present-day departure from rigidity in schedules and training" and praised it for its moderation: "Dr. Spock has succeeded to an amazing degree in striking a middle ground in his advice." His secret, a columnist explained in the *Times*, was that he knew how to offer "suggestions on dealing with children as people" yet didn't cease to treat parents as people, too: in the more flexible and egalitarian family that Dr. Spock described, parents weren't held up to an impossible standard. The *Times'* writer appreciatively cited Dr. Spock's tips for the mother whose child has collapsed in a raging heap. "You can't dodge all temper tantrums. A mother would be unnatural if she had that much patience and tact," Spock wrote, and proposed that when the meltdown happens on "a busy sidewalk" the parent simply "pick him up, with a grin if you can force it, and tug him off to a quiet spot where you can both cool off in private."

Dr. Spock spoke like a down-to-earth amateur, who favored the human touch, whenever it was possible, over mechanistic technique. Don't ask "Do you want to eat lunch?" and get into an argument, he advised, but lead or carry the child to the table, "still chatting with him about the thing that was on his mind before." He conceded that "you might get the idea that I am advising you to swoop down on him and give him the 'bum's rush,' " but he assumed that his readers would manage more smoothly. "It helps to be tactful," he summed up, tactfully. The arrival of a new sibling, a frequent event in the postwar years, called for agile maneuvering on the home front—lift and don't strike. When a mother sees her child "advancing on the baby with a grim look on his face and a weapon in his hand, she must jump and grab him," Dr. Spock wrote. "But then she can turn the grab into a hug," and reassure him of her love. Young mothers and fathers, often many miles from their own parents in a mobile era, had found an expert they could feel comfortably attached to. "I've got a copy in the living room, a copy in the bedroom, a copy in the kitchen, a copy in the bathroom," one of his many correspondents told him. It was flattering, Dr. Spock says, to be held in such awe—except that, to his mind, it was also worrisome. What had happened to the confident, independent parents he'd hoped to inspire?

The success of Dr. Spock's book has been paradoxical as well as spectacular. The doctor who quietly rebelled against the imperious and impersonal medical experts of the first half of the century very quickly emerged as America's paramount child-rearing authority, and his gospel of cheerful moderation and family harmony went forth into immoderate, dissonant times. Like his readers, Dr. Spock has had to struggle to readjust a vision of family ease in the face of mounting evidence of family strain and collapse. In fact, he himself was not, as husband and father, the gentle authority figure his readers revered, and his home was far from the relaxed haven his book evoked. Dr. Spock didn't let the difficulties daunt him, but he hasn't tried to hide them, either. Within the anodyne self-help guide to parental self-confidence there is an anxious book about parental insecurity. No book has all the answers, Dr. Spock warned his readers at the start, but over the years he has kept trying to respond to incessant questions about how to do it right. The six editions of "Baby and Child Care" are a record of a half century of quintessentially American optimism and panic about the fate of the family.



Like his readers, Dr. Spock has had to struggle to readjust a vision of family ease in the face of mounting evidence of family collapse.

PHILIP BURKE

DR. SPOCK says he views his indomitable mother, Mildred Stoughton Spock, as the crucial influence on his personal and professional life. His father, Benjamin Ives Spock, who was a lawyer for the New Haven Railroad, was "very quiet, like some men are, especially in America." The Doctor, who was the eldest of six children, salutes him as "grave but just" but remembers him most for his remoteness. Mrs. Spock was fierce, a "tartar," her daughter Marjorie says. Dr. Spock himself, who can still get surprisingly worked up about his mother, describes her as "very moralistic, excessively controlling," and puritanical on the subject of sex. She suspected "naughtiness" everywhere, and subjected her cowed sons and daughters to regular interrogations about their deeds, thoughts, and friends. The mildest lapse from purity registered on their guilty faces, Dr. Spock recalls with a vestigial cringe.

And, in what her son later saw as the style typically adopted by "conscientious" parents early in the century, Mrs. Spock negotiated her way among a growing array of child-rearing experts while maintaining her unwavering authoritarianism. She was a zealous adherent of Dr. Luther Emmett Holt's prescriptive "Care and Feeding of Children" (1894), the most popular child-rearing book of its time. For Holt, diet was the key to health, which was the key to wholesome happiness, and he dictated a strict regimen. (Mrs. Spock deemed bananas to be dangerous, so Ben was appalled when one of his friends offered them around as a treat and was mortified to be the only child who had to refuse one.) At the age of nine, Ben, who enjoyed "being a regular pupil going to a regular school," was pulled out to spend two years in an "open-air" classroom, organized by local parents and presided over by an assistant professor of philosophy at Yale and his energetic wife. Ben huddled outdoors in a thick felt bag while he studied, and was ridiculed as one of the "hot-air kids" by tougher local boys.

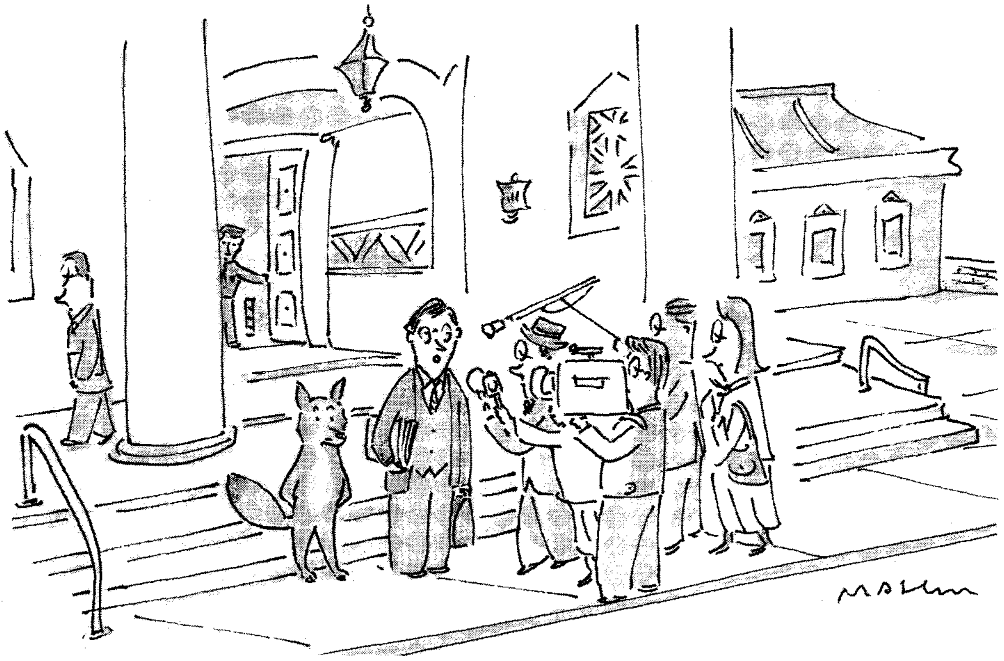
In 1919, when he was sixteen, Ben was thrilled to be sent to Andover—above all because it put distance between him and home. By then, the worried little boy seen in childhood photographs had shot up into a skeletally thin teen-ager desperate to escape a sense of himself as a "mother's boy." He longed to be a "regular guy," and when he went on to Yale, where his father had gone before him, he got the perfect chance: he rowed on the victorious Yale crew in the 1924 Olympics. He entered the Yale medical school the following year, already sure of what he wanted to be: a pediatrician.

Dr. Spock dedicated his career to a psychological concern with emotions—both children's and parents'—which had been notably lacking in his own home: "In the stern family in which I grew up, there was no allowance made for psychological or human explanation of naughty or unwise behavior. Every issue was somehow a matter of morality or health." And by the thirties and the ascendancy of behaviorist psychology every issue had become a matter of conditioned reflexes. Yet Dr. Spock resists describing his career either as a case of rebellion against his mother or as one of professional trailblazing. Rather, like the medical institutions, and like many American parents around him, he was cautiously—"underassertively," he often says—feeling his way toward alternatives to the old-fashioned techniques. In 1927, he transferred to the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was first in his class. He followed up with two interneships, spending two years at Columbia's Presbyterian Hospital and then a year at Cornell's Nursery and Child Hospital. But he found himself stymied in his clinical work by parents' everyday questions about their children's behavior.

Dr. Milton J. E. Senn, a contemporary of Spock's (in 1948, he succeeded Dr. Arnold Gesell as director of the Child Study Center at Yale), has described widespread discontentment in doctors' offices during the thirties and forties. Pediatricians were "confounded and annoyed by the large number of distraught, angry and frazzled mothers in their practices," who were balking at the rigid feeding methods of the day and the dispassionate behaviorist "training" style but weren't sure what they should do instead.

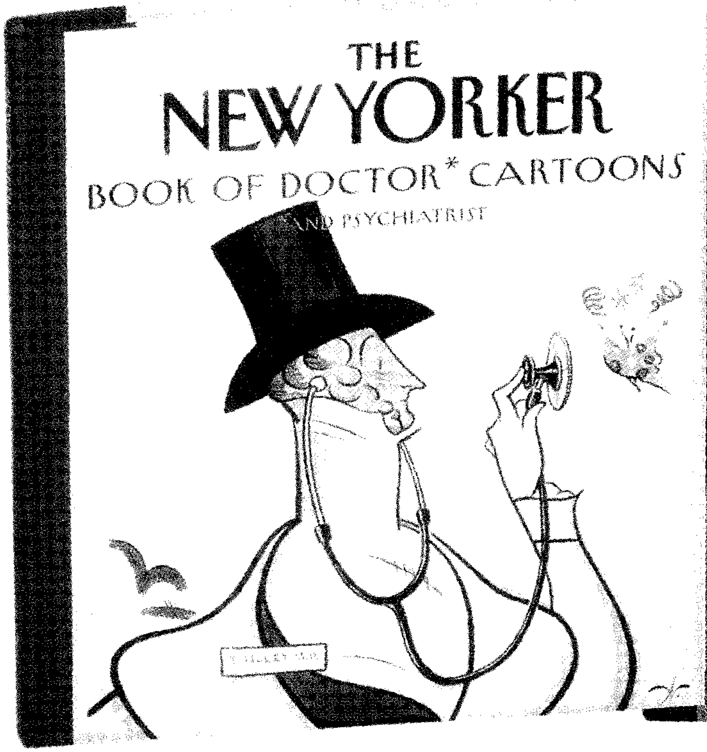
Mary McCarthy, in her novel "The Group," caricatured the mood of maternal anxiety in a conversation between two of her Vassar '33 graduates, Priss Crockett and Norine Schmittlapp, who meet on a bench in Central Park with their babies in the late thirties. The nervously fastidious Priss is married to a pediatrician of the "six, ten, two, six, ten, two" school of scheduled feeding, who trained her never to pick up their son between feedings except to change his diaper or give him a drink of water, and she is trying to think of herself as a mother who "keeps up with the latest developments" from the behaviorist and child-development labs. But she doesn't really feel like one—not least because her toddler still won't "perform" on the "toidey-seat." Norine, who takes a blithely "permissive" attitude, piques her anxiety, and Priss uneasily eyes her friend's three-month-old, Ichabod, sunning naked in his carriage and blissfully sucking on a pacifier. Norine, who feeds him "on demand," confidently predicts that he'll "give up his anal pleasures" under peer pressure at nursery school.

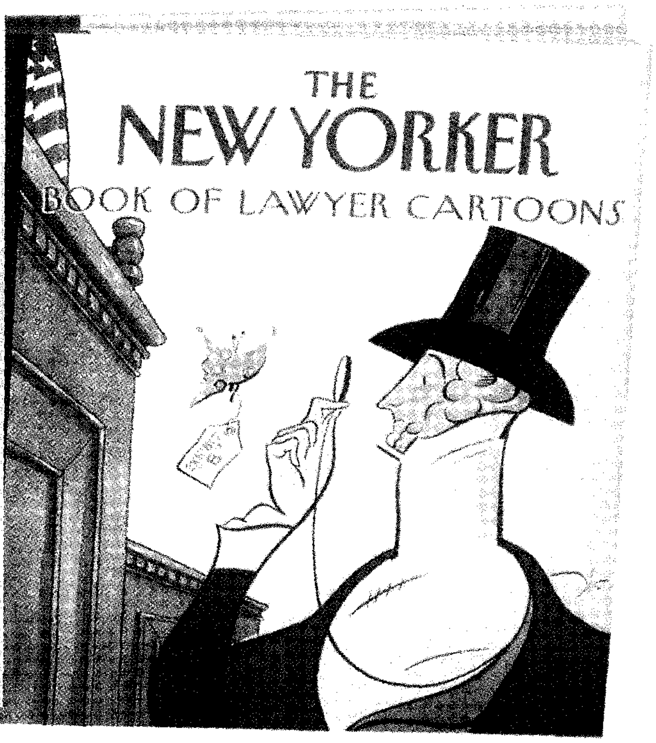
Dr. Spock, along with Dr. Senn and a few others, was improvising a course between McCarthy's comic extremes. Spock started with a residency at Payne Whitney in 1932, and then, after launching his pediatric practice, spent five more years in training at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute during the evenings. The Doctor, who has described himself as "a person who's learned by sort of latching on to people and acquiring second-hand whatever I'm able to comprehend," also began working with members of the progressive-education movement. All along, he was struggling during the Depression to support a family. He and his first wife, Jane Cheney—a Connecticut blue blood whom he had courted while she was at Bryn Mawr and he was at Yale—had a son in 1933.



"Those responsible for putting my client in charge of the henhouse should be on trial here, not my client, who, as a fox, was only doing his job."

Dr. Spock's quirky psychiatric reputation didn't initially attract hordes of patients, but it did catch the attention of publishers. In 1938, an astute Doubleday editor eager to commission a primer by a psychologically inclined pediatrician approached Dr. Spock. The Doctor turned him down, claiming too little experience. He was trying to apply Freudian ideas of underlying drives, rather than the usual notions of mere bad habits, as he experimented with practical advice about thumb-sucking, weaning, toilet training, separation anxiety—the problems then, as always, on moth-





There's something funny about DOCTORS and LAWYERS!

WHAT'S FUNNY about doctors is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOCTOR CARTOONS.** In 85 uproarious cartoons, here are analysts analyzing, doctors prescribing, operating, referring ("I'd like you to see a botanist. You exhibit many of the symptoms of Dutch elm disease"); doctors being sensitive ("The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Perkins. Please try not to upset him."); doctors being confrontational ("The doctor's lawyer will see you now."). From internists to acupuncturists, here are doctors of every stripe deftly dissected by great *New Yorker* cartoonists from James Thurber and Peter Arno, to Shanahan and Chast.

AND WHAT'S FUNNY about lawyers is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF LAWYER CARTOONS.** Here, in 85 hilarious cartoons, are lawyers in the courtroom, in their offices, ambulance chasing, winning — but mostly losing — cases ("I've just about resigned myself to your getting twenty years."); lawyers specializing, suing negligent children, negotiating a "pre-victual agreement" before ordering a Chinese lunch. Lawyers observed, teased, and immortalized by some of our most brilliant cartoonists, from Charles Addams and George Price and William Steig to William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler and Charles Barsotti.

At all bookstores • Published by Knopf

And don't forget

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

The kitten-size
NEW YORKER BOOK
OF CAT CARTOONS

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS

ers' minds—but he felt he needed to learn more from those mothers about what worked and what didn't.

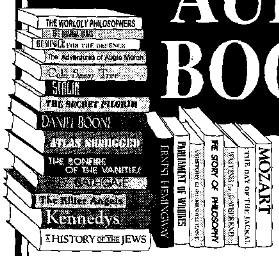
Five years later, when Donald Geddes, of Pocket Books, asked him to write a manual, Dr. Spock was ready. But in 1944 he joined the Navy as a doctor, and a project that was supposed to take six months stretched to three years as he carted a growing manuscript from post to post. He was helped by Jane, who, at home in New York, did research, checked facts, and took down his many revisions as she cared for their new son, who was born in 1944. "The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care" appeared two years later, with the baby boom. Rarely has the delay of a book been so well timed.

"ALL parents do their best job when they have a natural, easy confidence in themselves," Dr. Spock assured his readers, not when they're trying to "do everything letter-perfect out of a feeling of worry." Anyway, he pointed out, there is no such thing as "letter-perfect" in the upbringing of a child. "Our ideas about how to treat a child have changed a lot in the past and will certainly change in the future," he wrote. "This book only tries to give you sensible present-day ideas of the care of a child, taking into account his physical and emotional needs. It's not infallible." Following intuition and instincts, he emphasized, is almost always better than obeying instructions. With its goal of parental peace of mind rather than perfection, Dr. Spock's book, which Dwight Macdonald singled out for praise in his essay "Howtoism," published in *The New Yorker* in 1954, joined a growing American self-help subgenre. In Macdonald's taxonomy, it was not a "success" manual for ambitious strivers but an "inspirational" book for earnest muddlers, who were eager for "reassuring, soothing messages."

As Macdonald wrote, "the self-help writer has two powerful drugs in his pharmacopeia, psychology and religion." Dr. Spock's was psychology, and in his first edition he applied it to children in a way that no one before him had done. Along with up-to-date medical advice and homespun practical know-how about children's physical care (down to the best way to get a shirt on and off over an infant's head), Dr. Spock offered his readers an explanation of children's emotional development—a dose of what Macdonald called "know-why." The Freudian concepts he employed were, in the words of one admirer, "camouflaged in such palatable form that they slide like soda pop down the most distrustful gullet." Dr. Spock presented parents with children who were eager to please, crediting them with "a deep desire to grow up to be like the parents they admire and love."

In lucid, conversational prose, Dr. Spock described a natural, easy path of growth. Children will develop regular habits without being forced into regularity. Infants want to eat what they need to eat, and will settle into a feeding rhythm if they're given the chance. "Leave bowel training almost entirely up to your baby," for "a child will completely train himself sooner or later if no struggle has taken place." Sexual impulses lead to curious exploration and emulation, not to dark frustrations, and the Oedipal phase, between three and six, is "a nice age." (Children's anatomical fears evoked sweet anecdotes. "I heard of a little girl who complained to her mother, 'But he's so fancy and I'm so plain,' " he wrote in his book, and in a column he noted, "My favorite example is the little girl who gazed thoughtfully at her plate and asked, 'Is a frankfurter a boy or a girl?' ") An older child doesn't need to be pushed to "take his place as a responsible citizen of the outside world"; it's a pleasant privilege. To be sure, the steady progress that Dr. Spock described can go awry with the wrong handling: toddlers can become biters; eager feeders can turn balky; and older children can withdraw. But "if the cause and the cure are not easy to see, a children's psychiatrist will be able to help." Dr. Spock made that sound easy and natural, too.

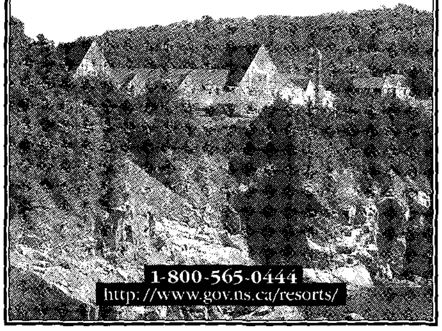
Yet when the Doctor took his inspirational show on the road, in the late nineteen-forties, he was unsettled to discover very little parental peace of mind. As an itinerant professor—at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota (from 1947 to 1951), at the University of Pittsburgh medical school (from 1951 to 1955), and, finally, at the Western Re-



AUDIO BOOKS
- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

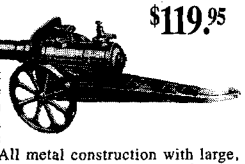
BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NY • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

Keltic Lodge
THE SPIRIT OF THE HIGHLANDS
A majestic location on Nova Scotia's world famous Cabot Trail.



1-800-565-0444
http://www.gov.ns.ca/resorts/

Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! $119.95



Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, $49.95 postpaid; 17" cannon, $89.95 postpaid; 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, $119.95 postpaid. The larger the cannon the louder the bang! Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00. Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for FREE CATALOG!
The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016
★★ Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264) ★★

RAVEN MAPS & IMAGES
Congratulations Graduate
Beautiful Wall Maps
▪ FREE CATALOG ▪
Tel: 800-237-0798 Fax: 541-773-6834

COUNTRY WALKERS
Worldwide Walking Vacations
◆ Small groups ◆ Expert guides
◆ Fine hotels and cuisine
◆ Active, educational itineraries
Call for a catalog 800-464-9255
P.O. Box 180NY, Waterbury, Vermont 05676

serve medical school, in Cleveland (1955 to 1967)—he focussed attention on family dynamics and parental involvement, in a pediatric field that often seemed anti-parent. "You know, there are elaborate, technical, and obscure aspects of emotional development which it would be good to know if you've been able to secure the training," he liked to tell his students, "but nine-tenths of what you do psychologically is just be nice to your parents."

When Dr. Spock talked to non-academic crowds, as he was constantly invited to do, parents barraged him with pleas for reassurance. "It's a revelation to see audience reaction to him," a friend of his told a journalist in 1960. "The women strain toward him, they're happy, they seem to be saying, 'Tell me more! . . . Reassure me that it won't be awful if I get angry with my child!' It is almost a form of group therapy." On a television show that Dr. Spock hosted for several years in the fifties, he discovered that something firmer than his comforting presence was in demand. He did his best to fade into the background and let the mothers speak up, but "what a large part of the audience wanted was an authoritative preachment," he recalled, so "it was cancelled."

"Whore of Babylon?"

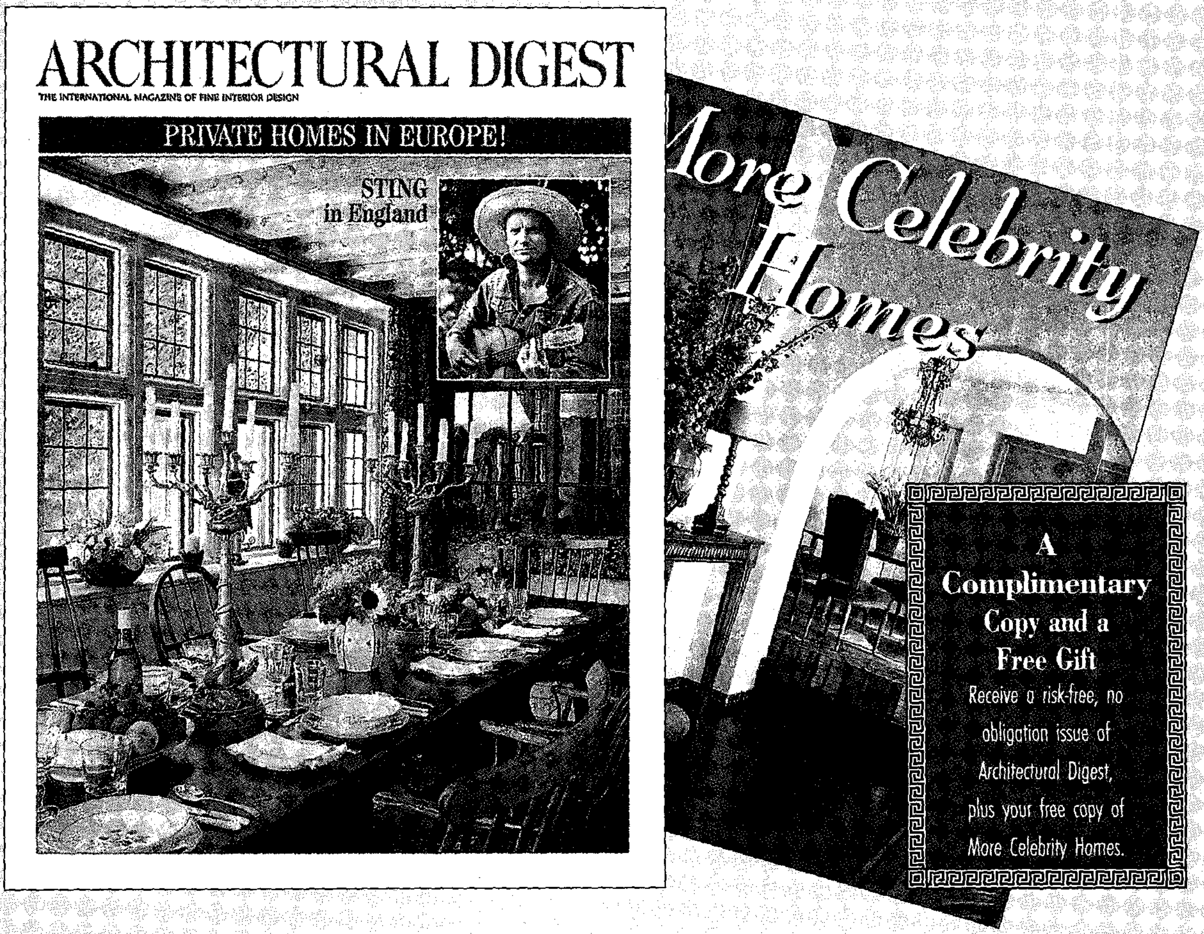
• •

DR. SPOCK'S first edition had tried to discourage the desire for more authoritative guidance. But "a flood of new concepts about child development" had crested very quickly—too quickly, he suggested in his second edition, which came out in 1957. Summarizing the rapid shift away from the old strictness, he noted that "it's not possible for a civilization like ours to go through such a change of philosophy—it really amounts to a revolution—without raising doubts in many parents' minds and without getting some parents thoroughly mixed up." Flexibility could be more unnerving than cut-and-dried rules, and Freudian psychology could be just as intimidating as behaviorist psychology: parents who had worried about molding their children now had to worry about repressing them. Dr. Spock feared that parents were being intimidated on two fronts—by experts and by their own children. And he was concerned that his book had unwittingly played to their insecurity.

So a "child-centered" first edition became a parent-focussed second edition. Dr. Spock cited a letter from a mother in Texas in the mid-nineteen-fifties as the decisive jolt. She praised him for his sympathy but confided that she was not at all reassured by his glowing portrait of childhood. "Don't you realize," she asked, "that when you always emphasize that a child basically wants to behave well, and *will* behave well if he is handled wisely, you make the parent feel responsible for everything that goes wrong? Perhaps some people wouldn't get that feeling. But I do; and it is more burdensome and discouraging and oppressive than I can ever express. Can't you see that a parent is a human being, too?"

Dr. Spock had never meant to let children overawe their elders. He added a section called "Parents Are Human" to the 1957 revision, reassuring his readers that ambivalent feelings are natural, and that resentful self-sacrifice is bad both for parents and for children, and creates a vicious cycle of guilt. He now told parents to be firm more often. This wasn't an about-face: he was simply changing emphases, spelling out what he had earlier felt went without saying, or had merely mentioned in passing. He had initially written, "Don't be afraid to love him and respond to his needs." He now amended that passage to "Don't be afraid to love him and enjoy him. . . . Don't be afraid to respond to other desires of his as long as they seem sensible to you and as long as you don't become a slave to him." Now he blamed himself, and other psychiatrists, psychologists, and pediatricians, for making parents too hesitant about toilet training. Remember that the goal is coöperation, he said, but start encouraging it in the second year.

Children, however well intentioned, were inexperienced and impulsive and quick to tyrannize a submissive adult, but they would be grateful for more parental gumption. Dr. Spock still promised affable peace, not struggle. As he had noted in the first edition, a child "needs to feel that his mother and father, however agreeable, have their own rights, know how to be firm, won't let him be unreasonable or rude. He likes them better that way." Now Dr. Spock urged parents to heed their own parents' strongly rooted ways. Tradition, not just instinct or intuition—much less an expert's tips—was the best cure for hesitancy, which Dr. Spock elsewhere identified as "the commonest problem in childrearing in America today." Coming from the mid-century progressive critic


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF FINE INTERIOR DESIGN
PRIVATE HOMES IN EUROPE!
STING in England
More Celebrity Homes

A Complimentary Copy and a Free Gift

Receive a risk-free, no obligation issue of Architectural Digest, plus your free copy of More Celebrity Homes.

The People You Know, the Homes You've Dreamed of Seeing!

OFFERED TO YOU NOW AT OVER 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE.

SEND FOR YOUR COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

Send for a risk-free, no-obligation issue of Architectural Digest. Enjoy the one and only magazine that takes you inside the luxurious homes of the world's most fascinating people. See how a vision can be transformed into a magnificent reality. Send for your Complimentary Copy today.

PLUS YOUR FREE BONUS!

Tour the homes of the stars in More Celebrity Homes, your Free Gift just for responding to this offer!

WITH NO OBLIGATION!

If you are not delighted with Architectural Digest, just write "cancel" on your bill and return it to us. You won't owe us anything, and you can keep the issue and your Free Gift.

Enter your introductory subscription for 11 additional issues (12 in all) for just $29.95 by mailing the accompanying card today. (If card is missing, please write to... Architectural Digest, P.O. Box 59061, Boulder, CO 80322-9061.)

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

of old-style methods, this was a startling retrenchment. But Dr. Spock made the shift seem an effortless matter of course. "This is nothing to be ashamed of," he said. "This is the way Nature expects human beings to learn child care—from their own childhood."

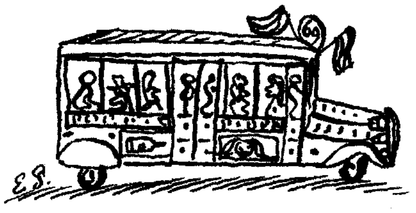
As a husband and a father, especially during the fifties, Dr. Spock practiced the traditionalism he had begun to preach in his second edition, but he didn't manage it with the ease that his book advertised to parents. Dr. Spock had inherited an unexpected amount of his mother's strictness. His own family life, as profiles of the Spocks intermittently pointed out, was not the permissive haven that fans tended to expect. Dr. Spock was a firm father. What the accounts missed was that he could sometimes be an oppressively fierce one. He turns out to have been, in the eyes of his first wife and his sons, a surprisingly moralistic authority figure as the Spocks enacted their version of the classic fifties drama of marital and generational strain behind a happy domestic façade. The family moved frequently, and Jane found the dislocations hard. She also resented her husband's growing fame, feeling that her work on "Baby and Child Care" entitled her to a greater share of the renown. In the early fifties, her sons say, she began to suffer from manic-depressive cycles, was hospitalized for a time after a severe episode, and later became dependent on medication and alcohol.

Dr. Spock is the first to admit that within his own family he has often been short on the calm sympathy he so readily dispensed to his patients, friends, colleagues, and devoted readers. "Ben seems like this outgoing, loving, easygoing person, but really he isn't. He's a stern person," Jane Cheney Spock revealed in an interview with the *Times* shortly before their divorce became final, in 1976. Their two sons, too, describe an extremely exacting figure, and Dr. Spock has acknowledged that his boys, though they called him Ben, were "too afraid of me." His younger son, John, says that he feels "less judgmental about the way my father did it" now that he is a father himself. Yet he recalls that as a seemingly composed little boy greatly disturbed by family troubles he experienced "a strange, wrenching, painful kind of childhood at times." He remembers sobbing uncontrollably after striking out in a baseball game at recess one day when he was in the third grade, during what was a particularly bad year for his mother. No teacher presumed to probe for a problem; it was unthinkable that Dr. Spock's son wasn't getting the help he needed at home. In the memories that still preoccupy him, his father looms as an angry figure, prone to leave him, as a boy, feeling "judged, criticized, scared, beaten down." But that father also presides as a daunting model to admire, who set high standards of selfless striving.

Dr. Spock says much the same thing of his mother, whom he resented for her oppressive strictures but credits as the inspiration behind his political activism beginning in the nineteen-sixties. Mildred Spock was a galvanizing example of conscientious nonconformism. "She gave us deep conviction about our obligation to serve, to put idealism above materialism, to think independently, to be courageous about our beliefs," Dr. Spock says, embracing the high-mindedness that had embarrassed him as a boy.

A grandfatherly presence in a three-piece suit on the barricades with long-haired youth as the Vietnam War escalated, Dr. Spock didn't mind risking accusations of being a cultural throwback. ("Should I change my clothes?" he would playfully ask his hippie entourage, and then would admire them for telling him, "Be yourself.") Well-behaved rebellion marked his steady radicalization as the former supporter of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson spurned establishment politics. He once politely pleaded with a police officer, "I want to commit civil disobedience."

The Doctor aroused fierce but ill-focussed attacks from both the right and the left. In 1968, he was tried and convicted on charges of conspiring to aid and abet draft resisters (his conviction was later reversed on appeal), and he was savaged by Norman Vincent Peale as the "permissive" cause of youthful rebellion. Peale accused him of promoting an ethos of "instant gratification": "feed 'em whenever they want, never let them cry, satisfy their every desire"—precisely the indulgent approach Dr. Spock himself had criticized. Four years later, crisscrossing the country as the Presidential candidate in a quixotic campaign run by the "feminist, democratic, and socialist" People's Party, Dr. Spock found himself attacked by his own purported constituents—feminists. Some of them walked out when he addressed the National Women's Caucus, although he prefaced his remarks with an apology for "some of the foolish things I've written and said" about women. As soon as his speech ended, he recalls, Gloria Steinem "stood up and thundered in the tones of Jehovah, 'Dr. Spock, I hope you realize you have been a major oppressor of women in the same category as Sigmund Freud!' "



The Doctor was determined that his book keep up with the dizzying times. But updating the straitlaced second edition, with its calls for more hierarchical family harmony, posed a major challenge as the generation gap yawned, women demanded liberation, and the family began to look far more fragile than anyone had expected. With the 1968 edition, Dr. Spock set a new direction for the three subsequent revisions as well—in 1976, and in 1985 and 1992 with a co-author, Dr. Michael B. Rothenberg. (A seventh edition, due out in 1998, will be written with Dr. Steven Parker, the chief of Behavioral and Developmental Pediatrics at Boston City Hospital and an associate professor at the Boston University medical school.) Dr. Spock now turned to that other drug of the inspirational how-toer: religion—or the closest equivalent available to an agnostic doctor and a committed activist, which is to say moral idealism.

"Fortunate are the parents with a strong religious faith," he announced in his 1968 revision. "They are supported by a sense of conviction and serenity in all their activities." The next-best guide "in a disenchanted, disillusioned age," he proposed, was for parents to embrace a conviction that "the most important and the most fulfilling thing that human beings can do is to serve humanity in some fashion and to live by their ideals." As the baby boomers began to come of age, Dr. Spock gave them not just a child-care manual but fragments of a social manifesto.

This was the kind of moralizing that his book had originally set out to avoid. And it marked a decline of faith in the power of psychology. "We've lost a lot of our old-fashioned convictions about what kinds of morals and ambitions and characters we want [our children] to have," Dr. Spock, sounding rather like his mother, chided in "What Are Your Aims in Raising a Child?"—a section he added to the 1968 edition. "Instead we have come to depend on psychological concepts. They've been helpful in solving many of the smaller problems but they are of little use in answering the major questions."

Dr. Spock's seemingly unprogressive swerve was prescient—an early form of increasingly public-minded rhetoric about family problems in America. It positioned him to accommodate feminism in his 1976 edition with a blurry blend of enlightened acceptance and nostalgic reservations—an ambivalence well suited to a mass-market manual. He called for equal opportunity for women, and scrubbed his book of sexism by downplaying boys' and girls' sex roles and emphasizing fathers' equal domestic roles. At the same time, he yearned for a "more humane society," devoted to communal solicitude rather than to competitive career advancement, in which men and women can "feel that the care of children and home is at least as important and soul-satisfying as any other activity." He paid surprisingly cursory attention to how working men and women and their children might actually feel, and manage, in the meantime. (In picking a babysitter, he suggested, you should "avoid the person who is cross, reproving, fussy, humorless, or full of theories," just in case you were tempted.) In the 1985 edition, though, he offered more clear-eyed counsel on other family permutations, in a new section called "Divorce, Single Parents, and Stepparents." He warned that "mothers who gain custody of the children usually find the first year or two of divorce very difficult," and he minced no words about why: "The children are more tense, de-

SHOWCASE BY
RICHARD AVEDON

SHAW BUSINESS

"SHE'S like Joan of Arc, only the flame's inside" is how Richard Avedon described the Irish actress Fiona Shaw after their first meeting. I know what he means. Shaw is all prowess and passion. She burns before the audience, radiating not just the heat of her imagination but the glare of her critical intelligence. In such roles as Electra, Richard II (she actually played the king), and Hedda Gabler (her interpretation of Gabler is generally agreed to be the greatest in living memory), Shaw has been daring, playful, and fierce, in her civilized way. She is currently on location in St. Petersburg, playing Lydia Ivanova in a film version of "Anna Karenina," and she has just completed a tour in Canada with T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," directed by her frequent and equally impressive collaborator Deborah Warner.

I caught up with the piece in Toronto, where it was part of the Du Maurier World Stage Festival and was performed on the dilapidated wooden floor of a now unused distillery. There, treading between two aisles of spectators and illuminated primarily by four unevenly hung light bulbs, Shaw and her long shadow brought the crepuscular world of Eliot's poem to life:

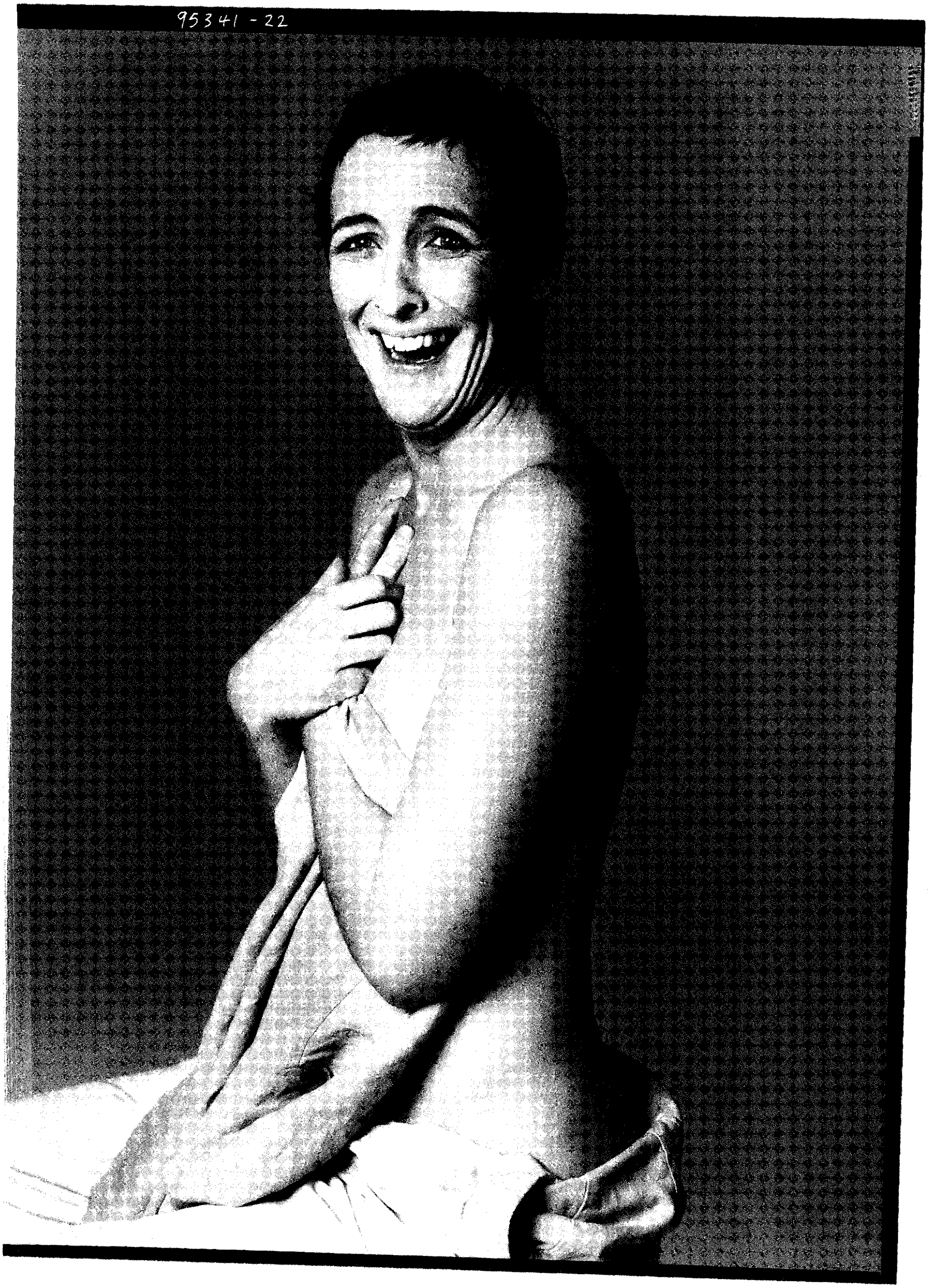
> O O O O that Shakespeherian rag—
> It's so elegant
> So intelligent
> "What shall I do now? What shall I do?"

Acting is another way of vamping in the void, but Shaw is used to showing off her soul, not her flesh. In this picture, where she's cast in the improbable role of glamour puss, her sense of fun and irony shines through. As her bemused eyes tell us, cheesecake is not on her menu; she is too smart and too intense for that. Glamour offers the illusion of perfection, but Shaw offers another kind of thrill—the thrill of deep emotional connection.

—JOHN LAHR

Fiona Shaw, London, December 1, 1995.

95341 - 22



manding, and complaining; they are simply less attractive."

But by the 1992 edition Dr. Spock's concern about social disharmony and spiritual drift as the cause of rising family tensions had begun to sound familiar and more formulaic. A "politics of virtue" school was thriving, with Hillary Clinton, among others, proselytizing its mix of progressive social policies and old-fashioned moralism. Dr. Spock offered his version in uncharacteristic memolike shorthand at either end of his book. In an opening section called "Raising Children in a Troubled Society," he supplied readers with the address of the Children's Defense Fund, urging them to write for information on "the programs most needed by children and families." In an afterword entitled "A Better World for Our Children," he denounced "the intense competitiveness and materialism of our society," emphasizing that "human beings normally crave spiritual beliefs." He had slipped into the bland inspirational style of countless conferences on the crisis of the American family.

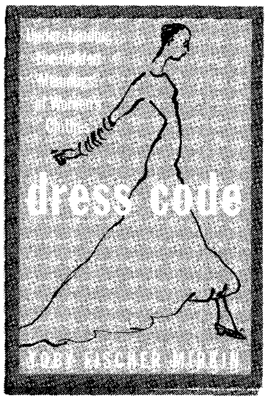
Dr. Spock's new public scope has meant a loss of intimacy. He has kept his "I," even as he has added a coauthor, but in the new sections he has dropped the personal "you" of an individual reader. His prescription for making "society cooperative and happier" is sweeping: parents should rear their children "with strong values beyond their own needs—cooperation, kindness, honesty, tolerance of diversity"—and become politically active themselves.

DR. SPOCK once called it "a fascinating and somewhat mysterious phenomenon, this one of the parents of America being this nervous about doing right by their children." Though he is always gratified to hear mothers and fathers say that he has been a great comfort to them, he himself is inclined these days to offer a bleak verdict on his fifty-year effort to bolster parents' confidence and self-respect. "I don't see that what I've written has made any difference at all," he now says. As he watches baby-boomer parents, the many Spock babies who have had their own babies later in life, he is disconcerted by how frazzled and contentious many families are. "I have a feeling that parents are still afraid to ask for respect," he goes on. "The mother or father has to argue for every point, and it uses up energy and it uses up patience and it uses up friendliness. It isn't good for the child, because it makes for a pesky child who's arguing all the time. Everywhere I go, at least half the children have got the upper hand." He catches himself—"Maybe that's too strong"—but he doesn't stop. "I think that children argue and resist and demand explanations or they don't demand explanations, they state their positions." The parents who could and should stop the wrangling don't.

But Dr. Spock, still ruthlessly self-critical, is too hard on his book and its legacy. As the child psychiatrist Dr. Stanley Greenspan observes, "his influence is now taken for granted in the best sense of the word. It has become woven into the fabric of everyday life in such a way that people don't even know where it came from." And that is exactly what Dr. Spock has always wanted. He aspired to be an invisible adviser, one who could somehow persuade twentieth-century parents to stop looking for rules and solutions and see that in the end, as in the beginning, they had to muddle through on their own. Baby boomers have absorbed that message from America's household pragmatist, even if they still call on the experts when their children overwhelm them. Today, "Baby and Child Care" is one manual among many in a field that is once again filled with dictatorial advocates of cut-and-dried technique. But the Spock generation isn't cowed by them, nor is it too credulous. The parents pick and choose, and eclectically mix, and they always come back to Dr. Spock and the proponents of intuition whom he has inspired, among them T. Berry Brazelton and Penelope Leach.

Parents don't sit on park benches these days worrying that some new child-rearing theory could make all their efforts look misguided and obsolete. They're hurrying frantically to get home in time for the old rituals and then wearily hoping that their children will go to bed on schedule so that they can, too. Not Dr. Spock. As he and Mary Morgan left the restaurant, she announced that it was time to rest. "No, Mary, I don't want to take a nap," Dr. Spock whined with perfect pitch. Then, grinning, he added, "None of my friends have to take naps." ♦

What do your clothes say about you?



FIRST IMPRESSIONS: They can tip the scale in your favor or cause you to lose a date, an interview, or even a job! Don't blow it. Before you walk out the door, get **DRESS CODE** and find out how you really come across.

➤ Does that sharply tailored suit make you look authoritative, or inflexible? Does that long, gauzy dress make you look romantic, or unreliable? Clothes can make you appear more trustworthy, creative, intelligent, serious, or open-minded—if you know how to wear them with confidence.

➤ **DISCOVER** the colors that attract men • how to get the job over the other applicants • what to wear to a dinner party • 15 fashion mistakes and how to avoid them...and much more!

➤ Every woman should read **DRESS CODE** before her next job interview, blind date, or walk around the block! Hardcover. 288 pages. 5 ½" x 8 ¼".

➤ **ORDER NOW AND SAVE 20%** off the cover price of $22. Send check or money order for $17.50* each, plus $2.50 shipping & handling per copy, to: The Condé Nast Collection
P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 205047-020
Des Moines, IA 50336,
or, for credit-card orders, call toll-free

➤ **1-800-438-9944**

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add applicable sales tax.

BOOKS

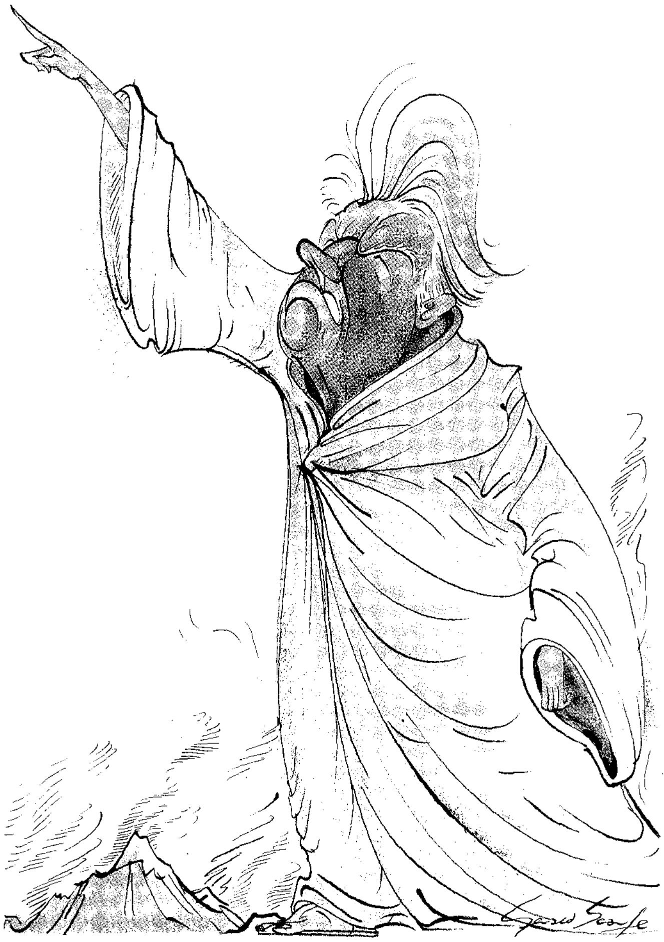
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PAUL

Not only is God English—he's a Thatcherite.

BY IAN BURUMA

I LIKE the sound of Marigold, Paul Johnson's wife. She is by far the most attractive character in her husband's book "The Quest for God: A Personal Pilgrimage" (HarperCollins; $24)—certainly more likable than its two stars, God and Johnson himself. Johnson is a conservative British Catholic who has described his own brand of patriotism as "religious, indeed, missionary." He is a tirelessly productive journalist, polemicist, and popular historian. He publishes fat histories about, among other things, the modern world, Christianity, and the Jews, while producing an endless stream of magazine articles and newspaper columns. He is a writing machine, a fountain of opinionated prose who, as we read in "The Quest for God," still finds time to fret about "what God may think about an article I am writing." To which Marigold, "in exasperation," responds, "God has better things to do than worry about that!"

Johnson's quest for his Maker—a mixture of personal anguish and popular theology, with chapters on such grand themes as death, Hell, and beauty—is in many ways what you would expect: fluently written but often quite dotty in its conclusions. Sometimes it is worse than dotty; the book gives off a distinct smell of bigotry. Overexcited opinions fleck his prose like spittle around a fanatic's mouth. Johnson has a way of slipping, in the space of a paragraph, from Hitler to, say, gay liberation, as though the latter "evil" were a variation on the former. It is not often that one comes away from a book feeling that, if the author is right, one is destined to go straight to Hell.



Paul Johnson's book on God must be read as the latest station of an extraordinary intellectual pilgrimage.

GERALD SCARFE

The interesting thing about Johnson is that, on the strength of his past opinions, he, too, was once on the fast track to damnation. Take one of the issues that most incite Johnsonian rage: euthanasia. In "The Quest for God," he compares the "pagan" zeal of environmentalists and health nuts with Stalin's punitive use of insane asylums and Hitler's Final Solution for mental patients and Jews. Then he adds, "We do not yet murder the insane—perhaps we never will—but we slaughter unborn babies throughout the world literally in their millions. There are already countries—the Netherlands, for example—where euthanasia is on the verge of legality." But writing in the liberal *New Statesman* in 1969, Johnson argued, "Sooner or later, society must give people the right to die, when they want, where they want and how they want. . . . This is a new freedom to be acquired."

Of course, a man is entitled to change his opinions. Consistency, Oscar Wilde wrote, is the last refuge of the unimaginative. Yet it takes a peculiar mind to be so certain—and "certitude" has long been one of Johnson's favorite words—about so many contradictory views. His book on God must be read as the latest station in an extraordinary intellectual pilgrimage from socialism to Thatcherism, from metropolitan élitism to right-wing populism, from promoting euthanasia to preaching hellfire and brimstone.

Johnson's socialist phase is in some ways easier to explain than his Thatcherism. One need only look at the writings of G. K. Chesterton or Hilaire Belloc (or, indeed, at the speeches of Pat Buchanan) to find a deep Catholic aversion to capitalist enterprise. This can be expressed from the far right, where Belloc and Chesterton belonged, as well as from the left, where Johnson began his career. Belloc called capitalism a "monstrous philosophy," as bad as Communism and, in a curious way, linked to it. In such works as "The Crisis of Civilization" (1937), he argued that everything went to the dogs after the Reformation, for Protestantism destroyed the guilds, replaced status with contracts, dissolved ancient restraints based on custom and tradition, and introduced usury. Out of this godless desert emerged monopoly capital, the soulless proletariat, and, finally, "Jewish" Bolshevism. Johnson, in the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, may have been an "incurable social democrat" (who was soon cured), but he came to similar conclusions about Bolshevism and capitalism. "After nearly 40 years exposure to a variety of religious and political propaganda," he wrote in 1967, he had come to realize that "money is the root of all evil."

As the seventies wore on,

Johnson found a new turn on his road to Damascus. He denounced the Labour Party, to which he still belonged, for running "a usurer's government." And he denounced the trade unions, because their leaders regarded "money as the sole criterion of success." He continued:

> Blind to the long-term, to the complexities of the economic process, to the well-being and rights of other human beings—blind, in fact, to what Tawney called "fellowship," to him the very core of the socialist ethic—they see the whole of the political struggle in immediate cash terms.

Apart from the fact that the cash was destined for different pockets, this sounds remarkably like an extreme version of the Thatcherist creed that Johnson was soon to espouse with absolute conviction.

But here, too, Johnson was aligned with Catholic anti-liberals. In addition to preaching against Communism and capitalism, Belloc and Chesterton produced a strange brew of élitism and populism. In books that often have the word "Peril" or "Crisis" in their titles, both men promoted an idea of England rooted in the souls of common beer-drinking folk, who lived in fear of God and foreigners. Yet these writers were also deeply worried about the dangers of vulgarity, by which they meant modern, rootless, cosmopolitan popular culture—that is to say, the culture of Americans and Jews. Belloc and Chesterton, as superior clerics of the mind, had a duty to warn—and warn and warn again—of the barbarians at the gate.

There is much of this in Johnson, too. There always was. He is not an anti-Semite, but, like the Catholic reactionaries, he is both high-minded and populist. His view of culture, particularly arts and letters, blends with his view of God. And, as we learn from his latest book, his view of God blends with his view of his own father. Johnson senior was the devout Catholic headmaster of an art school, the sort of man who might have described himself as fair but firm. He was very English. He refused to say "studio"; that was un-English. He said "art room." He liked to paint churches, as did his son. Indeed, it did not occur to Paul that "God and art had separate existences." Only later did he perceive that "there was such a thing as secular art, and even then it seemed to be more a tributary of religious art rather than an autonomous entity. God presided over everything, it appeared, but he had a particularly close connection with any artistic endeavour."

God, according to Johnson, is "the greatest of all connoisseurs," the headmaster of the universal art school, as it were. He takes particular pleasure in the "beauty of our invention," just as "fond parents enjoy the drawings of their tiny children." So happy is God with artistic tributes that even such a grotesque offering as the immense cathedral (as big as St. Peter's) in the native village of the President of Ivory Coast is hailed by Johnson as a splendid thing. The "poor love cathedrals," he writes—even, it appears, when the cathedral in question is a monument built for the greater glory of a despot who fed his critics to the crocodiles.

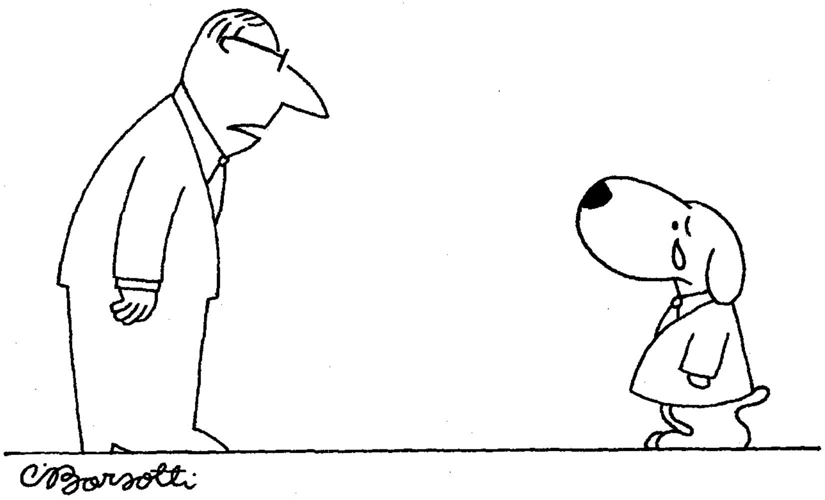
Johnson always was an ambitious preacher. And the left, in the form of the Labour Party and *The New Statesman*, offered him the ideal pulpit from which to speak, denouncing greed, America, and godless vulgarity. He was a public intellectual with a fluent pen and absolute convictions. He turned against this spiritual home not only because of his disgust with the greed of union bosses but also because he felt that the Labour Party in the seventies was snubbing its house intellectuals—that he was no longer wanted. Labour, he wrote, in his "Farewell to the Labour Party," published in *The New Statesman* in 1977, had become "the anti-creative party." Writers, artists, thinkers are "the essential creators who keep civilization going. There is no room for them in the new Labour Party."

Johnson could see the time coming when "anti-élitists" would make bonfires of books. He warned against the "triumph of the 'Common Man,' that figment of violent and irrational imaginations." He warned against "another *kristallnacht*." The victims this time could be the likes of Paul Johnson. Where to turn? Well, to Margaret Thatcher's Tory Party. It was a good career move. Mrs. Thatcher, a philistine woman with few intellectual interests, needed public thinkers to promote her brand of nineteenth-century liberalism. Think tanks and discussion groups were formed in the late seventies to provide raw capitalism with a moral justification. And what better person to lead them than a disillusioned public intellectual with a direct line to God?

It took a certain ingenuity to turn God into a Thatcherite, since, strictly speaking, the Catholic deity should have disapproved of a philosophy based on acquisitiveness and self-interest. That positively smacks of Protestantism. But Johnson is nothing if not ingenious. His argument went roughly as follows: Because every Christian has a personal contract with God, Christianity produced individualism; because the Church protected its private properties, the idea of freehold was established; because those properties had to be legally protected from the state, the rule of law was born. Individualism, private property, rule of law: capitalism.

Of course, this view downplays some awkward facts. The European notion of individualism has less to do with Christianity than with a reaction to it, which took place in the Italian Renaissance and looked not to the Bible but to Greek antiquity for its inspiration. The greatest obstacles to individualism were the very institutions that Belloc lamented: the corporations and a church hierarchy that fostered deference and submission.

In his new role as an apostle of Thatcherism, Johnson argued that capitalism "tends to promote—and, in



"Of *course* *the company appreciates your years of loyalty."*

my contention, must promote—liberal-democratic political systems," because they "offer the individual the element of choice through which his free will matures." That is what gives liberal democracy, and by implication capitalism, its moral basis. Fine and good—but what has this to do with God, or Christian morality? How does Johnson square his belief in individual choice with his absolute conviction, expressed in his latest book, that there "can be no peace of mind for us on the subject of eternal damnation without a total submission to God's will"? True, in a secular society you are free to choose whether or not to submit to God. But Johnson appears to think that individualism, freedom of will, and so on *result* from the choice to submit. A curious argument, to say the least.

If Johnson had to put a face to the Devil, it would probably bear the features of Voltaire, that archenemy of organized religion. In his book Johnson speculates on which artists and intellectuals have the best chance of roasting in Hell. Chesterton was "a saint," so he is probably all right. But Voltaire, Johnson suggests, might well be a lifer in the great Gulag of the lower regions, and he holds no high hopes for Sartre, Byron, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Shelley, or Bertrand Russell. Painters and composers, particularly if they paid sufficient tribute to God, fare better in Johnson's vision of the Last Judgment than do writers. Writers express critical opinions and challenge absolute convictions, and that is why they "are sinful and fallen and unsatisfactory man writ large."

Johnson himself is a writer: no matter how many landscape paintings he does, he belongs to the sinful and fallen. Since he is so very opinionated, he is perhaps more sinful than most. Yet he has made it his task to denounce fallen intellectuals, especially writers. There is a religious basis for these denunciations. His book "Intellectuals" (1988) is a rant about the scandalous lives and sinful thoughts of such figures as Rousseau, Marx, Sartre, Brecht, Tolstoy, Edmund Wilson, and Lillian Hellman. None of these people led exemplary lives, and many of their ideas were idiotic. But there is more happening here. Johnson does not go so far back as the Reformation, but the idea that civilization went to pieces when religious scribes became intellectuals and began to think for themselves is as dear to Johnson as it was to Belloc and Chesterton. Johnson calls secular thinkers "Promethean." He writes, in "Intellectuals":

> Unlike their sacerdotal predecessors, they were not servants and interpreters of the gods but substitutes. Their hero was Prometheus, who stole the celestial fire and brought it to earth.

Johnson agrees with Chesterton's remark that when people stop believing in God they will believe in anything. Humanism—the very thing that fostered individualism—is a dangerous substitute, in his view. Marxism, Fascism, National Socialism, etc., were all murderous man-made substitutes for God's Truth.

Johnson is right about the murderous consequences of absolute notions. But is another absolute version of the truth—call it God's version—the right tool with which to solve this problem? Johnson believes that it is. For if moral relativism leads to various forms of quasi-religious absolutism, then it would surely be better if everyone were to believe God's word. For if God's absolutism is the only game in town, people won't go looking for substitutes, and sinful intellectuals will soon be out of business. That is why it is so important to Johnson that God's Truth be spread everywhere, from Timbuktu to Tokyo, from Malaysia to Yamoussoukro—but why stop there? Why should even the sky be the limit? "I think it is right and profitable to imagine a wider church still, a truly universal church, in which emissaries speed from one solar system to the next, from one galaxy to another on the other side of space."

CHRISTIAN moralists like to think in absolutes. Many believers in God's Truth—the late Ayatollah Khomeini, for example—want to impose their ideas on others, and will do so with extreme brutality if given the chance. Salman Rushdie did not. In "The Satanic Verses," he was challenging absolute convictions but not imposing any of his own. It should surprise no one that in the Rushdie affair Johnson was on the Ayatollah's side.

Johnson wrote about the affair in *The Spectator*. His argument was slippery but consistent with his beliefs. Rather than praising the Ayatollah outright, he pretended that Rushdie and the Ayatollah were guilty "in principle" of the same thing: "Media Triumphalism" (whatever that means) on the one side and "old-style religious triumphalism" on the other. But he left no doubt in the reader's mind which kind of triumphalism was worse. Rushdie, as a "cosmopolitan" intellectual, did not understand that words "have a divine origin." He had no right to challenge divine Truth, whether God's or Allah's version. So Johnson, instead of criticizing the Ayatollah for his murderous intent, argued for a wider application of the blasphemy law, "to protect public order" against critical, secular writers, like Rushdie.

If it is difficult to reconcile Catholic doctrine with Thatcherite neoliberalism, it is also hard to match Johnson's restrictive view of free speech with his promotion of freedom and democracy. Johnson believes that moral absolutism is a necessary condition for democracy. The Ayatollah's example shows that the opposite is true. But then Johnson has some odd ideas about democracy. In 1994, he wrote a little book—a pamphlet, really—entitled "Wake Up Britain!" It is, as they would say in Germany, a distinctly "brown" (as in Brown Shirts) title. One assumes that the historical echo was intended. The gist of Johnson's polemic is that Britain is not democratic enough. By this he means that Britain lost its empire without consulting the British people; that Britain is being "handed to Brussels on a plate"; that the monarchy has lost its mystery; that the Anglican Church has lost God; and that modern art, promoted by metropolitan intellectuals, is not liked by the people, and is therefore "undemocratic." What we have here is a reactionary—indeed Bellocian—nostalgia for a lost "public order." Johnson's idea of democracy, particularly in his discussion of arts and letters, is now precisely the cult of the "Common Man" which he used to deplore.

The common man was an integral part of Mrs. Thatcher's ideology. Her brand of Poujadism, promoted by Johnson, was designed to appeal to common men who wanted to be rich. To speak for God and these common Britons, against Rushdie and his fellow-sinners, had become Johnson's public role. Like all Thatcherites, he spoke a great deal about freedom, but that was not Mrs. Thatcher's main attraction. More than the word "freedom," Johnson uses the word "authority." He loved Mrs. Thatcher for hers and deplores John Major for his lack of it. Once again, the Church looms. Johnson loves the Church for its authority. God, he says, is an authority figure. The Catholic Church, he writes, "speaks the language of 'must' and 'will.' " Johnson describes his youth at a Jesuit boarding school, Stonyhurst, with scorching passion. It was by his account a place that combined religious fervor with soldierly virtues and fierce patriotism. He writes voluptuously about High Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi, when uniformed guards presented arms with fixed bayonets and stamped their boots as the priest raised the Host before the High Altar.

Johnson's love of authority, of certitude, of stamping boots and fixed bayonets, is explained in his book: "I am in some ways a chaotic person, a wild person, and I need discipline." And there is nothing wrong with that sort of thing, in private, between consenting adults. It becomes a problem when the taste for authority is elevated into something that we should all share—when we are told that without it the world will go under. Even then it would be relatively harmless if it were not pressed into the service of institutions, such as the church or a government, that have real authority. But what I find particularly irritating is that these yearnings for discipline are presented as calls for freedom and democracy. In the conclusion to his book Johnson tells us what the love and worship of God is all about: "to turn our minds, and if possible our bodies too, away from earthliness to perfection, from doubt to certitude, from the self to goodness, and from the flesh to the spirit." Perhaps this is true of the worship of God. But if it is democracy and freedom we want we would do better to turn those propositions precisely the other way around. ♦

EARHART EVER AFTER

A novelist's first flight.

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

Jane Mendelsohn

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

THE mystery of who someone might have become if he or she hadn't ceased to be—or, as in the case of Amelia Earhart, hadn't disappeared in the middle of her life—is a compelling one, and provides the perfect opportunity for a wily novelist like Jane Mendelsohn. Her response to that mystery, "I Was Amelia Earhart" (Knopf; $18) appears like a flash of silver in the leaden skies of contemporary fiction. It is a haunting and delicate piece of guesswork, as far removed from the strutting, all-encompassing vision of David Foster Wallace's "Infinite Jest" or the exhaustively reconstructive approach of E. Annie Proulx's "The Shipping News" as can be imagined.

Mendelsohn is the sort of writer who takes the oyster as her world rather than the other way around: her book outlines a small space for itself to inhabit and then goes about filling in this space with shadowy patches, daubs of bright color, and areas that seem to be the prose equivalent of white paint. Her novel is, indeed, drenched in visual effects—many of which continue to dance before the retina after one has read them, more like images on canvas than like words on the page: "I used to hunt for rats in my grandparents' barn, the milky winter light falling down between the rafters, scraps of hay dust floating like lazy planets. I'd lift my rifle slowly, like a cowboy on the plains, and press my eyelashes up against the barrel. When you shoot a rat, it falls over in a soft heap. I liked the look of a dead rat, so peaceful."

This first novel takes as its starting point a moment in 1937 when a famous aviatrix, who liked to wear silk but hated to wear goggles, and Noonan, her drunken, cowardly navigator, vanished in their twin-engine Lockheed Electra somewhere off the coast of New Guinea. The novel proceeds from that freeze-frame to depict a dreamlike scenario in which the falling airplane has been landed by Earhart on an uninhabited island reef that she calls, half mockingly, Heaven. The flier and her lookout man exist in "splendid isolation," but they do get together for dinner—over which they usually

ADVERTISEMENT
READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM
R.S.V.P.
AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY PHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Lincoln Center Festival 96. Classic, contemporary, and beyond...206 performances of 61 programs representing 17 attractions coming for 3 weeks this summer July 22 - August 11. Look for details in the May 27, 1996 issue of *The New Yorker.*

Liz Claiborne Collection. Preview the Spring/Summer Collection at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., NYC. Reception and fashion show Thurs., May 16, 5:30 P.M., 2nd floor. RSVP 1-212-536-5511. Limited seating.

AUTOMOTIVE

Saab Cars U.S.A. How can you find your own road if you don't know who to call for details? For your free Saab Excursion Kit, call 1-800-582-SAAB, ext. 319.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

Daedalus Books. Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. 7 catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. For a free issue call 1-800-395-2665.

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

Gerald Peters Gallery. American and European art from the American West, Taos Society, and the Santa Fe art colony. Call 1-505-988-8961 or 1-212-628-9760.

The New York City Ballet. To enter contest to win the *Apollo* poster shown in our ad in this issue write to: NYCB Mktg. Dept., NY State Theater, 20 Lincoln Ctr., NY, NY 10023. For tickets call Ticketmaster at 1-212-307-4100 or visit the Box Office.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

Franklin Templeton Funds. For more information on any of the Franklin Funds or the Templeton International Equity Funds, please call 1-800-342-FUND, ext. F496.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

Cape Cod Polishing Cloths. Moist cloths remove tarnish on silver, gold, brass, pewter. Brilliant mirror shine in seconds. Vanilla scented. For a store near you call 1-800-NU-AGAIN.

The Conestoga Company–Big-Bang® Cannons. The only safe substitute for fireworks. Cast iron and solid brass replica cannons. Call 1-800-987-2264.

The Lalique Collectors Society offers its members a forum for the exchange of ideas and news of import to collectors of Lalique. For an enrollment application call 1-800-CRISTAL.

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." For informative literature, please call 1-800-234-9082.

Caverject. Impotence can be successfully treated in almost all cases. Send for a confidential free information kit from Pharmacia & Upjohn, Inc. Call 1-800-215-9346.

Structure House. The world's leading long-term success rate for permanent weight control for men and women of any age, weight, and fitness level. Call 1-800-553-0052.

ON-LINE SERVICES

E-NEWS. Please look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web. http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker

TRAVEL

Alpine Trails, Ltd. Hike the Swiss and Italian Alps with small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts. Call 1-800-666-5161 or 1-914-238-5151.

The Educated Traveler® Newsletter. Newsletter subscription ($39/year) includes the *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours.* Call 1-800-648-5168.

Keltic Lodge. A majestic location on Nova Scotia's world-famous Cabot Trail. Call 1-800-565-0444.

Las Campanas, Santa Fe, a community of striking homesites nestled among rolling hills with panoramic views. Call 1-800-237-0088, dept. NY.

Malta National Tourist Office. Malta—the only English-speaking island in the center of the Mediterranean. With baroque churches and palaces. Call 1-212-695-9520.

Nova Scotia Tourism. Our seacoast is as easy to explore as our book is to get. Call 1-800-565-0000, operator 224.

Surrey Hotel. Exceptional value for sophisticated travelers on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Spacious suites, fitness center, and restaurant *Daniel.* 1-800-9-SURREY.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5846.
©1996 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. 960520

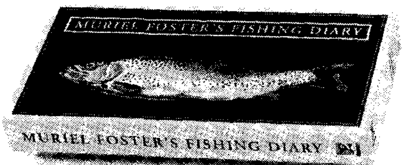
bicker, like any urban couple. Courtesy of a narrative voice that flits smoothly between first and third person, we learn bits and pieces of Earhart's background—of her striving but failed father and her upper-crust mother, and of her first beau, in the days when she was a shy and skinny girl. We also catch glimpses of her complicated, unhappy marriage to G.P.—George Palmer Putnam, a man with "a kind of studied New York charm," who will eventually place the reflected glory of his wife's ambition before her safety. At heart, however, Mendelsohn's universe is a sensuous and ethereal one; very little of real novelistic life, smelling of ordinary urges and habits, clings to it. Yet just when the writing threatens to overwhelm with its lush atmospherics, the author deftly cuts into it with a snatch of abrupt dialogue ("I wish I had a piece of chocolate, I say, out loud, above the roar of the engine"), a telling historical detail (apparently neither Earhart nor her navigator knew Morse code), or a casual but incisive stab at motive and character ("We must have both known that we shared something, a secret craving for oblivion").

The Amelia Earhart of Mendelsohn's portrait comes across as part Greta Garbo, a glamorous golden-haired creature always wanting to be alone; part Robinson Crusoe, intrepidly frying up coconut and fashioning furniture out of branches and twine; and part Dorothy Parker, given to mordant observations about the ways of men and women: "He used to smoke after dinner, and I would usually join him, but not until he cajoled me, out of habit, so I could have the pleasure of declining and then giving in." She is a hybrid heroine, combining all the transgender qualities that women who read have always wanted to read about in their fictional heroines. The one quality that this particular heroine seems to lack is romantic longing; what she pines after, rather than the usual human drama, is a different, uncharted kind of erotic connection, having to do with space and flying and the sky made flesh.

Jane Mendelsohn has written a tight, seductive meditation that feels as though it were put together one compressed thought or image at a time, the better to open up in the reader's mind. "I Was Amelia Earhart" is about, among other things, the wish for solitude and the opposing need for companionship. Its quiet air of astonishment lends the shine of newness to everything it touches. ♦

A Classic for the Avid Angler, Naturalist,
or Lover of the Great Outdoors

MURIEL FOSTER'S FISHING DIARY



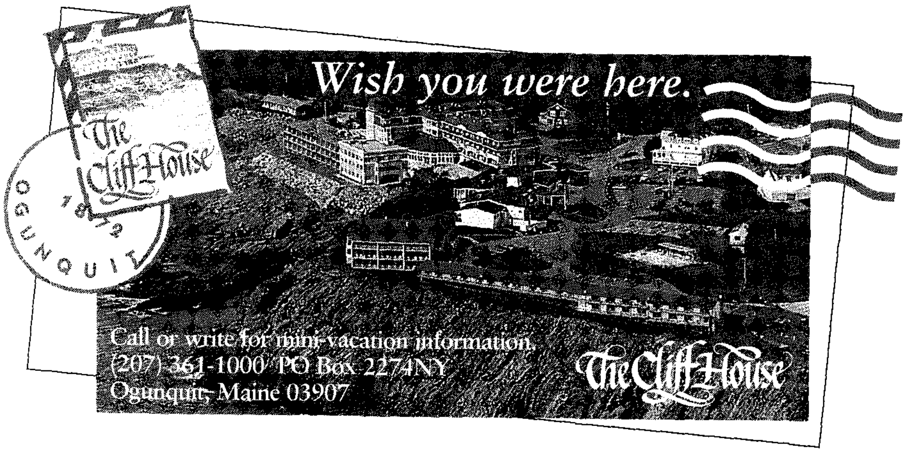
$34.95
In bookstores now from PENGUIN STUDIO

ENGLISH WANDERER
Walking holidays at quality country inns.
English Lakes - Scottish Highlands & others.
Call: 800-231-2930
6 George Street (NY), FERRYHILL, County Durham, DL17 0DT, England. Tel: 01144-1740-653169 Fax: 01144-1740-657996

Insider Art Tours
Santa Fe & Florence
Summer Art Workshops
Seattle & Santa Fe
Intensive programs with expert artists. Free catalog.
THE ACADEMY OF REALIST ART
(206)784-4268
5004 6th NW,"C," Seattle WA 98107 RealistArt@aol.com

DISTINCTIVE SHIP MODELS
Ready To Display • Classic Yachts
Custom Models • Museum Quality
Select Fine Woods

SEACRAFT CLASSICS™
7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987



Call or write for mini-vacation information.
(207) 361-1000 PO Box 2274NY
Ogunquit, Maine 03907

FLORENCE
ROME VENICE
Apartments and villas
by the week or month
(415) 554-0234
Vacanza Bella

Adopt Me.

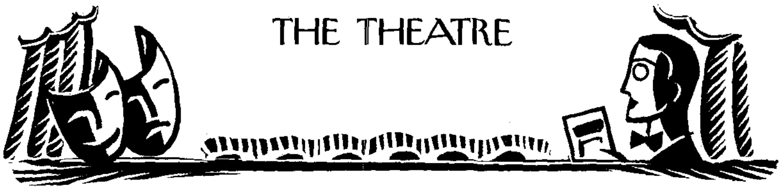
I'm a smart, charming, rare Gloucestershire Old Spots Pig. Adopt me for $25, and help fund the efforts of this educational foundation to preserve endangered livestock breeds like me. You'll receive my photo, a certificate of adoption, visiting privileges, newsletter, and Foundation membership. Please call or write.
Love,
Muriel

Kelmscott Rare Breeds Foundation
RR 2, Box 365, N96
Lincolnville, Maine
04849-9626
(207) 763-4088

VISA/MC or check payable to KRBF.
Your contribution is tax deductible to the extent provided by law.

PROVENCE BASQUE PYRENEES TUSCANY AND THE CINQUE TERRE
CLASSIC JOURNEYS
Easy going walking, cultural and natural history tours:
• expert local naturalist and historian guides
• historic and charming inns and lodges • small groups
For a free color catalog call toll-free:
1-800-200-3887
NEW ZEALAND KENYA
ITALY'S AMALFI COAST
SWISS ALPS SWISS AND ITALIAN LAKES COSTA RICA

THE THEATRE

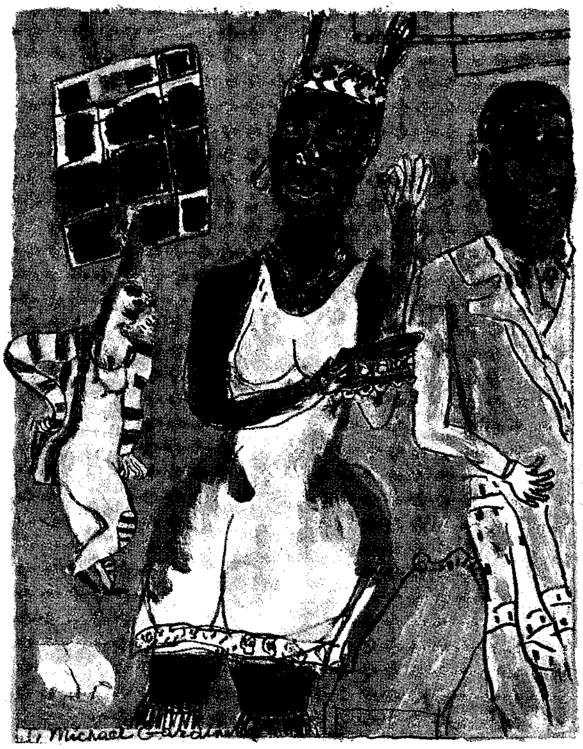


LOWDOWN SENSATIONS

Freak-show drama, Roman farce, and hip-hop energy.

BY JOHN LAHR

"VENUS," written by Suzan-Lori Parks and directed and designed by Richard Foreman, now at the Public, is a formidable experience: a gnarly but brilliant meditation on the ambiguity of race, history, the colonized imagination, sexuality, and theatrical storytelling itself. The Venus in question is the Venus Hottentot, a.k.a. Miss Sartje Baartman (played, by Adina Porter, with an appealing air of wonder and bewilderment), whose voluminous rump made her a sensational freak-show exhibit at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Here the illusion of the Hottentot's enormous butt is created by well-padded mocha-colored tights, which give her sway-backed outline a monstrous allure. Parks, who has a Joycean way with words, teases many nuances out of the Hottentot's infamous backside: "The butt is the past, the posterior: posterity. She's a woman with a past, with a big past—History." The Venus's glory is also her burden; it's a metaphor rich in irony and ambiguity, which suits both Parks and Foreman, who don't surrender their meanings easily. The spectators peer through Foreman's trademark lattice of plain and patterned strings, which crisscross above them and across the front of the stage like telephone wires, at once forcing an audience to keep its distance and to look harder. From the play's first beat, when the Venus appears before an ogling crew of top-hatted upper-class fops, she is defined by the gaze of others. Hands reach out to touch her; eyes scrutinize every patch of flesh; she is measured, drawn, imitated, dramatized. In a series of elegant, highly stylized tableaux, which make use of masks, puppets, and a large dollop of the grotesque, the Venus Hottentot becomes a projection not just of curiosity but of sexuality and animality. She's pitched by the Mother Showman (the excellent Sandra Shipley) as "Thuh Missing Link." The Mother Showman says, "Come on inside, and allow her to reveal to you the Great and Horrid Wonder of her great heathen buttocks." Venus is also objectified by the anatomical curiosity of the Baron Docteur (well played by Peter Francis James), who discourses on the exact dimensions of her fatty tissue in a lecture during intermission, and during the play proper exploits her, body and soul, after taking her away from the sideshow to live with him in Paris. "Stand still, sweetheart, I'll orbit," says the Docteur, ravishing his prize with his glances and feeling her butt while she eats chocolates—which, in her anxiety, she does constantly. The Venus colludes in her exploitation. "Are you rich?" she asks her lover. "I like rich." In her drive for attention and wealth, she is trapped in a performance from which she cannot extricate herself. She is an object of desire but not of love, an unwitting queen of avoirdupois and alienation.

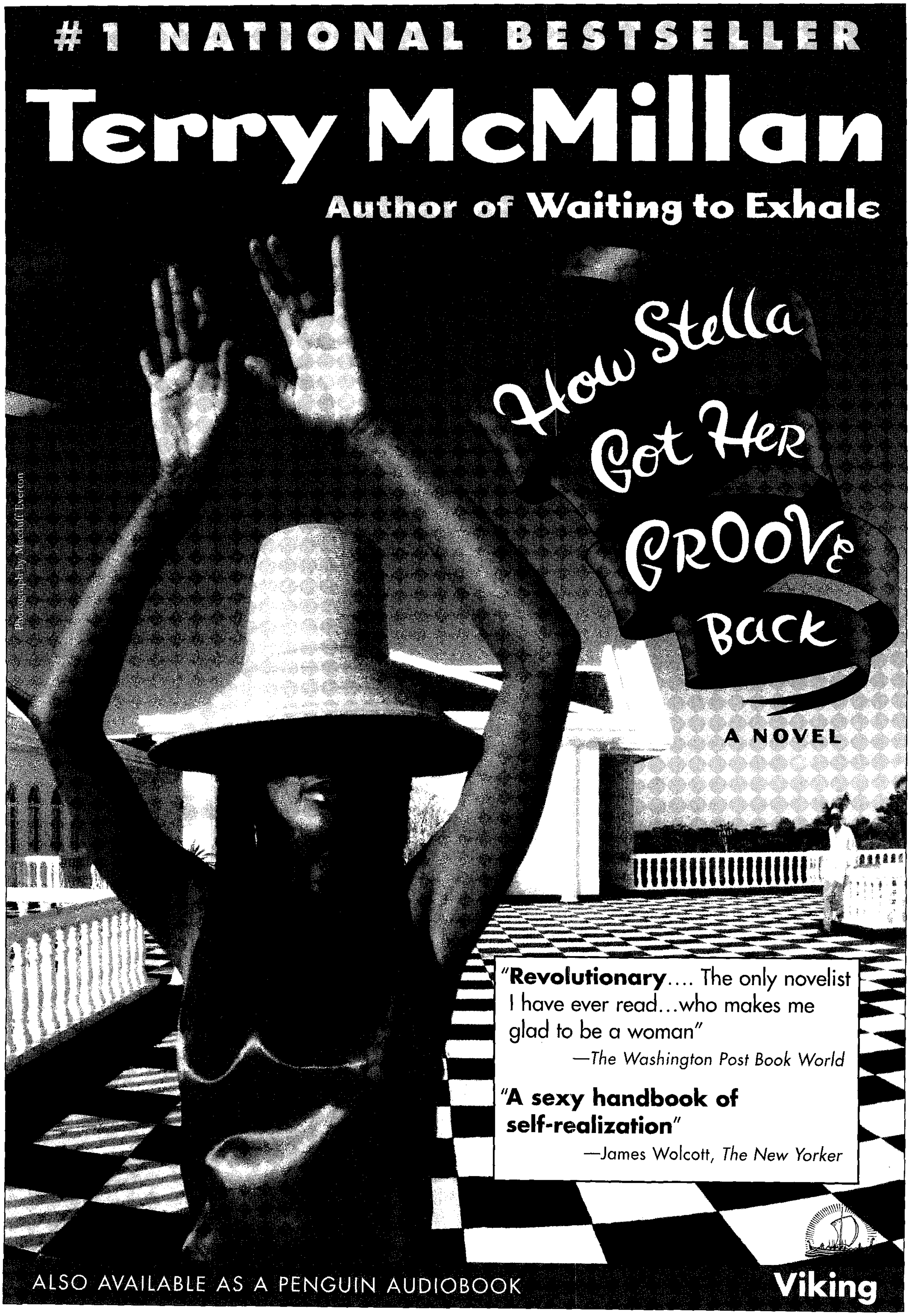


What makes the Hottentot so hot? Suzan-Lori Parks's "Venus" teases Joycean nuances from an infamous backside.

T. MICHAEL GARDINER

According to the historical fragments presented in the play, the real Venus toured Europe, learned French, and made money, and quickly became a fetishized figure. Her public life, which began with dreams of "big bags of money," ended with the reality of big shame. In a striking monologue, the Venus aligns the trajectory of her spiritual trivialization with the history of chocolate, which begins with the gods ("cacao" means "food of the gods"), declines over the ages through various incarnations, from money to beverage, and is "today a great source of fat and, of course, pleasure." In the end, after her death, the chorus of spectators invokes her myth, and Venus pronounces both her anguish and her desire. "Miss me. Miss me. Miss me," she says to the audience and, seconds later, adds, "Kiss me. Kiss me. Kiss me." The Venus has to seduce because she has been abandoned—by the carnival world, by the Docteur, and, in a sense, by herself. In this well-directed and opaque tale, evil is demonstrated as the inability to imagine the suffering of others, and tragedy is demonstrated in the Venus Hottentot's inability to understand the role she has played in her own oppression.

"I MADE a deal with the audience every time I came out," the comedienne Fanny Brice once wrote. "I look at them, I smile at them, and I tell them—and by looking at me they know—that this is really a private party. It's just between them and me." This is the antic bargain that every great clown makes with the audience; but these days, with actors trained more on soundstages than on real stages, it's a rarity. "A Funny Thing Happened on the



# 1 NATIONAL BESTSELLER

Terry McMillan

Author of Waiting to Exhale

How Stella Got Her Groove Back

A NOVEL

Photograph by Macduff Everton

"**Revolutionary**.... The only novelist I have ever read...who makes me glad to be a woman"
—*The Washington Post Book World*

"**A sexy handbook of self-realization**"
—James Wolcott, *The New Yorker*

ALSO AVAILABLE AS A PENGUIN AUDIOBOOK

Viking

Way to the Forum" (which opened in 1962) is a joke play that requires jokesters. The show begs for the oxygen of outrageousness. In Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival of Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart's musical-comedy version of a Roman farce, now at the St. James, what the happy patrons get is something that fills in the outline of anarchy without finding that giddy zone of real comic daring. Here Nathan Lane, a hardworking and expert comedy technician, plays both the narrator, Prologus, and Pseudolus, a slave who connives to win his freedom by making a match for his lovelorn owner, Hero (Jim Stanek). Lane sings about liberty but seldom takes liberties, as the Old Guard comics (Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Frankie Howard, Jack Gilford, David Burns) who were employed in the show over previous decades did, more or less within the parameters of the script's folderol. Lane, who is more contrived than cunning, is a kind of third-generation Xerox of those cavorting hybrids. He knows how to work the room but rarely improvises with the audience. Onstage, he's all perspiration and desperation but not much inspiration. Only once in the show, during Stephen Sondheim's fabulous opening number, "Comedy Tonight," in which the stakes of the evening's high jinks are set out, did Lane move into the impetuous comic world of no holds barred. He and the all-purpose chorus of three, the Proteans, had just delivered a promise of spontaneity and holiday to the audience—

> Nothing that's formal
> Nothing that's normal
> No recitations to recite!
> Open up the curtain. . . .
> Comedy tonight!

—when a swarm of latecomers slowly began to make their way down the aisle to their front-row seats. Lane came downstage to have a word with them. "Now I have to start the whole thing over," he said, in mock irritation, which is his strongest suit. He proceeded to do a hilarious potted ten-second version of the fifteen-minute song that in itself was worth the price of admission, and, incidentally, was as close as both he and the show got to the comic sublime.

A rollicking mood is what the eleven drafts of "Forum" 's book set out to achieve; and you can hear the echo of burlesque in the rhythms of its best payoffs. "My robe! My wreath . . . My wife!" says Senex (Lewis J. Stadlen) as the shrill Domina (Mary Testa) enters calling his name. The hokum has the insouciance of a Marx Brothers movie, and Stadlen, who has played Groucho in his time, delivers his portion of laughs in the same goofy, wisecracking spirit. He has an easier time of it than Mark Linn-Baker, who, as Hysterium, the slave of Senex and Domina, exhibits none of the genuine comic's manic frenzy, but who comes alive, being the excellent actor that he is, in the second act, when the plot requires him to impersonate a woman—the "dead" bride-to-be, Philia. Here Linn-Baker is in his element, swatting Lane's probing small hands coyly away and asking him, "Shouldn't I have some jewelry?" Later, speaking about the scam that he and Pseudolus are working on Philia's husband-to-be—a Cretan warrior called, improbably, Miles Gloriosus (Cris Groenendaal)—Hysterium hisses, "Any coins he puts in my eyes I keep!" That's as deep as the classical allusions get in the musical, and it's a good thing: on Broadway, "Attic" means the place where you store the winter clothes.

Zaks provides a few terrific sight gags of his own. No sooner has Lane promised us "tragedy tomorrow" than the curtain comes up on a cartoon "Medea," complete with lightning, a wailing chorus of women, and a floppy stuffed doll posturing as one of Medea's slaughtered sons. To add comic insult to injury, when the curtain comes down it hits the doll. Zaks has more curtain capers a few minutes later: during the "Comedy Tonight" number, he brings the curtain down and then flies it back up, with prop legs dangling from it, as if the entire ensemble had levitated.

There are a few moments, especially in the showstopping quartet "Everybody Ought to Have a Maid" and "The Funeral Sequence," when the audience itself gets pretty high. The uneven score, the first for which Sondheim provided both lyrics and music, takes no risks; neither does Zaks, which is why he's the reigning king of Broadway directors. The musical is business art, and Zaks, who knows a surefire thing when he sees it, adheres to the ruling principle of profit: If it ain't broke, don't fix it. "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" brings the audience to its feet, if not to its senses. The show's unrelenting insistence on not thinking is finally what makes it feel old hat and exhausting; it's like being tickled to death. Even at its inception, "Forum" was a radical return to a time when the musical was comic-driven, not story-driven—a time before the early forties, when the Rodgers and Hammerstein concept musicals made the writers, not the actors, the stars of the show. That's how "comedy" gradually disappeared from the genre's job description, and "musical comedy" became simply "the musical."

The kinetic prowess and daring of the early low comics, which made the old musical so thrilling, have come back into the new musical via the unexpected route of tap dancing—the transfer of George C. Wolfe's wonderful "Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk" from the Public Theatre to the Ambassador, on Broadway. The show is not about jokes but about the African-American beat and how that beat has been transformed (and coöpted) as it has progressed through the centuries to its present, electrifying hip-hop incarnation in Savion Glover. What Glover shares with the early comics is youth, disenfranchisement, and a kind of wild poetry. The comics were the first to bring the street onto the stage; they personified their noisy moment and didn't so much analyze it as exude it in their raw, anarchic energy. Now the audacious twenty-two-year-old Glover and his group of young African-American tap dancers and street drummers have done the same. Wolfe's elegant production, which benefits from the addition of Jeffrey Wright—who delivers the rap poetry that is layered into the dancing—has put Glover's extraordinary dancing into a historical context. Nothing more needs to be said—just get there and feel the power for yourself. (I've been five times.) "Bring it! Bring it!" the audience yells at the stage as the sensational dancing and drumming begin; and that's exactly what the dancers do. They bring joy. They bring fury. They bring history and ecstasy. They bring the musical right up to the minute. ♦

Also, there was storage space under the seats, with room for 47 passengers, if tightly packed.—*Augusta (Maine) Kennebec Journal.*

And very closely acquainted.

SMART DUCK!

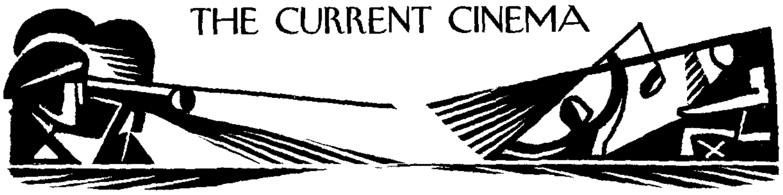
High. Wide. Handsome.
And zipper-topped for security.
The only bag you'll need for
everything from schlepping
to picnicking in the park.

Navy-trimmed heavy duty canvas,
double layered on the bottom and
triple stitched. Approximately 15"
by 11" by 6". With extra long handles.

To order
THE NEW YORKER TOTE BAG,
call toll-free:
1-800-336-5510
or, send check or money order
for $32.00* plus $3 shipping
and handling per bag.

THE NEW YORKER
Box 10214, Dept. 672121
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

**Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery ©1995 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*



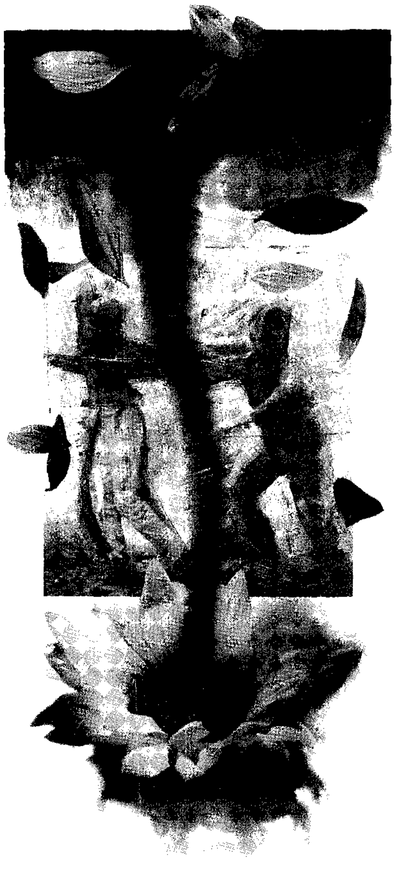
THE CURRENT CINEMA

MASTER BLASTER

Helen Hunt in "Twister"; Pamela Anderson Lee in "Barb Wire."

BY ANTHONY LANE

WELL, blow me down. Just when I was thinking that Jan De Bont would never repeat the damage he did to the nation's nerves with "Speed," here he comes roaring back with his new movie, "Twister." It's not half as compact as "Speed," but it offers the same step-by-step program of total exhaustion. It is, above all, a useful film, packed with tips for the law-abiding citizen. For instance: when a fully loaded gas tanker falls out of the sky and drops into the road immediately in front of your vehicle, do not attempt to swerve. Drive *through* the fireball and out the other side. You'll feel a whole lot better.



De Bont's "Twister": racing toward disaster with a smile.

DAVID McKEAN

For those antiquarians whose hearts leaped at the title, "Twister" is not about a bunch of childish adults entwining their limbs on a large plastic mat. It's about a bunch of childish adults who spend their entire lives careering across the countryside in search of lousy weather. When conditions hit a precise lousiness quotient, up pops a twister—that is, a tornado. No twister-watcher is more expert than Bill (Bill Paxton), who is so steeped in mighty rushing winds that he can sense their imminent arrival merely by scraping up a handful of dirt and letting it sift through his fingers. But Bill has been trying to grow up: he has a new job, as a weatherman; a new red truck; and, though he is not yet divorced, a new fiancée, an ultra-kempt shrink named Melissa (Jami Gertz). One day, they drive out to Oklahoma to meet up with his wife, Jo (Helen Hunt), a fellow storm-chaser who fastens her hair with a pencil, and have her sign the divorce papers. And on that very day the heavens above decide to throw a party—the biggest in thirty years. Can you *believe* it?

The answer is, of course, "No," but De Bont is one of those directors who operate on the assumption that belief is something you stash under your seat before the movie begins. What takes over is a sort of supercredulity: the film is so magnificently absurd that you lie back and let it whirl you away. De Bont and his writers, Michael Crichton and Anne-Marie Martin, scarcely bother with a plot: consequence matters less to them than simple sequence, as one tornado muscles in, throws its weight around for a while, and then bows out, gracefully making way for another. The suspense piles up not because we haven't a clue what will happen next but because we know all too well. It's there in the creepy rustle of curtains and crops, in the delicious glide of the aerial shots, and in the strengthening gust of jargon that sweeps across the dialogue: we get downdrafts and microbursts, both of which sound as if they should result in really great beer; we get sisters, which are twin funnels of air plaited like a double helix; we get suck zones, which are all that you might imagine, and more; and, best of all, we get to hear about an F5. This is the technical term for a tornado so intense that it would rip the wig off Burt Reynolds. We know that the F5 is heading our way. It's just a matter of time.

When it finally deigns to turn up, the F5 is a honey. A mile wide at the base, it picks up anything that comes to hand and throws it into the spin, like God making soup in a blender. By this stage of the film, you have not only ceased to wonder how anyone produced these effects, you don't even care. Most of the tornadoes were created in post-production by Industrial Light & Magic, but what matters is that you can't see the joins. In "Jurassic Park," there was a telltale shimmer to some of the dinosaurs, particularly under a bright sky: plenty of light but not enough magic. You would think that a brontosaurus has a clean outline to work with, whereas a twister consists of a ragged, splintery chaos that never holds its shape for more than a second, yet De Bont's movie looks far more convincing than Spielberg's: it doesn't take the lazy pleasure in its own fakery that blighted "Jurassic Park" but prefers to hurry on and hammer our eyeballs. De Bont's director of photography, Jack Green, recently gave an interview to *American Cinematographer* that went into formidable detail about his methods; for the charming sequence in which a group of farm buildings is plucked out of the ground, for example, he ran no less than thirteen cameras at once. The result should have been an unwatchable frenzy; as it happens, you just get pulled into the enthusiasm of a movie that doesn't want to miss anything. The whole film is like that: when Jo's team of tornado lovers first pick up the trail of a storm, they load their equipment onto the trucks with all the glee of Howard Keel and friends getting started on the barn in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." Even the soundtrack pitches in with a happy tune. This movie can't wait to reap the whirlwind; it races toward disaster with a smile.

THE RAINS THAT NEVER FALL FELL IN MY HOUSE

I turn on the tap, the drain belches.
I let it run all night:
a thousand gallons go to the sea.

Soon I'm dissatisfied. I turn on the other tap.
Double sounds twice as good.
I go up the stairs, turn on the bath:
the great cold-water tap gushes wildly, then
the sink's, until the plumbing sings
and the house is a thunder cloud pouring rain.

To think how many could have drunk from this.
How easy to keep death away.

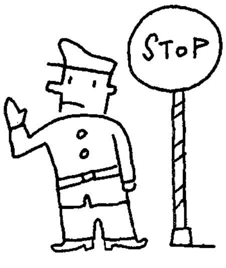
I waste it: as much as I can; king in my own home.
If I had more, I'd squander more, I'd run
the neighbors' taps; the whole street's.
I see a town of sunken cataracts: drains and sewers
glutted with waste water, the suburbs would hiss
beneath the maple trees.
I could say without doubt,
the whole of Africa's rainfall fell in my house tonight.

—Neil Rollinson

Leading the race is Helen Hunt, who gets top billing in the credits, and rightly so. Bill Paxton does a neat job, but he's a bit of a stick; although the plot soon restores Bill to his old, twistery ways, and to the buddies who used to call him The Extreme, that clean-cut sturdiness spells little more than The Usual. It's left to Hunt to carry the film's jauntiness, to nudge what could have been a booming blitz into a comedy of excess—what can you do but laugh when a cow flies past your windshield, or when houses are rattled and tossed like dice? Jo has a fine, perky moment when she asks Bill what his new love does for a living. "She's a therapist," he replies. Short pause. "Oh!" Jo says. Long pause. "Yours?" Jo herself is a picture of emotional good health, and it seems both unjust and implausible that the movie lets her down in the second half. Jo, it emerges, lost her father to a tornado, and has been fighting ever since to meet her fear, master her grief, and all the rest of it. In other words, a script that asked her to mock the need for therapy now forces her onto the couch, and we have to grind our teeth at the sight of Jo and Bill standing on a hail-strewn road and shouting about obsession. Come *on*, guys. If you want to repair your marriage, don't argue about it. Get back in the truck and go with the wind.

"Speed" was such a triumph of leanness that I can't quite understand why De Bont needed to wrap his second movie in this extra layer of emotional flab. What makes "Twister" such a curious experience is that remorseless natural forces come across as rather more easily controlled than personal problems. The movie hums with references to "The Wizard of Oz," but when we eventually see Judy Garland it's in a clip from her grandest crackup picture, "A Star Is Born." From time to time, De Bont seems tempted by seriousness, by the lure of inward trauma, when everything about his exorbitant talent makes it perfectly plain that what he really desires for his characters is not contentment but kicks. The unfortunate Melissa works well as a curious outsider, asking laymen's questions about various species of tornado ("Is that bad?"), but her distress—her refusal to have a ball—gradually grows dull, and by the time she quits, admitting, "I can't compete with this," you're relieved to have her out of the way. There's also a halfhearted villain (Cary Elwes), who can't compete, either: his sole function is to roll up at the wrong time in the wrong place, to be whipped up and swung around as if on an invisible lasso. None of these side issues count for much: "Twister" beats most violently elsewhere, in the heart of the storm. When Jo and Bill are trapped in the eye of the F5, they anchor themselves to the ground, gaze upward through the spiral, and glimpse blue sky. It's a brief image of calm, earth-defying beauty—a snub to gravity and to the pettiness of marital discord. Rich in astonishment, punishing to the senses, "Twister" hands down from on high its unarguable truth: if you want to see over the rainbow, head for the suck zone.

THE new Pamela Anderson Lee movie is a triumph. Raw as offal, free from shame, it breaks all the rules. I refer, of course, to the home movie made by Pamela and her husband, that suave boulevardier Mr. Tommy Lee. I haven't actually seen the film yet, but from what I've learned about it in this month's edition of *Penthouse* I love it already. I long to watch the scene where wife stares at husband and cries, "Do I make it the biggest ever?" Who in Hollywood would dare to write a line like that—its grasp of anatomy so touchingly naïve, its syntax melting beneath the blaze of adoration? Pamela apparently shot some of the movie herself—an intriguing feat, given that she didn't always have a hand free to hold the camera.



By coincidence, there is another Pamela Anderson Lee movie doing the rounds. This one—more accessible, though much harder to market—is entitled "Barb Wire." It is directed by David Hogan, and sets out with stone-jawed determination to make no sense whatsoever. The plot is of such dour complexity that the only way to explain it is to point out that it was lifted bodily from "Casablanca." An excellent choice: there's nothing like aiming high in one's cultural ambitions. (I look forward to the Anderson Lee remake of "The Seventh Seal," complete with strip chess on the beach.)

Courageously, Pamela assumes the Bogart role. She plays Barb, a part-time bounty hunter and the owner of the Hammerhead club, which is the hottest hangout in the only free city in the land. We are in 2017—"the worst year of my life," according to Barb, presumably because it is the year in which the global supply of eyeliner runs dry. The Second American Civil War continues to rage; "Rumor has it that you used to fight with the Resistance," the evil Colonel Pryzer (Steve Railsback) says when he first encounters the bewitching Barb. "I'm neutral," she replies, more truthfully than she knows. "Very interesting woman," Pryzer says, slightly less truthfully. And so on. All the relevant "Casablanca" personae—the old flame, the war hero, the cynical chief of police—are in place. The only substantial change is that the priceless exit visas have been replaced by special contact lenses that enable the wearer to cheat the retinal scan at the airport (cool, or what?). Also, if memory serves, Bogie tended not to wear black leather corsets during office hours.

The true sadness of this picture is that it remains unutterably funless. I don't mind that it's rubbish, but there's surely no excuse for the lowlit glumness of the whole affair. When Frank Tashlin made his movies with Jayne Mansfield, he coated them in a blinding pop glare that left audiences uncertain whether to celebrate or to ridicule the forwardness of the star. In a way, Pamela Anderson Lee has already had the treatment: I am not a devotee of "Baywatch," being neither scornful enough as an ironist nor glandular enough as a fantasist, but I roughly get the point of the show, and I certainly catch its sunshine. Maybe TV is where Pamela belongs, where the illusion of her availability can best be reinforced. A numb farrago like "Barb Wire" serves only to wipe the smile off her face; the movie's repeated tag line—"Don't call me babe!"—is directed at her fictional foes, but its true and more corrosive effect will be to insult the yearnings of her fans. And anyway, what are we supposed to call her? Monsignor? ♦

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection
ROBIN COOK CONTAGION
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Masterpiece.
A playset from CedarWorks of Maine is an ingenious collaboration of form, function and frolic. Northern white cedar is the medium, and safety is the only rule. Add your family for the finishing touch.
Not sold in stores.
Free color catalogue & video
1-800-GO-CEDAR
Cedar works OF MAINE
http://www.midcoast.com/cedarworks/
P.O. Box 990-N, Rockport, Maine 04856

CARNATION PIN
Buttoniere for your lapel from the Newport workshop of James Breakell. Sterling $40. 14k Gold $285. Add $4 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog (800) 767-6411.
1½" long
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYCA, Newport, RI 02840

BLACK POINT INN
Unpretentious elegance on the coast of Maine
1-800-258-0003
510 Black Point Rd.
Prouts Neck, ME 04074

French Holiday Rentals
Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.
Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704
VILLE ET VILLAGE

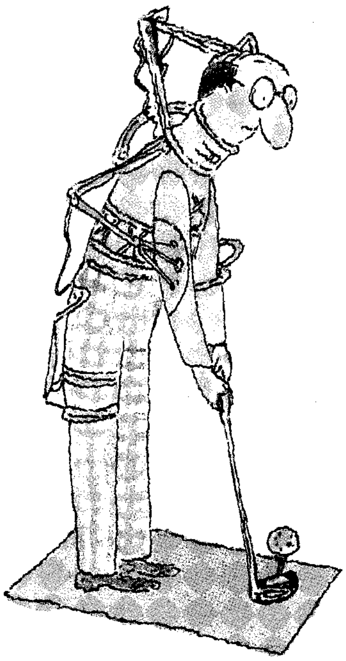
SHOUTS & MURMURS

SWINGIN' IN THE RAIN

BY CHARLES McGRATH

I TOOK my troubles to the outdoor treatment facility. I wasn't alone. The guy with the arthritic back was there, grumpy as ever, and so was the woman who moves her arms in slow motion. The guy with the prosthetic devices was there—the ones you see advertised by grinning experts on late-night infomercials. He wore a rubber harness that looped around his neck and bound his upper arms together, and fitted onto his left elbow was a cyborg-like contraption—a miniature scaffold, made of titanium probably—that clicked whenever he moved in a certain way. From time to time, as if in terrible pain, he squeezed a rolled-up bath towel between his knees. But we were all in pain: from each of our little treatment booths there issued periodic moans and sighs and, every once in a while, an anguished, teeth-clenched "Oh *no!*" Cures have actually been found at this particular facility (I once went into a two-week remission, after a long afternoon of therapy), but on this foggy Sunday, with the budding trees black and slick from a late-morning downpour, the whole place gave off a whiff—though that's a word that those of us who frequent the place hate to use—of failure and futility.

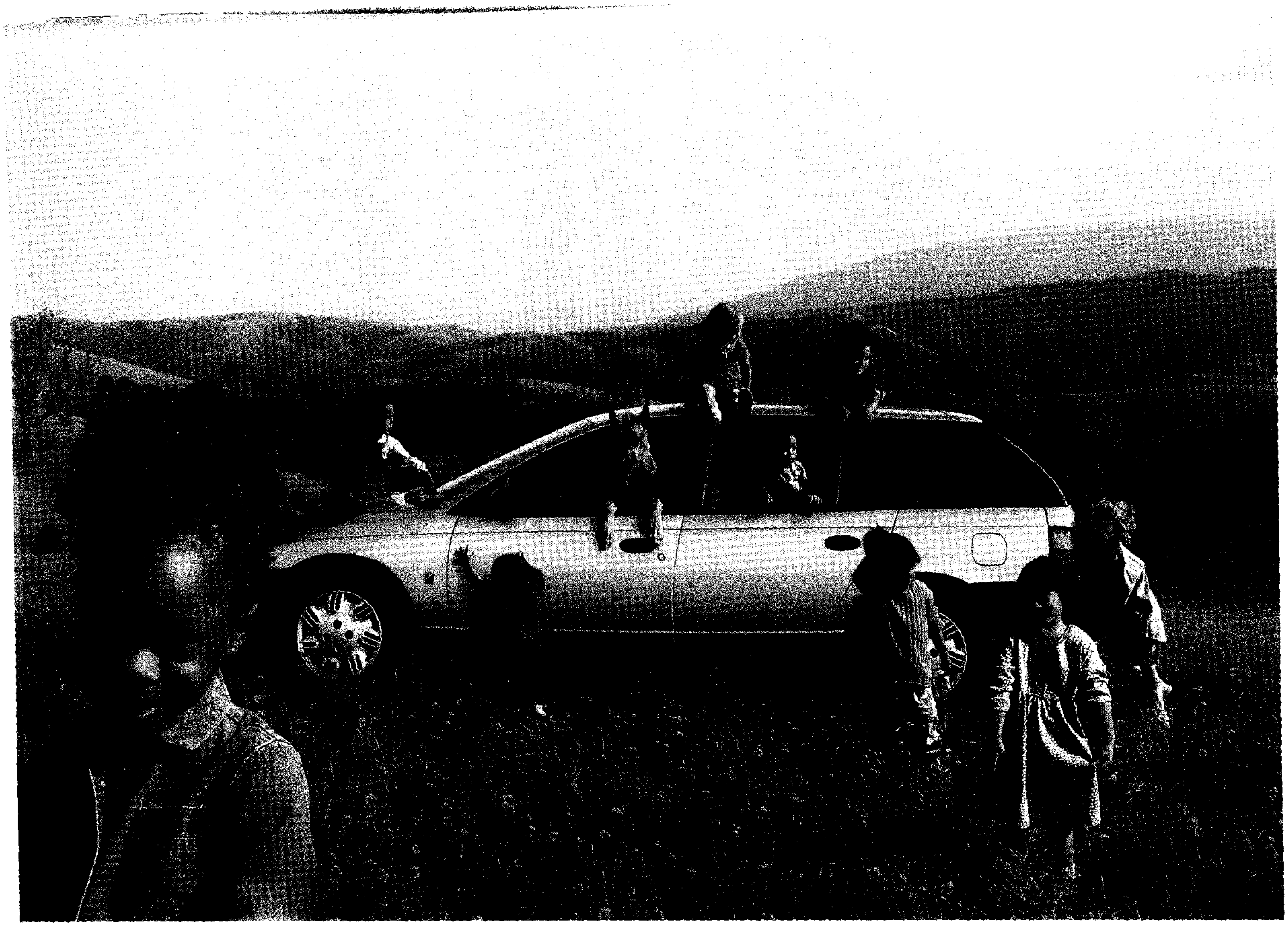
Or maybe it was just me. There were other sounds, too: the usual whomps, pings, dinks, and thwacks produced by the collision, felicitous or otherwise, of expensive metal alloy with balata. The facility, I should have explained earlier, is a driving range, but what takes place here is not really golf, any more than the individual AstroTurf tee mats are really grass. What happens at the range is simpler and sometimes more therapeutic than golf: you buy a bucket of worn-out balls and then pound the daylights out of them. Some of us do this in the hope that by accident or mere repetition we might reform our swings. Some of us have much deeper troubles. The teenage boy two stalls down from me, for instance—the one with what looks like an inked-in diagram for a future goatee and with a baseball cap on backward. He lines up half a dozen balls in a row and then, clamping his driver in a modified baseball grip, advances quickly down the line, slashing them one after the other in the direction of the pick-up tractor, which has just made a turn, about seventy yards out, exposing the driver, in his little yellow cage, to a full barrage. (Can it be that this young man has some unresolved anger?) Or what about the guy who comes every week with his four- or five-year-old daughter in tow. For every thirty or forty shots he hits, he lets her hit two, with her little sawed-off 3-wood, and then, when she complains and asks to leave, he turns and shouts, "No, Melissa! I keep telling you—we're having fun!"



And, of course, all of us here at the facility are suffering from the collective, and very American, delusion that the expenditure of vast sums of money is the cure for whatever ails you. (An Asian delusion as well, to judge from the Japanese guys who throng the place.) The evidence is all around: Whales, Lynxes, Cobras, Berthas, Bears, Leviathans, Kongs, Godzillas—bulbous, almost weightless drivers with enormous sweet spots and whippy, non-torquing shafts fashioned from the rarest metals and state-of-the-art fibres. Whenever anyone lays out four or five hundred dollars for a new one of these magical implements, there are always a few of us who will hang around begging just to heft it, to waggle it once or twice. The result, of course, is that our own drivers, year-old Big Boppers, made of anodized plutonium but without the special kryptonite power insert, immediately feel cheap and lifeless—all their good drives used up. No wonder we're so gloomy at the facility.

Whap! Whap! Whizz! Whfffft! It's drizzling now, and we're really sweating and cranking, straightening our elbows, firming our grips, squaring our shoulders, shifting our weight—which we have already centered on our hips—trying to hit one last good one. The field in front of us is littered with thousands of range balls. In the gray and mist, they gleam a sickly yellow—like poisonous mushrooms. The tractor driver is still out there, like one of those Wordsworthian solitaries, raking them up. He'll lug them back in huge wire baskets and dump them, rumbling, into the big coin-operated storage bin, so that we duffers—clumsy, angry, depressed, but ever hopeful—can line up, like patients outside a dispensary, and pay some more money to hit them all over again. ♦

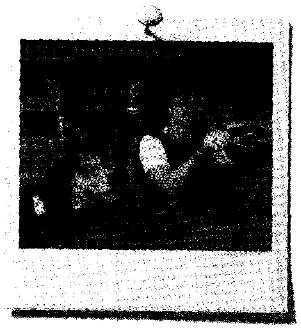
VICTORIA ROBERTS



The [illegible] new Saturn [illegible] a lot [illegible] I guess [illegible] take the [illegible]

Is it just us, or is it getting louder out there? Because, boy, it sure seems like, wherever we go, all we hear is noise, noise, noise. It almost makes you wish someone would go take the guy who invented the car horn out, and—well, honk at him. Actually, we've gone ahead and done the next best thing: we've made the interior of the new Saturns significantly quieter. ⊛ Take our new wagon, for example. Tucked away inside the door panels are several layers of sound-deadening materials including Thinsulate. The engine compartment is sheathed with a superefficient, space-age material which absorbs noise and vibration like a sponge. Even the exterior was painstakingly redesigned to reduce wind noise. All in an effort to make this one of the quietest small wagons on the road today. ⊛ And you should have seen Saturn owner and mother of twin girls Chris Vachon's reaction when we told her all this. She smiled and said, very politely, "I'm sorry, I didn't hear a word you said; would you repeat that please?" So we did.

SATURN



Chris Vachon, Saturn owner, says, "All I ever hear is 'WAAAAAA, WOOF, WOOF.'"

A DIFFERENT KIND *of* COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND *of* CAR.

This 1996 Saturn SW1 has an M.S.R.P. of $12,585, including retailer prep and transportation. Of course, the total cost will vary seeing how options are extra, as are things like tax and license. We'd be happy to provide more detail at 1-800-522-5000 or look for us on the Internet at http://www.saturncars.com. ©1995 Saturn Corporation.

Premium Vodka
Imported from Russia
STOLICHNAYA
Cristall
100% grain neutral spirits
Distilled & bottled for
40% alc. by volume
80 proof

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF CRISTALL VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. CRISTALL VODKA, PRODUCT OF RUSSIA, 40% ALC./VOL. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1994 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ

Myth – [all vodkas are the same.]

We pass every ounce over a bed of pure *Quartz* crystals, not once, but twice. And in between these steps it is filtered through virgin granules of activated carbon made from the wood of Russia's *Native Birch* tree. Thus a spirit is born so *Refined* that some have called *Stolichnaya* CRISTALL...*flawless*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED